

All Your Jeans Were Too Tight

American Music Club

Everything I say sounds clumsy and dumb
Trying to make you feel better
Is like trying to trick St. Peter
Tuesdays and Thursdays I remember
The Star's well drink special
A well cheap as the tide
Like that one that swallowed you up
Yeah, you could really get f~cked up

You and I brawl
To give me all your clothes
I looked like a fool
To give everything away

I put my flowers in your window
To hide a world nobody would ever prize
And all of this vanity would be funny
If it didn't hurt so much

You and I brawl
All you and I had to throw away
Was a cowardly pile of sheets
And a heartbeat that couldn't carry you
To want something better

The street screwdrivers were like TNT
And he said, "Your agony
Is such an obvious barge to tow."
That not even a mother could drop
And he took his advice he said,
"Drop your disappointment
Like you drop a grand piano."

You and I brawl
To give me all your clothes
But all your jeans were too tight
And why did you paint your bathroom black
I can understand liking Barbara Streisand
But I'm not sure about the soundtrack from Diva
And what was up with the tanning salon
I'm sorry I said anything about the tattoo
But did you really need another earring
And I hope that you know that I really loved you
And we had a good time, didn't we?