

Damaged Goods

Christine Lavin

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"Damaged Goods"

He was always a bit too open, a bit too quick to please.
Such eager men make women feel I'll at ease.
Relationships never lasted long,
But there was nothing in particular you could say he was doing wrong.
But now his loneliness is beginning to show
His confidence is at an all-time low.
He's always second-guessing; look at him hesitate.
The littlest decisions are the hardest to make
Cause now he thinks of himself as damaged goods.
So far no one's ever treated him as gently as he hoped they would
And he don't hold his head up quite so high
And he finds himself longing for the innocence of times gone by.
She had her first man when she was 23,
Years after all her girlfriends gave away their virginity.
And now at last she thought her life had begun,
But she sees things a little differently now that she's 31.
She's had a lot of lovers, but no special man
Has ever really touched her or tried to understand.
Now there's an awkward hesitation in everything she does.
If only her life could be simple like it was,
But now she thinks of herself as damaged goods.
So far no one's ever treated her as gently as she hoped they would
And she don't hold her head up quite so high
And she finds herself longing for the innocence of times gone by.
I don't know about you, but it seems like all of my friends
Are either being hurt or they are trying to mend the hurt
Been done to them by somebody else.
And now they carry like a badge a slightly damaged image of themselves.
I got a little sister, 15 years old
And there is so very much I think she should be told,
But she won't listen; Lord knows I never did,
And that's why I got so many scars I struggle to keep hid.
Sometimes I falter, sometimes I lose.
Sometimes I get caught up wallowing in my blues.
So undecided; I hesitate and yet
Every once in awhile I just manage to forget
That I think of myself as damaged goods.
So far no one's ever treated me as gently as I wished they would
And I don't hold his head up quite that high
And I'm longing for the simple days, I wonder how they got this way,
Longing for the innocence of times gone by,
Oh, those times gone by.

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