

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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