

## Breakdown (and Then...)

Rowland S. Howard

Crown prince of the crying jag  
Stuffs a towel in his mouth to gag  
O my darling I never knew  
How hard it was to get rid of you

I smashed on our virgin date  
How did I reach that state?  
The day ends again and then  
My darling, here comes that breakdown  
And then...

Struck down by my own device  
Sweet Jesus ice cold Christ  
You drowned in the dining room  
Resurrection, it came too soon

God it's cold in this room  
Hopped up on fever's croon  
Just two more love dumb fools  
Here comes that breakdown  
And then...

Loading the gun again  
Dead lead goes in and then  
Catch as catch can and can't  
Catch cold and fall apart

Cold as a distant star  
Hot as a stolen car  
I choke on this heart of hate  
Sometimes I find it hard  
To get things straight...