

Low Life, The "Nassau"

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I was done with changing
So she was done with me
She hung 'em up after five good years
And headed out to sea
A cruise ship down in Nassau
Without her family
I'm guessing that she's looking for a boy that's not like
me

So I'll just do what I always do
And wait down by the phone
I come around at Happy Hour
So I won't feel alone
Maybe she's upstairs waiting for me when I get home...
No letters, emails, postcards
No message on my phone

I try but I cannot seem to get it going right
I'll do just what you'd ask of me
Then fuck up the next night
So I'm not trusting nothing
No touch, no ears, no sight
I guess alone I'm waiting
For me to get it right

So I was done with changing
And she was done with me
She hung us up after five good years
And headed out to sea
A cruise ship down in Nassau
Without her family
My bet is that she's looking for a boy that's not like me

I try but I cannot seem to get it going right
I'll do just what you'd ask of me
Then fuck up the next night
So I'm not trusting nothing
No touch, no ears, no sight
I guess alone I'm waiting
For me to get it right

And I still think that above all things
Today could be the big day
No messages for twenty years
My hairs have all turned grey
But I don't think I'll settle down
Cause I'm not built that way
I'll show her that I got it right
She'll come crawling back today

I try but I cannot seem to get it going right
I'll just do what you ask of me
Then fuck up the next night
So I'm not trusting nothing
No touch, no ears, no sight
I guess alone I'm waiting
For me to get it right

I guess alone I'm waiting
For me to get it right

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