

# Songs That She Sang in the Shower

Jason Isbell

On a lark  
On a whim  
I said there's two kinds of men in this world and you're neither of them And his fist  
Cut the smoke  
I had an eighth of a second to wonder if he got the joke And in the car  
Headed home  
She asked if I had considered the prospect of living alone With a steak  
Held to my eye  
I had to summon the confidence needed to hear her goodbye  
And another brief chapter without any answers blew by And the songs that she sang in the shower  
Are stuck in my head  
Like "Bring Out Your Dead"  
"Breakfast In Bed" And experience robs me of hope  
That she'll make it back home  
So I'm stuck on my own  
I'm stuck on my own In a room  
By myself  
Looks like I'm here with a guy that I judged worse than anyone else So I pace  
And I pray  
And I repeat the mantra's that might keep me clean for the day And the songs that she sang in the shower all ring  
in my ear  
Like "Wish You Were Here"  
How I wish you were here. And experience robs me of hope  
That you'll ever return  
So I breathe and I burn  
I breathe and I burn And the church bells are ringing for those who are easy to please  
And the frost on the ground probably envies the frost on the trees. And the songs she sang in the shower are  
stuck in my mind  
Like "Yesterday's Wine", like yesterday's wine And experience tells me that I'll never hear them again  
Without thinking of them  
Without thinking of them

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>