

Divorce, The "Redcoats"

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Every time I reach into my pocket
I find your number on a pack of matches
I can't expect you to understand

You used to keep my picture in your locket
While at my border all your troops lined up for action
Now I just want someone to hold my hand

You could've warned me
You could've said

"Here come the redcoats
With their coats all red
All along
All along
All along the promenade
The promenade"
That would've been good

Instead you said that one thing
That thing you said
That I forgot
I forgot
I forgot
Was kind of odd
Kind of odd
That would've been...

We were created in a crumbling lab
By a maker with a shaky hand
And a pension for truant love

And if you think about that
It makes sense

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You could've said

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With their coats all red
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All along
All along the promenade
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That would've been good

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That thing you said
That I forgot
I forgot
I forgot
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Kind of odd
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Oh, baby,
I want to take you home
But I can't cuz I'm home ((less))
Home ((less))
Home ((less))Home ((less)))
Oh, honey,
I'm holding on to hope
But it's hard cuz I'm hope ((less))
Hope ((less))
Hope ((less))
Hope ((less))

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Oh, I guess that I could fall for you...
cause I fall for all kinds of bad jokes.

