

You pin the medals to your chest
And settle down for seven minutes rest
You dim the lights, administer the cure
You tried it several times, you're still not sure

You take the first one for free
And pass it off to me
I don't refuse
Baby, if you only knew
But I don't think you do

You take the lines from ordinary books
You're disappointed in the way she looks
You cut the circulation to your hand
And calculate the motion of the land

Then you, fall back asleep
And wander down the street that losers use
Don't say you feel the same way too
Mamma, I don't think you do

You cut the worms and bait them on the hooks
You cast a line towards the closest brooks
You meet the girl who says she knows the plan
You act impressed and say you understand
Cause you, like to believe, that all that love is free
For someone like you, will never be lonely, or get the blues
But darlin', it's not true