

Poor Judge

Aimee Mann

Falling for you was always falling up
Leather books and surplus government chairs
I rose like smoke with the steam from your cup
A wave of heat where the lighter flares

You might have found some other reason
To burn me like a tissue screen
My heart is a poor judge
It harbors an old grudge

Falling for you was a walk off a cliff
The dream of a car with the brake lines cut
The only way you can stop it is if
You turn around, keep the windows shut

You might have found some other reason
To leave me in that dark building
My heart is a poor judge
It harbors an old grudge

And I can see a light on
Calling me back to make the same mistake again

And I say no, when you ask me, no, when you ask me, no when you
ask again
'Cause I won't let you pass me, won't let you pass me, won't le
t you pass to the sea that I'm [?]

Falling for you was a last ditch plan
You size me up with your thumb on the scale
I came up short, but you do what you can
The hammer's nothing without the nail

You might have found some other reason
To lead me to the guillotine
Your heart is a poor judge
It harbors an old grudge

I can see a light on
Calling me back to make the same mistake again