

Walls

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I'm not ashamed
To say that I've loved you well
I'm not ashamed
To let you know
I'm just a name that's all
Scratched upon your wall
You've used it well but what the hell
That's what walls are for

I'm not ashamed
To listen to the fast-fallin' rain
In the morning upon my window
I'm not afraid to cry
I'm not ashamed to try
To be your friend once again
'Cause that's what's friends are for

Friends are for sorting out the hang-ups that we hide
Walls are for shutting out the love we feel inside

I'm not ashamed no to talk it over once again
To rearrange my vocabulary
But I can't seem to find
Any words to change your mind
Because I left them all behind
And that's what words are for

Words are for explaining the mistakes we might have made
Names are for calling when there's nothing left to say

I'm not ashamed, no, to say that I've loved you well
I'm not ashamed, and yet I know
I'm just a name, that's all
Scratched upon your wall
You've used it well, but what the hell
That's what walls are for

I'm not ashamed of wearing out my old grey socks
Chasing you around the back woods
I'm not ashamed to darn
Nor to proud to find some yarn
To sew them up once again
'Cause that's what socks are for