

# For Mayor in Splitsville

## La Dispute

Funny what you think of after a collapse  
While lying in the dirt the first thing that comes back is never quite what you'd have guessed  
And if you could have, you probably would've said you'd check if all your limbs were intact still and  
then try to get out We played house with the neighbors in their basement  
Sister made me husband she was older so I did her bidding  
I remember once their dad came in said, "You think this is bad?  
You don't know the half." And he laughed. It's funny what things come back  
The first things you see How he sort of smiled like it's only a joke but he was lying  
There was something else inside of his eyes  
All those secrets people tell to little children  
Are warnings that they give them  
Like, "Look, I'm unhappy. Please don't make the same mistake as me." Why are those old worn out jokes on  
married life told at toasts at receptions still?  
How does it never occur how often couples get burned and end uncertain in Splitsville? Funny what you think of  
in the wreckage, lying there in the dirt and the dust and the glass  
How you're suddenly somewhere, in the desert, in the nighttime, and it's getting close to Christmas  
And then her and that movie voice she uses when she reads,  
"Welcome to the Land of Enchantment" from a highway sign  
And it's late so you take the next exit When that trip ended we came back the rent was due I was jobless  
I guess in retrospect I should've sensed decay  
Then that day, how you said, "I just don't know" and I promised  
We'd rearrange things to fix the mess I'd made here But I guess in the end we just moved furniture around  
3X But I guess in the end it sort of feels like every day it's harder to stay happy where you are  
There are all these ways to look through the fence into your neighbor's yard  
Why even risk it? It's safer to stay distant  
When it's so hard now to just be content  
Because there's always something else Now I'm proposing my own toast, composing my own joke for those  
married men  
Maybe I'm miserable, I'd rather run for mayor in Splitsville than suffer your jokes again

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