

Anne Of The Thousand Days

Shawn Colvin

The morning was wet
I wore your jacket
I walked your dog
To go get coffee
Where I ran into
Your last girlfriend
And we said hello

She didn't like me
I didn't care
I reeked and glowed
I was smug and tan
You were Henry the VIII
Off with her head
She had to go

Anne of the thousand days
They go by fast Anne
Those thousand days
Anne of the thousand days

The ink was still wet
On your love letters
I should've known
I wouldn't last long
And I'm sorry I broke
Into your email
But I had to know

There was the one
From Colorado
She thanked you for
The kissing and dancing
But you hate to dance
Off with her head
She had to go
Then there was the one
Who lived in Boston
And you swore to our friends
There was no connection
But her back launched you to
Your next invention
Then she had to go