

Bankrupt

"Write It Down"

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The ragged clothes you wore made you look like a
hobo.
Ten to four, the neighbours pound the floor.
We're cracking up 'til I couldn't take no more from you.

The wine, the heater glow.
Warming up under icy Midwest skies.
I would have left here long ago,
But knowing you means there's always some surprise.

We're done with keeping score.
Flipping through all your records across the floor.
The snow has blocked the door.
We played them all and we'll play a couple more...

So I wrote it down, kept the night around.
Kept it right here with me.

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