

## **Todd Agnew**

### **"Lovers In Our Heads"**

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Mary's driving home again  
She's crying again  
Johnny left her for another girl

She's embarrassed by her loneliness  
And haunted by her shame  
And everyone's reacting just the same  
As she feared they would

And are we more concerned  
With the fruit of another  
Never noticing our own barren branches?

And are we more consumed  
With casting stones at each other  
While ignoring the lovers in our beds  
Our own beds in our heads?

Mary's driving home again, turns on the radio  
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce  
She could use a verse or two  
Anything that brings just a few moments of light  
In the middle of this darkness

And are we more concerned  
With the fruit of another  
Never noticing our own barren branches?

And are we more consumed  
With casting stones at each other  
While ignoring the lovers in our beds  
In our beds?

God hears her cries  
As her tears fall rivaling the grains of sand  
And we have His heart  
What is keeping us from being His hands, His hands?

Mary's driving home again, turns off the radio  
'Cause no one's writing songs about divorce yet

