

Breakdown (and Then...)

Rowland S. Howard

Crown prince of the crying jag
Stuffs a towel in his mouth to gag
O my darling I never knew
How hard it was to get rid of you

I smashed on our virgin date
How did I reach that state?
The day ends again and then
My darling, here comes that breakdown
And then...

Struck down by my own device
Sweet Jesus ice cold Christ
You drowned in the dining room
Resurrection, it came too soon

God it's cold in this room
Hopped up on fever's croon
Just two more love dumb fools
Here comes that breakdown
And then...

Loading the gun again
Dead lead goes in and then
Catch as catch can and can't
Catch cold and fall apart

Cold as a distant star
Hot as a stolen car
I choke on this heart of hate
Sometimes I find it hard
To get things straight...