

Men Just Leave

Glen Phillips

She came from Austin, Texas
She liked his custom van
And his pitbull Francis
Even when he took a chunk out of her hand
They liked to dance in the desert and screw in the sand
He said they'd always be together
But when her belly got big she never saw him again

One and one ends up to be three
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe
The women get stuck, the men just leave

They were high school sweethearts from Portland, Maine
He was a writers block poet
And though she'd never read a line she still had faith
They ended up in La Jolia, she sold Mary Kay
He dreamed about getting published
And when her belly got big he ran away

One and one ends up to be three
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe
The women get stuck and the men just leave

There's a place in the desert where the men all meet
They park their vans in the shade
Talk about Kerouac and the works of the Beats
Let their dogs play together, drink beer and they sing
They've all got a secret treasure
Wallet picture in their pocket
Of the kids they never see

One and one ends up to be three
Don't need to have love, don't need to be sweet
But when the air gets heavy and it's hard to breathe
The women get stuck, the men just leave
Men just leave, men just leave, leave