

Eddie Floyd

"Bookends"

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She on the left, he on the right
They sit in their living room
Stare at the fire, sparks up the flu
Escape to the night, bedtime soon
And sure there's plenty to talk about
But there ain't much to say
God's on the mantelpiece
And what's he got to do with all of this anyway
And the silence here is written
It's the holiest you've ever seen
These two just bookends
To the spaces in between
They say they can talk about anything
Unlike so many others they know
Three out of five end in divorce
A matter of course, they read it was so
They read it was so
She closes the book, he puts out the fire
She turns down the bed, coming dear
They lie in the dark listening to
Whispering voices in the downstairs room
Hey
She on the left, he on the right
Sparks up the flu, escape to the night
She on the left, he on the right
Sparks up the flu, escape to the night

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