

Wedding Present, The "Thanks!"

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I bumped into Joe on Victoria Road
And he told me something
About last weekend, he knows your new
(He said he saw it coming)
And those letters I wrote, so now I know
What you do with them
Well of course he looked, you sliced me up
And then showed it to him

He's changed around the posters on your wall
And finished all but one glass of your wine
His head's been on the pillows that I bought
And now he's seen me say "I love you" all those times

And the old photos in those silly clothes
There must be much more
God, the poems I sent and that massive dent
I left in your door
I don't want them back, you can burn the lot
I just feel betrayed
Well it's been this long and all the flesh has gone
But the bones remain

He's changed around the posters on your wall
And finished all but one glass of your wine
His head's been on the pillows that I bought
And now he's seen me say "I love you" all those times

I still can't get mad at you, no matter how I try
I still can't get mad at you, no matter how I try

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