

The Dustbowl

Everything But the Girl

Spending time with him again
Intending to put things back, when they were alright
Just when we reach dry land
Why must it all get out of hand gain tonight? Drinking till my tongue got loose
And thinking that the way it used to be was wrong
Staying till the evening's wrecked
By saying things just for effect, went on too long I used to think
That you were all that kept me sane
When all else failed, now I think you were
Probably what drove me off the rails Talking with our voices raised
And walking home to silent days and tears
I said I would rather shout
For after all what's love to cry about

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