Lovers In Our Heads

Todd Agnew

Mary's driving home again
She's crying again
Johnny left her for another girlShe's embarrassed by her loneliness
And haunted by her shame
And everyone's reacting just the same
As she feared they wouldAnd are we more concerned
With the fruit of another
Never noticing our own barren branches?And are we more consumed
With casting stones at each other
While ignoring the lovers in our beds
Our own beds in our heads?Mary's driving home again, turns on the radio
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce
She could use a verse or two
Anything that brings just a few moments of light
In the middle of this darknessAnd are we more concerned
With the fruit of another
Never noticing our own barren branches?And are we more consumed
With casting stones at each other
While ignoring the lovers in our beds
In our beds?God hears her cries
As her tears fall rivaling the grains of sand
And we have His heart
What is keeping us from being His hands, His hands?Mary's driving home again, turns off the radio
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce yet

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