

# I Can Tell Your Love Is Waning

Slobberbone

Not much in this trailer, now  
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped  
like a cow,  
A macrame frame, 'round a picture of me,  
Sittin' in a pool of stale beer, on a black and white  
T.V.  
There's a baby in the bedroom that doesn't know you  
there  
As you're lying in the bathtub with shampoo in your  
hair  
And the radio is playing some fucked up country song  
And sorta like us it's sad and sweet, but it won't last  
for long  
'Cause I can tell your love is waning from the looks  
and smell of it,  
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you  
smell is shit  
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell  
is shit  
I don't know  
Not much in this trailer, now  
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped  
like a cow,  
A macrame frame, 'round a picture of me, Sittin' in a  
pool of stale beer, on a black and white T.V.  
There's a baby in the bedroom that doesn't know your  
there  
As you're lying in the bathtub running water through  
your hair  
  
And the radio is plays 'Mack the Knife' ...  
And I begin to think as I pull myself a steak knife  
from the bottom of the kitchen sink  
'Cause I can tell your love is waning from the looks  
and smell of it,  
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you  
smell is shit  
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell  
is shit  
I still don't know ... I don't know  
Not much in this trailer, now  
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped  
like a cow,  
A macrame frame, 'round a picture of me,  
Sittin' in a pool of stale beer, on a black and white  
T.V.  
There's a baby in the bedroom -- doesn't know your  
there  
As you're lying in the bathtub with blood all in your  
hair  
And the radio plays so damn loud I can't hear myself  
think  
As I wash the blood from my fingers and the knife in  
the bathroom sink  
'Cause I could tell your love was waning from the looks  
and smell of it,  
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you

smell is shit  
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell  
is shit  
But I know that if we could just get past, these foul  
moods we're in  
We could drive on down the highway, girl, with all our  
windows rolled down once again