

Everything I Try to Do, Nothing Seems to Turn Out Right

The Decemberists

The film was a bust
But we stayed till the ending
Hair all a mussed but your clothes
Didn't look so bad

And back on the street, the rain was descending
In cold dirty sheets, so under the awning we sat
And then you hailed yourself a yellow cab

And I sat for a time by the valets in line
And I read what you wrote on the card
Above a cowboy you drew a big dark balloon
Saying, "Try not to take it so hard"

But there's this nagging suspicion
That won't leave me alone tonight
It's just that everything I try to do
Nothing seems to turn out right

We laid on our backs
And stared at the ceiling
Messed with your slacks
But ended up just holding your hand

The rain will remain, the TV was telling
A drip of the drain as your legs lifted brilliantly bent
And fall to resting on the ottoman

So we turned off the tube and we crawled to your room
Leaving discarded clothes in our wake
And we both had some fun, though I twice bit my tongue
And it lasted too long for my taste

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A wink and a wave and your off to your family's
I sit and watch as the taxi lights distantly fade
I guess, I always thought it'd end this way