

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 them
And his fist
Cut the smoke

I had an eighth of a second to wonder if he got the joke
And in the car
Headed home

She asked if I had considered the prospect of living alone
With 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 by
And 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 own
In a room
By myself

Looks like I'm here with a guy that I judged worse than anyone else
So I pace
And I pray

And I repeat the mantra's that might keep me clean for the day
And 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 burn
And 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 wine
And experience tells me that I'll never hear them again
Without thinking of them
Without thinking of them

Songwriters

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