

Apology For An Accident

American Music Club

When you left, you took all memory of me with
Leaving me with no hope of every being loved
And now, like the air, I'm blowing and blowing
With no hope of ever being seen

Did you hear the one about Mr. Ed?
Well, he said
"I'm this way because of the things I've seen
But I would rather count on your love instead
Daily eating my weight in hay."

And I hate to see a good thing just go to waste
Honey, it's a little weak for my taste

Well, I've been praying a lot lately
It's because I no longer have a TV
Just a fluorescent hangover to light the way
Between the things you say and the things I see

I just called you up to see if you wanted to go out
And drink a little wine
And waste some time on a roller coaster ride
But you say it's too dangerous to lead an empty life

And I hate to see all your sweet words just go to waste
But, honey, they're a little weak for my taste

Well, I'm an expert in all things that nature abhors
Your look of disgust when I touched your skin
And I try to figure what the world needs me for
So I replay the scene again and again

And I can see you try and put me in my place
Honey, that's a little weak for my taste