

Decemberists, The

"Everything I Try To Do, Nothing Seems To Turn Out"

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The film was a bust, but we stayed to the ending
Hair all a mussed but your clothes didn't look so bad
And back on the street, the rain was descending
In cold dirty sheets, so under the awning we sat
And then you hailed yourself a yellow cab

And I sat for a time by the valets in line
And I read what you wrote on the card
Above a cowboy you drew a big dark balloon
saying "try not to take it so hard"
but there's this nagging suspicion that won't leave me
alone tonight
its just that everything I try to do, nothing seems to turn
out right

We laid on our backs and stared at the ceiling
Messed with your slacks, but ended up just holding
your hand
The rain will remain, the tv was telling
a drip of the drain as your legs lifted brilliantly bent
and fall to resting on the ottoman

So we turned off the tube and we crawled to your room
leaving discarded clothes in our way
and we both had some fun, though I twice bit my
tongue
and it lasted too long for my taste
and there's this nagging suspicion that won't leave me
alone tonight
its just that everything I try to do, nothing seems to turn
out right

and there's this nagging suspicion that won't leave me
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its just that everything I try to do, nothing seems to turn
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A wink and a wave and your off to your family's
I sit and watch as the taxis lights distantly fade
I guess I always thought it'd end this way

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