

# Love Junkyard

Rickie Lee Jones

Dented bodies, broken souls  
Wilted roses, hearts grow cold  
Unhappy endings and shattered dreams  
There go all the nearly-real things

Where's the candlelight, where's the smiles?  
Man, this place goes on for miles  
There's heaps and heaps of wedding rings  
Equal space for tramps and kings

There's no doberman dog or security guard at the love junkyard  
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junk  
yard

Tanks of teardrops shed in vain  
Mix in with the pourin' rain  
Promises go up in smoke  
Freight cars full of hurt and hope

There's no doberman dog or security guard at the love junkyard  
Open twenty four hours, come as you are, yeah, to the love junk  
yard

Tiny trysts or grand affairs, there's no more need for teddy be  
ars  
The time for pretty words has past, so fly the flag of love hal  
f mast  
At the love junkyard

There's no dobermans though or security guards at the love junk  
yard  
Open twenty four hours, bring your broken heart, to the love ju  
nkyard

To the love, to the love junkyard

Is that you? is that you? Baby, is that you?

Look what I've done to you ...