

Don't Meddle

The Brendan Hines

Well her voice carries water, but it won't carry weight
He's known he couldn't stand her since the second date
But he's known to get lonely, and the hours: they do get late
He imagines she's gorgeous, imagines she cheats
He'd rather wake up with a headache than a handful of sheets

Now they share the rent and the wall to wall carpet
And they share admission at the La Brea Tar Pits
And they share opinions on the passerby and their outfits
She imagines he's handsome, imagines he cheats
She'd rather wake up with a headache than a handful of sheets

Oh pray, don't meddle, when I say I'll settle
Oh pray, don't meddle, oh pray
You know damned well what I go through
It's unpleasant and it's slow too
So pray, don't meddle, oh pray

With a purpose and a pervert, she fell into bed
She never rode the bus this late with her eyes this red
Didn't mean the things she did, well I think she meant the things she said
She knows that she's gorgeous, he knows that she cheats
They'd rather wake up with regrets than handfuls of sheets

And they're the people who wait for the calls that don't come
And the songs you hate, they're the ones that you hum the most

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Lyrics submitted by Garrett Bryant.

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