

## **Patty Griffin**

### **"I Write the Book"**

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I'm over here and it's cold  
I'm writing recipes for growing old  
Growing old, mean and alone  
Oh, baby, pick up the phone

This pain in my heart  
Has been with me through the ages  
And I walk IT around like a very old friend  
It goes everywhere I go  
It's been everywhere I've been  
There's something shiny in my pocket  
It's the key to my heart  
Why don't you unlock it?

I write the book on loneliness  
I write the poem on pain  
I'm the obituary in the newspaper  
Lying out in the pouring rain

It used to be, babe, good between us  
I don't know how to explain  
We used to be Adonis and Venus  
Now we're the water flowing down the drain

Don't wanna be bad  
Don't wanna lie  
Don't wanna make you mad  
And I don't wanna die  
Knowing we're apart for the rest of our lives  
Cuts through me like a knife  
I been eating your crops like a big old locust  
Now I wanna be a little more in focus

I write the book on loneliness  
I write the poem on pain  
I'm the obituary in the newspaper  
Lying out in the pouring rain

MUSICAL BREAK

I write the book on loneliness  
I write the poem on pain

I'm the obituary in the newspaper  
Lying out in the pouring rain

Oh...

And the obit....oh  
And the obit....oh  
And the obit....everyday

Whoa, oh oh, oh, oh ah...  
I write the book

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