Nashville

Mead, David

They don't know what they like so much about it
They just go for any shiny old bauble
And nobody sparkles like you
But I can't imagine it in better terms
The naked, half-awake, about to shave and go to work
And I'm starting to think
It could happen to me like it did to you
And I'm starting to actually feel it
Seep through the slick divide now
I don't crack the door too far for anyone
Who's pushing too hard on me

They don't know what they like so much about it
Maybe it goes on the other side of the hallway
The writing's so small from here
But I can't imagine it in better terms
The naked, half-awake, about to shave and go to work
I won't decorate my love, I won't decorate my love
I won't decorate my love, I won't decorate my love
I won't decorate my love, I won't decorate my love
I won't decorate my love, I won't decorate my love
I won't decorate my love

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