

She's A Thief

Owen

You put on your raincoat
'Cause it looks like it just might today
And you grab your keys
You're out the door
Before you know where you're going.

If blame, as they say, is for god and little kids
Then you're deserving of praise or a slap on the wrist
'Cause you can't help but blame yourself
For your long face

Not a day passes that you don't fold your hands
And ask St. Francis to find the lust for life
That you lost when she left
With your tongue and your last breath
She's a thief with an eye for nice things

Not a day passes that you don't close your eyes
And ask St. Francis to find the love of your life
That you lost when she left
You dumb fuck, your life's a mess
Without her to tell you what to say
Or when to breathe
Or what you'll need
Or where you're going.