

Lunch

The Durutti Column

It's not black enough to see where any white is
So I'll wait another hour for you and your designer jeans
And I remember you as heartless as a freeway
And I wonder if the time will make your eyes like angelines
Will you shuffle to your seat, greasy head and naked feet?
And your expensive hands are swinging all your Beverly keys
The latest colors on your lip, there's a satchel at your hips
And it's all full of broken Barbie dolls and disassembled dreams
If you don't want for them to hate you because you're beautiful
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing?
For the same thing

You went and left your license on the car seat
You had a couple drinks with him and then you changed your name
And then he handed you a tambourine and whistled
No matter what they call you by, the meaning stays the same
And now your shotgun on the floor, your window's just a door
Riding backward 'cross state lines in high heels that they made you wear
Your steamers in the trunk, it's all loaded up with junk
Like lead and blood and dust and hair and stuff to kill the sting
You don't want for them to hate you because you're beautiful
How can you want them all to love you for the same thing?
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Well your shotgun on the floor, your window's just a door
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