

Yr Husband

Kevin Devine

Your husband
He drinks like a writer
But he writes like a banker
I hope his pens all run dry
You watch him from your cave in the corner
Full moon eyes flame and flicker
The wild way that I like
From my part
I pretend I don't notice
Dumb friend you're a poet
And I could do this all night
And I'll stay like that
Hands locked in my lap
What I want jailed up in my mind
Until I slide to sleep
Where you're waitin' for me
And we do what we want to
And shut ourselves off for the night
Til morning barrels in like a brides maid
Drunk and desperate for her day
Drags me out picks a fight
And I see I'm alone here
Picture frames and a hot plate
Stubborn sun spites the hallways
Paint chips blink yellow white
And I'm stretching in the act of forgetting
Bear teeth and blood letting
Signals crossed half my life
And the local grown
Sees your notes towards my home
Dreaming fits as we crawl underground
And you're shedding skin
So I keep what I can
Yeah I fill up my pockets
And stuff all that's left in my mouth
Now you are a part of me
For as long as I sleep
I could trick myself into a trance
Where were as firm as facts
And I don't give you back
Every morning the sun comes to shuttle you back to your man

Songwriters

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