

# Gillian Was a Horse

Damien Jurado

it's midnight and I give up  
I'm tired of lying for you  
I will not hold your hands and pretend I'm your lover

you must admit the turn offs  
have all been less than grand  
there's no more police escorts or the high school welcome bands

I'm no lie detector  
he's no bullshit talker and we both know who knows  
what should be known to all the authors

now they've put away the kissing booths  
the chapstick gossip's truth  
the only donkey they'll be riding, boy, is the one wearing your  
shoes

now they've heard it through the walls of telephone operators  
and i found out from someone else, he said he was your brother

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I don't care if I'm the only one who's not payin  
cause honey I am done staying up all night waiting

now we're all tying the ribbons of worry to your tree  
your passing will make the headlines but sadly no one will read

just how the town's hopeless romantic had his heart on his sleeve  
died alone in the carpark of a local library

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