

88 Fingers Loui

"Explanation"

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He stumbles in at night and the clock says 3 a.m.
The love of his life just wonders
Where on earth he's been
He can't explain himself,
A poor excuse is all he's got
A mess of contradictions have
His stomach tied in knots
She gets tired of waiting up all night
If he truly cared for her
He'd stay at home tonight
He says he's out with friends,
Then again he could be anywhere
She starts to have a nervous breakdown when
he isn't there
She tried to call him on the phone
And no one's there
No explanation can be given
Wide awake at night again.
What is it gonna take
He tries to speak,
It makes her think his story is a fake
She can't take these fables anymore
What she wants to know is
What the phone numbers are for
The love of his life just wonders
Where on earth he's been
He can't explain himself,
A poor excuse is all he's got

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