

# Everything I Try to Do, Nothing Seems to Turn Out Right

The Decemberists

The film was a bust  
But we stayed till the ending  
Hair all a mussed but your clothes  
Didn't look so bad

And back on the street, the rain was descending  
In cold dirty sheets, so under the awning we sat  
And then you hailed yourself a yellow cab

And I sat for a time by the valets in line  
And I read what you wrote on the card  
Above a cowboy you drew a big dark balloon  
Saying, "Try not to take it so hard"

But there's this nagging suspicion  
That won't leave me alone tonight  
It's just that everything I try to do  
Nothing seems to turn out right

We laid on our backs  
And stared at the ceiling  
Messed with your slacks  
But ended up just holding your hand

The rain will remain, the TV was telling  
A drip of the drain as your legs lifted brilliantly bent  
And fall to resting on the ottoman

So we turned off the tube and we crawled to your room  
Leaving discarded clothes in our wake  
And we both had some fun, though I twice bit my tongue  
And it lasted too long for my taste

And there's this nagging suspicion  
That won't leave me alone tonight  
It's just that everything I try to do  
Nothing seems to turn out right

And there's this nagging suspicion  
That won't leave me alone tonight  
Its just that everything I try to do  
Nothing seems to turn out right

A wink and a wave and your off to your family's  
I sit and watch as the taxi lights distantly fade  
I guess, I always thought it'd end this way