

J Church "Foreign Films"

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She comes around on a Thursday night,
With a six pack of Becks and a lot on her mind,
I've got to work tomorrow at eight A.M.,
I find two glasses that have not been used,
She follows me into my room,
She plays that same R.E.M. record again

We've got nowhere to go so we're, we're heading
nowhere,
She demands nothing from me but late night
conversation

They go out to that club again,
She's the ring that he shows off to his friends,
She looks around dulled to the routine,
Late at night my doorbell rings,
We take a drive and talk about things,
She asks me why she just can't leave

We've got nowhere to go so we're, we're heading
nowhere,
She demands nothing from me but late night
conversation

Let's talk about ex-girlfriends,
Let's talk about our friends at work,
I'm not above gossip if it's good,
Let's talk about foreign films,
Let's talk about women writers,
This relationship is understood

We've got nowhere to go so we're, we're heading
nowhere,
She demands nothing from me but late night
conversation
Conversation, conversation

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