

# Her Father And Her

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Father owned the dating bar so mother ran the store  
We all lived there together with the army at the door  
No one to do my laundry or to tell me that they're sure  
But there really is no me and there's no army at the door

I hustle my way to your bedside  
I ride on your body like a cab ride  
I carry refreshments to the good guys  
I made the good guys some home fries

Pardon me anyone, where is the nearest shore?  
We're all in this together and the police are at the door  
Someone do my laundry or smash me through the floor  
To the tropical vacation buried underneath the store

And I was your favorite bullfighter  
Whose looks were new to your eyes  
And I fell apart in that bullfight  
Where the dress was the sky to your thighs

She said that she had an hour  
Her father, he was in the shower  
And she took me to her little tower  
And she showed me her little flower

And just when I thought it was safe to put down my pen  
She said, "Maybe I will let you fall in love with me again  
Maybe I will let you fall for a loving me again"  
And she showed me her badge and I think she said then

That I don't have the heart to tell you not to come  
And everyone has hands just to use someone  
And it makes me feel just like old gum  
To ride a fake horse into town  
To ride a lame horse into town  
To ride a dead horse into town  
To ride your big fuckin', fake fuckin'  
Lame fuckin' dead horse into town