Songs That She Sang In The Shower

Jason Isbell

On a lark
On the 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 stake
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 The 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 judge 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 envy?s 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
Not thinking of them
Not thinking of them

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