

man and wife, the latter [damaged goods]

Desaparecidos

I'm growing out my hair like it was when I was single
It was longer than I'd known you
I had no money then. I had no worries then at all
But with such a high standard of living
I just feel like I am dying
I would start an argument but you can barely even talk But there is always good reason for your silence
You have to take care of some business
So I fix your plate and I stay out of the way
And you will stay like that forever
Right in front of your computer
You'll look up one day but you won't recognize me So now you want to change
You read a letter from a lawyer
Want to take me out to dinner
You want to bury me under a mound of shopping bags
Like it would really make a difference
Or make up for your disinterest
I'm a bill you pay. I'm a contract you can't break And it's like I'm under water
Or on an endless escalator
I just go up and up but I don't ever reach the top
And it reads just like the Bible
Twenty centuries of scandal
I guess it all depends on how you interpret it The word is love, the word is loss
The words are damaged goods That's what I am.
A lifetime gets chalked up to an experience
Coincidence. we are chained to the events
That's it.

Songwriters

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