

Playing Dumb

The Good Life

There's no talk of future plans
There's no romance
There's no good reason we should be in love
So I've been making shit up
We're even sleeping in different beds
Different schedules
But that's the best excuse you came up with
Good enough that it still sticks

Still, I'm not tired of you holding out
There's nothing better to come along
I'm not tired of being let down
I'm tired of playing dumb

There's no talk of the way you've been
Though the evidence is creeping between
Into our happy home
I hardly notice anymore
Matchbooks from the other side of town
His long aching looks
It's in other people's yards
But that can't be what you want

I'm not tired of you coming home too late
But when you don't come home at all I can handle being alone

I'm just tired of playing dumb
I'm tired of playing dumb
I'm tired of playing dumb

There's no talk of how I am
I'm not complaining
But maybe a few kind words once in a while