The Twilight Hour

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You're laying on your bed and making shadows on the wall
It's almost too hot to move, outside your window
People are driving home from work for the weekend
But you're waiting for the phone to ring
You're gonna tell her exactly what you thinkYou practice getting your mouth around the words
That explain the way you feel, you've been scared to show
Your real self, in case she doesn't like what she sees
You've been a prostitute to humility, she's invaded your life
And you've got to live apart in order to surviveYou were emotionally independent but starved of affection
But now you've been trapped by tenderness
And been beaten into submission
It's now way past the hour she usually phones
You've decided not to tell her your little jokeWhere could she have got to? Why is she torturing you?
You roll on your side and run your fingers through your hair
Your scared of losing her and facing yourselfA red sky at night may be a shepherds delight
But you're cutting chunks from your heart and rubbing the meat
Into your eyes, she can't leave you now, you've given up
All your friends, you're relying on her for your independence
She can't leave you here alone and defenselessYou're relying on her for your independence
You're relying on her for your independence
[Unverified]

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