

## Kevin Coyne

### "Yr Husband"

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Your husband,  
He drinks like a writer,  
But he writes like a banker,  
I hope his pens all run dry.

You watch him from your cave in the corner,  
Full moon eyes flame and flicker,  
The wild way that I like.

From my part,  
I pretend I don't notice  
Dumb friend you're a poet,  
And I could do this all night.

And I'll stay like that,  
Hands locked in my lap,  
What I want jailed up in my mind,  
Until I slide to sleep  
Where you're waitin' for me,  
And we do what we want to,  
And shut ourselves off for the night.

Til morning barrels in like a brides maid,  
Drunk and desperate for her day,  
Drags me out, picks a fight.

And I see I'm alone here  
Picture frames and a hot plate  
Stubborn sun spites the hallways  
Paint chips blink yellow white.

And I'm stretching, in the act of forgetting,  
Bear teeth and blood letting,  
Signals crossed half my life.

And the local grown  
Sees your notes towards my home,  
Dreaming fits as we crawl underground,  
And you're shedding skin,  
So I keep what I can.  
Yeah I fill up my pockets,

And stuff all that's left in my mouth.

Now you are a part of me,  
For as long as I sleep.  
I could trick myself into a trance,  
Where were as firm as facts,  
And I don't give you back  
Every morning the sun comes to shuttle you back to  
your man.

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