

Emilyn Brodsky, Any Other Way

and of something and of someone
on a tuesday
in a note babe
that I wrote babe
to you

you know the rules you know the game
what once was sacred now's profane
it's a long story and you've heard it before
'bout the color of the sky at the end of the war

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if you were a house i would be your a door
if you were a john i would be your whore
you could buy a boat or i could have a child
you could have a stroke or i could grow to be mild

you could change your life i could change my mind
i could give you half of everything that's mine
we could be ok that's not the way you want it
you want it

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if the wound won't heal and if it was made by my hand
let's just forget the other plans
but you remember that you were once my man
there are things a woman cannot stand
there are things a woman cannot stand

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