Callous

Goodtime Boys

You cried and you cried and you cried wolf
So it took me a minute to understand
That you really were hurt bad
That day you deeply cut your hand
And then that look that you gave me
Sent me rushing through guilt's door
I'd already started to feel callous
Like I really should care more
And it was my work that kept me upright
So you called it a crutch
While I drifted off
Into dreams of such and such
And by the time we'd come full circle
We knew exactly what to do
Just keep looking at the triangle
Instead of what it's pointing to
But you can't will yourself happy
You can't will your cunt wet

You can't keep standing at the station
Pretending you're being met
You can't wear a sign that says "Yours"
When that ain't what you get
It flows and flows away from me
My love is a stream
And your love is a vaudeville show
So charming and obscene
We both had our moments
We both had our fun
And then I hated to prove 'em all right
All those who said I'd run
But you can't will yourself happy
You can't will your cunt wet
You can't keep standing at the station
Pretending you're being met
You can't keep wearing a sign that says "Yours"
When that ain't what you get

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