

Album Of The Year

The Good Life

The first time that I met her I was throwing up in the ladies'
room stall
She asked me if I needed anything, I said "I think I spilled my
drink"
and that's how it started, or so I'd like to believe.
She took me to her mother's house outside of town where the sta
rs hang down
She said she'd never seen someone so lost, I said I'd never fel
t so found
And then I kissed her on the cheek, and so she kissed me on the
mouth, ohhohhh
Spring was popping daisies up 'round rusted trucks and busted l
awn chairs
We moved into a studio in Council Bluffs to save a couple bucks

where the mice came out at night, neighbors were screamin all t
he time
We'd make love in the afternoon, say Chelsea Girls and Bachelor
number two
I played for her some songs I wrote, she'd joke and say "I'm sh
ooting through the roof"
I'd say "they're all for you dear. I'll write the album of the
year"
And I know she loved me then, I swear to god she did
it's the way she'd bite my lower lip and push her hips against
my hips
and dig her nails so deep into my skin

the first time that I met her I was convinced I'd finally found
the one
she was convinced that I was under the influence of all those d
runken romantics
I was reading Fante at the time, I had Bukowski on the mind

She got a job at Jacob's serving cocktails to the lo-
cal drunks
I'd get so low I'd fit the bill, I perched down at the end of t
he bar
she said "space is not just a place for stars"
I gave an inch, you want a house with a yard
And I know she loved me once, those days are done
she used to call me everyday from a payphone on her break for l
unch
just to say she can't wait to come

home ohh ohh to come home ohh ohh

last time that I saw her she was picking through which records

were hers

clothes were packed in boxes with some pots and pans and books
and a toaster

just then a mouse scurried across the floor...

we started laughing til it didn't hurt