

# We Can't Have Nice Things

[Kelly Hogan](#)

Welcome to our humble home, we can't you invite you in  
Cause someone's gone and made a wreck of everything again  
Like this coffee table footrest where the whisky glass leaves rings  
and i guess we just can't have nice things  
The phone must not be working cause you haven't called me yet  
the chair that i wake up has been burned by cigarettes  
I tell myself it's only smoke that suffocates and clings  
And I guess we just can't have nice things  
Step around the wedding presents we're returning to the store  
the lamp inside the window isn't burning any more  
The mirror only shows me someone else's face it seems  
And I guess we just can't have nice things  
A teardrop on each pillow here, a hole in every wall  
Still I'd rather these things than have nothing  
Keep the bedroom door shut just to hide our broken dreams  
It's where we tried to rise up on our torn and tattered wings  
The vows have lost their meaning and memory only stings  
And I guess we just can't have nice things  
No I guess we just can't have nice things

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