

Clean My Car

Spacey Jane

Here we go again, for the record
I'm not sure where my head was at before
Watching your eyes scanning the concrete
Watching as your hands get sweaty and your palms crease
You should tell the story I will listen
I won't look you in the face if it's easier
You're poking one eye over the pillow
The other one's buried deep, hiding from the window

I clean my car, I make my bed
I do the things I know to calm my head
But it's hard, now you are gone
There's nothing I can do but write these songs

It's been a few months and I'm a shipwreck
I'm still seeing your name in the sunset
What do I do to shake the heartache?
I can't keep spelling out the letters in the cloud shapes

I clean my car, I make my bed
I do the things I know to calm my head
But it's hard, now you are gone
There's nothing I can do but write these songs

Well I've thought about it more and I know
The pain of this will probably go
And I don't know who I am anymore
If losing love is like a window, I'm jumping out the fifth floor

I clean my car, I make my bed
I do the things I know to calm my head
But it's hard, now you are gone
There's nothing I can do but write these songs
So I cook, I mow the lawn
Like I could ever fill this you shaped hole in my heart
But I will try to plug it up to leave it out to dry
Oh, there's nothing I can do to right these wrongs