

# Yvette

## Glenn Morrison

I can barely make out a little light from the house on the cul-de-sac  
Bedroom upstairs, it's a family affair. I've watched you in class, your eyes are cut glass and you stay covered  
upstairs  
Head to your toe, so nobody will know it was you I might not be a man yet,  
But that bastard will never be,  
So I'm cleaning my Weatherby  
My sight and my scope  
And I hope against hope.  
I hope against hope. Your mother seems nice, I don't understand why she won't say anything.  
As if she can't see who he turned out to be. I might not be a man yet,  
But your father will never be,  
So I load up my Weatherby.  
I let out my breath  
And I couple with death.  
I couple with death. Saw your father last night in the window the light made a silhouette.  
Saw him hold you that way, he won't hold you that way anymore, Yvette.

Lyrics provided by

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