

# My Career As A Homewrecker

Jonathan Richman

Well I had just met the girl and her boyfriend

She was ready for leaving him

And I was the way, I was the key,

I was her way to say, "I'm free"

And he would never talk about it, which made me sad

I didn't see what we'd done

That was so bad

We were all about twenty-one

My career as a homewrecker

Had just begun

I was thinkin' about the Boston rock scene one fine day

And found it too conservative, you might say

I knew her well, I knew him terrific

What's wrong if we wanted something specific?

He never talked about it, which hurt me

I never saw why such sorrow

Had to be

I was now about twenty-four

And I was called "homewrecker"

Once more

If someone's mad at me, why can't they tell me so?

Why do they just avoid me?

If someone's mad at me, why can't they tell me so?

Because I would want to know

Meanwhile out on the West Coast, I started wreckin'  
homes

Tryin' to convince girlfriends to leave and roam

Now I didn't touch 'em, 'cause I didn't want 'em

But I wanted to affect 'em, I wanted to haunt 'em

And this was the following year

My career as a homewrecker

Was in third gear

Another case of homewreckin' I half-did

Was the girl who loved me no matter what she said

She tried to hide it as long as she could

To save her boyfriend pain

But it did no good

You see I have certain trades and certain wants

Sometimes I'll try a certain thing to provoke a  
response

Sometimes I'll break a rule just to see who looks

Sometimes I'll knock on a door just to see what cooks

My career as a homewrecker is not yet through

There's all these homewreckin' things to do

Sometimes I'll break a rule just to see who cares

Sometimes I'll knock just to see who's there