

## 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