

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