Songs That She Sang In The Shower

Jason Isbell

On a lark
On a whim
I said there's two kinds of men in this world and you're neither of themAnd his fist
Cut the smoke
I had an eighth of a second to wonder if he got the jokeAnd in the car
Headed home
She asked if I had considered the prospect of living aloneWith a steak
Held to my eye
I had to summon the confidence needed to hear her goodbye
And another brief chapter without any answers blew byAnd the songs that she sang in the shower
Are stuck in my head
Like "Bring Out Your Dead"
"Breakfast In Bed"And experience robs me of hope
That she'll make it back home
So I'm stuck on my own
I'm stuck on my ownIn a room
By myself
Looks like I'm here with a guy that I judged worse than anyone elseSo I pace
And I pray
And I repeat the mantra's that might keep me clean for the dayAnd the songs that she sang in the shower all ring in my ear
Like "Wish You Were Here"
How I wish you were here.And experience robs me of hope
That you'll ever return
So I breathe and I burn
I breathe and I burnAnd the church bells are ringing for those who are easy to please
And the frost on the ground probably envies the frost on the trees.And the songs she sang in the shower are stuck in my mind
Like "Yesterday's Wine", like yesterday's wineAnd experience tells me that I'll never hear them again
Without thinking of them
Without thinking of them

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