

## 88 Fingers Louie "Explanation"

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He stumbles in at night and the clock says 3 a.m.  
The love of his life just wonders  
Where on earth he's been  
He can't explain himself,  
A poor excuse is all he's got  
A mess of contradictions have  
His stomach tied in knots  
She gets tired of waiting up all night  
If he truly cared for her  
He'd stay at home tonight  
He says he's out with friends,  
Then again he could be anywhere  
She starts to have a nervous breakdown when  
He isn't there  
She tried to call him on the phone  
And no one's there  
No explanation can be given  
Wide awake at night again.  
What is it gonna take  
He tries to speak,  
It makes her think his story is a fake  
She can't take these fables anymore  
What she wants to know is  
What the phone numbers are for  
The love of his life just wonders  
Where on earth he's been  
He can't explain himself,  
A poor excuse is all he's got

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