

## 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