

Adorable

"Man In A Suitcase"

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A portrait of a life
Wrapped up in decayed paper tales
Telling half-truths and lies
Cigarettes, bourbon, and betrayal
He took a room with a view
Of the perpetual railway station
He'll leave in a week or two
Unearthed a few truths and a host of frustrations

Oh, he's our man
Oh, he's our man
In a suitcase
Oh, in a suitcase

A bottle of forgotten time
And a diary half remembered
Ringed photo of a ticket up-line
A drunken letter written mid-September
With autumn in his face
Like the battered book, he doesn't understand
Wearing his suitcase
Like a lover's ring on his left hand

Oh, he's our man
Oh, he's our man
In a suitcase
Oh, in a suitcase

He's moving on now

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