

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