

Irrelevant

Matthew Ryan

There's only one light on in the house
And that's the light up in the hall
And it's shining on the back of my head

And I'm concentrating hard
On the cigarette, to the ashtray
From the ashtray back to my lips

So I lean up from my easy chair
I rub my three day beard
And give that thousand yard stare
As I recall all the time and the money we spent
Before I became irrelevant

So the straw dog threw rock salt
And the precious girl took a bow and walked
As I ran my finger over the screen door

Yeah, every kiss has reeked of betrayal
Since my heroine jumped the guardrail
And decided who she wanted to be once more

Now, every night I'm paralyzed
By the fear of rope burns and morning light
And the smell of wet cement
Since I became irrelevant

Now, memory's just a flash flood
A thick and black sticky mud
And heartache it's like a breaking bone

It was always twelve hours on a missionary line
You think I would've spared some time
But I didn't, I never went home

Now, it occurs to me like blinds undrawn
Or a bullet from a shotgun
That she knew long ago, oh, what it meant
To feel irrelevant

Now, I'm always smilin', cryin'
And hidin' my intent
Since I became irrelevant