

No Salesman

Jordan Klassen

Hey, Theresa, neighbours still a long way from the start
Selling secrets just to pay our dues and play our parts
Cold September brings the oldest longing in my heart
Words are kicking off a dust of wind of where we are
But I love you more, I love you more
Like kick drums on your bedroom door
And I throw on some piece of mind
But you still ain't the salesman kind
Now we're floundering like foals in brambles in the night
Now we're poking out our eyes to kill the end in sight
I would rather tell you yes than tell you that I might
I would rather tell you lies than give in to the fight
But I love you more, I love you more
Like kick drums on your bedroom door
And I throw on some piece of mind
But you still ain't the salesman kind
Theresa says the start can end in a bad way
When she sleeps, the coyote screams in her head
Theresa says the time has played with our own way
I can't find the hands to remind me that there's nothing in the way
But I want you more, I want you more
As if I'd never said before
And I'll throw on some piece of mind
But you still ain't the salesman kind

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