

Desaparecidos "Man And Wife, The Latter (Damaged Goods)"

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I'm growing out my hair
Like it was when I was single
It was longer than I'd known you
I had no money then
I had no worries then at all

Such a high standard of living
I just feel like I'm dying
I'd start an argument
But you can barely even talk

There's always good reason for your silence
Have to take care of some business
So, I fix your plate
And I stay out of the way

Will you stay like that forever?
Right in front of your computer
You'll look up one day
But you won't recognize me

So, you wanna change
Read a letter from a lawyer
Wanna take me out to dinner
You wanna bury me under a mound of shopping bags

Like it'd really make a difference
Or make up for your disinterest
I'm a bill you pay
I'm a contract you can't break

And it's like I'm under water
Or on an endless escalator
I just go up and up
But I don't ever reach the top

And it reads just like the Bible
Twenty centuries of scandal
Yeah, it all depends
On how you interpret it

The word is love

The word is loss
The words are

Damaged goods
That's what I am
A lifetime gets chalked up
To an experience

Coincidence, we are chained
To the events that sit

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