

Don't get so distressed
If the good life won't arrive
You've been reading S.O.S.
When it's just your clock reading 5:05
And why are you so possessed
By the thought that she got free
And why are you figuring who's the best
When just your luck ran out
And she chose me

We do not lie side by side
And mock the thought of you
And I don't take her hand and ask
Is this what he used to do?
'cause I just want to free her from
Your jails of jealous dreams
'cause at least a house when it's empty
Stays clean

I won't pretend
That I was simply swayed
It was a two way thing not a
Three day fling
No secrets kept, no truth betrayed
And here's the house that held
The nightmare that went on
And you're sitting there wishing you'd never been born
With that self-inflicted crown of thorns

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I won't pretend
That I'm the savior of the innocent and bad
But put two withered old blooms in a couple of rooms
And they'll behave like lunatics
And crave what makes them sad

So here's a card that says
Happy twenty-second birthday and I wish you were dead
And here's a house that held
A bevy of devils and an angel as well
And you want what I've got
When all I've got is guilt
And a room that won't stay still
Filled with pockets full of crumpled up money and
A mantelpiece littered with bills
'cause at least a house when it's empty
Stays clean