

## She's A Thief

Owen

You put on your raincoat  
'Cause it looks like it just might today  
And you grab your keys  
You're out the door  
Before you know where you're going.

If blame, as they say, is for god and little kids  
Then you're deserving of praise or a slap on the wrist  
'Cause you can't help but blame yourself  
For your long face

Not a day passes that you don't fold your hands  
And ask St. Francis to find the lust for life  
That you lost when she left  
With your tongue and your last breath  
She's a thief with an eye for nice things

Not a day passes that you don't close your eyes  
And ask St. Francis to find the love of your life  
That you lost when she left  
You dumb fuck, your life's a mess  
Without her to tell you what to say  
Or when to breathe  
Or what you'll need  
Or where you're going.