

Slobberbone

"Your Love Is Waning"

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Not much in this trailer, now
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped
like a cow,
A macrame' frame, 'round a picture of me,
Sittin' in a pool of stale beer, on a black and white T.V.

There's a baby in the bedroom that doesn't know you
there
As you're lying in the bathtub with shampoo in your hair
And the radio is playing some fucked up country song
And sorta like us it's sad and sweet, but it won't last for
long

'Cause I can tell your love is waning from the looks and
smell of it,
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you
smell is shit
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell
is shit

I don't know

Not much in this trailer, now
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped
like a cow,
A macrame' frame, 'round a picture of me, Sittin' in a
pool of stale beer, on a black and white T.V.

There's a baby in the bedroom that doesn't know your
there
As you're lying in the bathtub running water through
your hair
And the radio is plays "Mack the Knife" ...
And I begin to think as I pull myself a steak knife from
the bottom of the kitchen sink

'Cause I can tell your love is waning from the looks and
smell of it,
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you
smell is shit
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell

is shit

I still don't know ... I don't know

Not much in this trailer, now
A picture book, remote control, and a cookie jar shaped
like a cow,
A macrame' frame, 'round a picture of me,
Sittin' in a pool of stale beer, on a black and white T.V.

There's a baby in the bedroom -- doesn't know your
there
As you're lying in the bathtub with blood all in your hair
And the radio plays so damn loud I can't hear myself
think
As I wash the blood from my fingers and the knife in
the bathroom sink

'Cause I could tell your love was waning from the looks
and smell of it,
Like getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you
smell is shit
Getting caught behind a cattle truck and all you smell
is shit

But I know that if we could just get past, these foul
moods we're in
We could drive on down the highway, girl, with all our
windows rolled down once again

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