

I Went To The Store One Day

Father John Misty

We met in a parking lot
I was buying coffee and cigarettes
Firewood and bad wine long since gone
But I'm still drunk and hot, wide awake, breathing hard
Now, in just one year's time
I've become jealous, rail-thin
Prone to paranoia when I'm stoned
If this isn't true love, someone oughta put me in a home
Say, do you wanna get married
And put an end to our endless regressive tendency to scorn
Provincial concepts like your dowry and your daddy's farm?

For love to find us of all people
I never thought it'd be so simple

Let's buy a plantation house and let the yard grow wild until we
don't need the signs that say, "Keep out"
I've got some money left and it's cheaper in the South
I need someone I can trust to protect me from our seven daughters
when my body says, "Enough!"
Don't let me die in a hospital, I'll save the big one for the last
time we make love
Insert here a sentiment re: our golden years
All cause I went to the store one day
"Seen you around, what's your name?"