

# Can't Have It All

Jay Brannan

Applying moisturizer in the microwave window  
For the tenth time, he should've called me an hour ago  
Would he be here with flowers if I lived in Arizona?

They say there's no love left in the big cities, it's kinda true  
I guess you'll find me coming soon to a small town near you  
I'll sell my guitar so I can buy myself a tractor

Fuck this, this can't be my life  
I moisturized ten times tonight  
Why can't I sit down and write,  
Bring this question to light?

Do you want a lover, or do you want a life?  
One hand or the other, the butter or the bread knife?  
Do you choose winter or spring, summer or fall?  
It's driving me crazy that I can't have it all

If these walls could talk, they'd probably cry out for mercy  
'til I'm outlined in chalk, I'll be romantically thirsty  
So I drink and drink from the proverbial time sink

Fuck this, this can't be my life  
Tears flowing in full force tonight  
Why can't I sit down and write,  
Bring this question to light?

Do you want a lover, or do you want a life?  
One hand or the other, the butter or the bread knife?  
Do you choose winter or spring, summer or fall?  
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Do we hold the future, or does it come in peace?  
And if it's in my hands, are you sure it should be in brittle hands like these?  
Life, love, and the pursuit of all the things they promised me  
Can I have all of the above? Are the best things in life truly free?

Do you want a lover, or do you want a life?  
One hand or the other, the butter or the bread knife?  
Do you choose winter or spring, summer or fall?  
It's driving me crazy that I can't have it all