

## Divorce Song

**Babybird**

When the diamonds in your smile fall out,  
when the laughter in this house runs away  
and the men come to take away the T.V.  
And you find yourself changing the locks.  
And the line on my face just can't be for me,  
like the gun in your hand can't just be for me.

When the sticks and stones start to hurt  
and we're talking just to dig up dirt.  
With our minds running out in the street and we're stuck into t  
he house like concrete  
And the blood on my hands, just can't be for me  
And the life that goes on, just can't be for me

And the line on my face just can't be for me,  
And the knife in your hand just can't be for me.