

Gretchen Peters

"Camille"

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The moon had a fight with the parking lot light
And slunk off to hide in the clouds
Now it's broken bottles, gravel and glass
Keepin' you company now

In the heat of the moment he cried out your name
But the moment it didn't last long
Ten minutes later he's driving away
While you're putting your pantyhose on

And you don't want to cry, and you don't want to think
And you tell yourself it ain't no big deal
And you feel like a fool, and you feel like a drink
And you drink so you don't have to feel
But you still do, don't you Camille

All your affairs are like last night's mascara
Darkening the lines round your eyes
Seems like these days you're just pickin' up strays
You laugh and say you're no prize

And the sins of the fathers they're not meant for
daughters
But somehow you felt you're to blame
And the ghost in your head and the men in your bed
They all look like they're one and the same

And you don't want to cry, and you don't want to think
And you tell yourself it ain't no big deal
And you feel like a fool, and you feel like a drink
And you drink so you don't have to feel
But you still do, don't you Camille
Yeah, you still do, don't you Camille

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