

A History of Lovers

Calexico

Louise only got from me innocent poetry
Although she played to not listen
But still I can hear myself speak as if no one else
Ever could offer the same

Some say she knowingly tastes like a recipe
All those so foolish and willing
I said, "Babe, I can picture you bend as if wanting to
Bow as the curtain goes down"

Cuddle some men, they'll remember you bitterly
Fuck 'em, they'll come back for more
I asked my Louise, would she leave and so, cripple me
Then came a knock at the door

I came for my woman, he came with a razor blade
Bound like us all for the ocean
I hope that she's happy, I'm blamed for the death
Of a man who would take her from me

Some say they saw in me innocent poetry
Some say they'll never be certain
But still it's been written, a history of lovers
In giving, and taking, and ink

Cuddle some men, they'll remember you fittingly
Cut 'em, they'll come back for more
I asked my Louise, would she leave and so, cripple me
Then came the knock at the door

Louise came to rescue me, missing the irony
Blood made her heart change its beating
I hope that she's happy, I'm blamed for the death
Of a man she found better than me