

Unbreakable

Todd Snider

Blue jean jacket, eyes all red
Lost in the sorrow, scratching their head
That's how she likes them
Lonesome and broke
Biker chain wallet and cigarette smoke

Nobody's gonna break her heart
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Ballroom fixture, twelve dollar booze
Talk with the owner trying to loosen the screw
Gone in the morning before she wakes up
A house full of emptys and cigarette butts

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Stumbling drunk, as it's always been
He blows her off when he sees her again
She doesn't mind, she's got nothing to say
She kinda likes it watching him walking away

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