

Predictive Living

Damien Jurado

Moving back, chairs broken and stacked
I can't seem to shake the fix I'm in
Better words that were sung or heard
Years before me

Still I do my best
pushing pens to breast
Cut out signals left

Just when you thought you had me pegged
Thinking I'm the same
Then I go and change
Three become a name
Chords just rearranged

Rhythm shoes and windows to see through
Another jealous husband to be killed
Better words have been sung out of tune
I'm happy in this hotel once again

Forcing thoughts to pen
Rehearsals for the end

Just when you thought you had me pegged
Thinking I'm the same
Then I go and change
Three become a name
Chords just rearranged

Never kill the manufactured feel
And so no longer matters in the end
Better words you're never gonna hear
Mrs. Jones your son crossed to the bank
Still he must give thanks
The money's all been made

Just when you thought you had me pegged
Thinking I'm the same
Then I go and change
Three become a name
Chords just rearranged