

# You Used To Kiss The Girls

John Hiatt

I see you singing like a camera  
I see you staring from your mouth  
I see you spittin' out your algebra  
You think you've got it figured out  
I saw you on American Bandstand  
I saw you on the Mickey Mouse Club  
I see your wife has a trash compactor  
I see you holdin' two ticket stubs

I see you pushin' out your politics  
I see you rifling the machine  
I see you dressin' up your party chicks  
Lipstick like convertible scenes

I didn't think that you were so much better  
You just predicted all the fate in the world  
But now you're sitting home knitting sweaters  
Tellin' stories to a three year old

Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry  
Ya used ta be too young to die  
Ya used ta kiss the girls and make 'em cry  
Ya used ta kiss the girls, ya used to kiss the girls

Now you've got one wife, two kids, three cars  
Four eyes, five suits, six mortgage, seven midnight deals  
Lotsa time lotsa cash, feed your son take out the trash  
Do what you're told, you're gettin' old, we did not think you'd  
last

She only told you that the party was over  
She didn't tell you that the bedroom was locked  
And when she took your key and started up your motor  
You should have taken that spin around the block

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