

Standing on the corner
Plastic cup in her hand
Standing on the corner
Saving for some gin
You don't need to ask where she's been or what's up
She'll gladly tell you all about the life she had
Before she had the cup

Standing by the window
Glass of milk in his hand
What could I have done what could I have said
Broken glass spilled milk lying on the floor looking dead

Window pain
Cutting through the rain looks so easy
Frame by frame
Looking for a name to claim on a breezy afternoon
And the ends coming soon

So many people hold a cup
So many die drinking milk in front of a window
I once knew a woman who got in the way
Of the intentions of a windy day
Don't hold a cup in any season
Don't make me choose between rhyme or reason
Don't drink that milk in front of that window
You might as well blame it on the will that the wind chose