

Gillian Was a Horse

Damien Jurado

it's midnight and I give up
I'm tired of lying for you
I will not hold your hands and pretend I'm your lover

you must admit the turn offs
have all been less than grand
there's no more police escorts or the high school welcome bands

I'm no lie detector
he's no bullshit talker and we both know who knows
what should be known to all the authors

now they've put away the kissing booths
the chapstick gossip's truth
the only donkey they'll be riding, boy, is the one wearing your
shoes

now they've heard it through the walls of telephone operators
and i found out from someone else, he said he was your brother

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I don't care if I'm the only one who's not payin
cause honey I am done staying up all night waiting

now we're all tying the ribbons of worry to your tree
your passing will make the headlines but sadly no one will read

just how the town's hopeless romantic had his heart on his sleeve
died alone in the carpark of a local library

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