

## Christine Lavin "Damaged Goods"

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Christine Lavin

"Damaged Goods"

He was always a bit too open, a bit too quick to please.

Such eager men make women feel I'll at ease.

Relationships never lasted long,

But there was nothing in particular you could say he  
was doing wrong.

But now his loneliness is beginning to show

His confidence is at an all-time low.

He's always second-guessing; look at him hesitate.

The littlest decisions are the hardest to make

Cause now he thinks of himself as damaged goods.

So far no one's ever treated him as gently as he hoped  
they would

And he don't hold his head up quite so high

And he finds himself longing for the innocence of  
times gone by.

She had her first man when she was 23,

Years after all her girlfriends gave away their virginity.

And now at last she thought her life had begun,

But she sees things a little differently now that she's  
31.

She's had a lot of lovers, but no special man

Has ever really touched her or tried to understand.

Now there's an awkward hesitation in everything she  
does.

If only her life could be simple like it was,

But now she thinks of herself as damaged goods.

So far no one's ever treated her as gently as she hoped  
they would

And she don't hold her head up quite so high

And she finds herself longing for the innocence of  
times gone by.

I don't know about you, but it seems like all of my  
friends

Are either being hurt or they are trying to mend the  
hurt

Been done to them by somebody else.

And now they carry like a badge a slightly damaged  
image of themselves.

I got a little sister, 15 years old

And there is so very much I think she should be told,

But she won't listen; Lord knows I never did,  
And that's why I got so many scars I struggle to keep  
hid.  
Sometimes I falter, sometimes I lose.  
Sometimes I get caught up wallowing in my blues.  
So undecided; I hesitate and yet  
Every once in awhile I just manage to forget  
That I think of myself as damaged goods.  
So far no one's ever treated me as gently as I wished  
they would  
And I don't hold his head up quite that high  
And I'm longing for the simple days, I wonder how they  
got this way,  
Longing for the innocence of times gone by,  
Oh, those times gone by.  
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