

# Monopoly

Shawn Colvin

I don't know what else to do  
I would rather do anything  
Than write this song for you  
And perpetuate this thing  
In my head, in my living room  
With the usual arsenal  
Of broken chords and rusty strings  
To surrender all

And I don't like to be so weak  
Retreating behind these lines  
The same old tongue-in-cheek  
Regretting that both are mine  
And I don't like to live this way  
This is really true  
But I know better than to pray now  
About what I just have to learn to do  
But imagine the nerve of God  
Letting me let you in  
And I thought I could let you go in grace  
I've gotta think again

Because right now I would be bought and sold  
To see your face somewhere  
I would sell your sweet soul  
Just to touch your crazy black gold hair  
I don't care what's really real  
I was someone that you'd heard of  
I saw heaven in your eyes  
And we made a deal  
And that's what I know of love

Music, it never goes  
But I told you I hate that shit  
When people say "well you know you got a song out of it"  
But I don't know what else to do  
I would rather be anywhere  
Than here without you