

# Anne Of The Thousand Days

Shawn Colvin

The morning was wet  
I wore your jacket  
I walked your dog  
To go get coffee  
Where I ran into  
Your last girlfriend  
And we said hello

She didn't like me  
I didn't care  
I reeked and glowed  
I was smug and tan  
You were Henry the VIII  
Off with her head  
She had to go

Anne of the thousand days  
They go by fast Anne  
Those thousand days  
Anne of the thousand days

The ink was still wet  
On your love letters  
I should've known  
I wouldn't last long  
And I'm sorry I broke  
Into your email  
But I had to know

There was the one  
From Colorado  
She thanked you for  
The kissing and dancing  
But you hate to dance  
Off with her head  
She had to go  
Then there was the one  
Who lived in Boston  
And you swore to our friends  
There was no connection  
But her back launched you to  
Your next invention  
Then she had to go