

A Good Time at Your Expense

The Format

I don't like your cowboy boots
To me they don't tell the truth
I feel like mine do, I'm from the Midwest
You're from New York.

This voice is stronger, this boy is grown
You'd better claim sticks and stones
You better pray to God I choke
These words will hurt you, haunt you
I've become a frivolous man
In need of a goody-good time
I want a goody-good time,
I want a good time at your expense.

I've found you by the light of the moon
Past all the wolves in the sheep's perfume
Tell me why I can't count on you
I need someone to sing me to sleep

The longest flame I want to blow you out
I want to get you back, but not like that.

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Graze in green, summers in blue
Red is my favorite paint.
Why do all nouns stutter like adjectives
When they bend to leave your lips
And what does it mean when you claw at my sleeve
For a cave to bury your face
Why after year, do you still come?
Why you always falling in love?
Why do you run to me
When you know you run the risk of running late?

Longest flame, I want to blow you out
I want to get you back, but not like that.

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