

Dan Mills "Those Clothes"

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You ain't nothing like the book I'm reading now
'Cause every time I turn a page I can't put you down
In my pocket when I walk around but baby please
don't make a sound
I'll call you when I want you to

And I'm just listening to your voice each time you talk
'Cause I won't let your story speak a single law
I dress you up, I'll write your history
Make you tell your friends you miss me when I'm
gone

But you don't wear those clothes
And you just ain't nothing but a voice I chose
So I think I'll leave you blowing smoke rings out your
window
'Cause it's me I'm searching for

Burning teeth, I'm pointing pistols at my chest cause I
can't breathe

And I might be tricking you but girl I sure ain't tricking
me
And this is something I should see through because I
need to
Is there more to you than me?

[chorus]

It ain't you and it ain't me
Well it's nothing but the papers, pens and fashion
magazines
It ain't you
And it ain't me
Well it's nothing but the papers, pens, and fashion
I poured a generous ration in my glass
You're the match and it's nothing but the gasoline

If you don't tell me I won't hear you
If you don't ask I'll never know
So for now let's both pretend to
But it sure ain't gonna grow

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