

7 September 2003

The Elected

I was riding around with my worst friend.
It was the seventh of September; the day that I surrendered.
Now fifteen more 'til my birthday.
And he was talking about a girl that he'd just met.
What was her name? I can't remember.
Oh, but man she was a mover.
You should have seen the way she danced.
Oh baby, please don't leave me here with these awful people
I fear may help me become a man I will regret.
And they say when you finally lose your love,
it's gone but you never forget.
Well, my cup runneth over with dyin' dreams and losing bets. And if every man's an island and you just don't
look back,
oh, the stories they say we'll tell.
Well, I tell too many stories, so I guess it's just as well.
Oh, keep that bad news to yourself,
yeah, save it for somebody else.
Yeah, baby, I do believe I'll never see your face again.
Oh baby, I got somethin' to tell you.
These awful people don't know me as well as you do.
I'll save my good side for you.
And on the last night of summer and I got you alone,
we talked until dawn then I walked you home.
And I said baby, there's someone out there for you
and maybe he's saved his best side for you.

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