

Crooked Frame

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I'm glad you didn't stick
To my fingers like a tremble
A wasted fortune spent
On things we never felt inside
I count the footsteps
That take me away from you
Because I stayed too long
Inside this crooked frame

I'm glad you didn't spend the night like you had promised
I'd have to stretch the truth to say that I was sorry
And now I laugh out loud at things that aren't that funny
Because I stayed too long inside this crooked frame

I could burn my clothes and I would be alright
I could burn the photographs and be alright
I could burn the postcards, I would be alright
I could smile for the first time without thinking of you

I'm glad you didn't stick to my fingers like honey
I'd have to stretch the truth to say that you were pretty
And now I laugh out loud at things that aren't quite funny
Because I stayed too long inside your crooked frame