

## Corrugated Tin Facade

Buck 65

Look at this mess  
He thought he was cheatin' God  
She leaves in the autumn  
His face like a beaten dog  
Now he's become everything that you hate  
He's just in time to be too late  
His friends are like snowflakes  
His lies are confessions  
Behold the old man  
and his ruined possessions  
He can't play guitar but he does try very hard  
Pens from hotel rooms, old library card  
Photos and whatnots, blood in his boots  
Sun in his eyes, an anchor instead of roots  
Clocks on every wall, fish in the ocean  
Solitude, faith, suspicion, commotion  
The whole in his stomach tastes like words  
He dreams and imagines his face like hers  
He knows he can't live without his greatest fears  
And nothing's more beautiful than  
a woman's tears...

Cardboard boxes full of regrets  
He feeds his remorse like you feed your pets  
Voices in his head that all said, "live a day" but  
The look in his eyes makes him a dead giveaway  
The bough that he breaks, the line that he draws  
He fell in love with the ugliness that nobody saw  
As close as he came, as far as he stood,  
He loved her with his mouth as hard as he could  
Most people change when they enter the door  
They walk home from work and remember the war  
He's digging a ditch, and spent the day piling  
Dirt until it hurt and went away smiling  
Alone and heartbroken, just the way he likes it  
Only the loneliness knows him wholly  
And nothing seems to work, wrong everywhere  
He watches her brushing her long, heavy hair