Mexico

Brandtson

Records on the floor.
I'm giving back whats yours
remember us last weekend
dancing to the psychedelic furs.I tried to tell myself
that we could be alright.
now it's me and my
cigarettes and alcohol tonight.So screen all the phone calls
and put the chain on the front door.
and if you see her
tell her I don't live here anymore.Driving neighbors crazv
with after hour fights
everything makes more sense
thank God that we broke it off that night.Holding on to you
is like playing with broken glass.
I'm fighting off the memories
and all the living in the past.The post cards in the drawer
The pictures on the wall.
The sound of little footsteps
that echo through the hall.sound like a heart beat.
It's like a heart beat
It's like a heart break beat
and it's beating out of me.So screen all the phone calls
and put the chain on the front door.
and if vou see her
tell her I don.t live here anymore.So pull all the shades down
and turn off the radio.
and if you see her
tell her I moved down to Mexico.

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