

Songs That She Sang In The Shower

Jason Isbell

On a lark, on a 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
In the car headed home
She asked if I had considered the prospect of living alone

With a steak 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 Your 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 the guy that I judge worse than anyone else
So I pace, and I pray
And I repeat the mantras that might keep me clean for the day

And the songs that she sang in the shower all ring in my ears
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 envies the frost on the trees

And the songs that 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
Without thinking of then, without thinking of then