

Ah don't touch that dial

Here's a word about my ex-girlfriend
Towards the end conflict off and on
And I told her one night, "Honey every time we fight
I'll write a verse to this song"
Well, things got bad and things got worse
Still I struggled on
So sit back and get all comfortable
'Cause this little tunes six fuckin' hours long
And every journey's got destinations
Which the traveler can't expect
So how's that I'm always winding up
Down here at land's edge?

Now if love is blind why did her stockings
Always look so cool?
Now I know I was paying attention
But somehow I got fooled
Well I gave her seven children
And a twelve room uptown shack
And when it all was over
Took a dozen lawyers
To get half back
But I already got me a new gal to ruin my life
And she might just yet,
So I'm helping her find an apartment
Down here at land's edge

Now take the traveler and the tourist
The essential difference is
The traveler don't know where he's goin'
And the tourist don't know where he is
Small world till they lose your luggage, tho'
Take the stripper who lives next door
You'd swear this kid was 21 goin' on 44
But luckily that ain't how she sees it
Got a new tattoo that says:
"when I die, send the body to heaven,
Lost the rest at land's edge"