

# Rush Hour

[Andrea Gibson](#)

Rush hour and the day's dawning  
The rain came and pushed me under the awning  
The puddles grew and threw themselves at me  
With every passing car I'm shielding my guitar  
And there were some things I did not tell him  
There were certain things he did not need to know  
And there were some days I did not love him  
He didn't understand me and I did not know why I didn't go  
He said, "change the channel. I've got problems of  
My own. I am sick of hearing about  
AIDS and people without homes."  
And I said, " well, Id like to sympathize with  
That, but if you don't understand, then how can you act?"  
I expect summer to be there in the morning.  
I woke to the alarm, but she was out of arms  
Reach, sneaking out on silent thighs.  
That were spent and sore from the hot nights that came before  
He said, "I looked at you. I don't know why."  
I said, "I was wearing black so you couldn't see  
Me against the sky."  
Take your big leather boots, and your buckles,  
And your chains, put them on a downtown train  
I expect he would be there in the morningI awoke to the alarm  
He was still in arm's reach,  
But his body was just a disguise  
His mind had wondered off long ago  
I could tell by his eyes  
Love isn't over when the sheets are stained  
In my head there remains so much left to be saidMake me laugh,  
Make me cry,  
Enrage me,  
But just don't try to disengage me

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