

Wrens, The "Jane Fakes a Hug"

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jane fakes a hug / she throws herself down on the rug
what's wrong / my dragging days are whipping long
i can't go on / time chained friendless / oh jane i
thought / let's end this
i'd tell her more my thinking
but she'd just stare back blinking
can't find attraction hate our new house
she don't get / she don't get my work
jane's made me flirt / in fact i've met this girl, annette
i made a pass my life's a crumbled mess
i took the girl's address
she just broke up with paul and i think jane knows her
boredom crept up and found me
temptation follows mounts me
our oaths our realty a good job a husband
a husband or what / christ, jane, i'm not, i never was
she turns spits out / we're done get out / i wanna say
good luck
but i don't wanna hold you up
you bastard son of dirt
can't picture our house without you

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