

I Look For Love

John Hiatt

Why did she wear that dress tonight
Why did she bring that stranger
She looks put out in the party lights
Which leaves us all in danger
When she drops her perfumed hankie

I look for love
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I hate the way we carry on
These fashion consultations
Do all these wires we sing along
Require such insulation
Fused with fear or charged with anger

No innocence I can claim
No treasure of stolen hearts
In every mirror I look the same
A toy soldier with missing parts
Shes adding up those second looks
While she collects advances
Like thumbing through some dirty book
They estimate their chances
When the parking lot is empty