

Shawn Colvin, Monopoly

Monopoly

S. Colvin

I don't know what else to do
I would rather do anything
Than write this song for you
And perpetuate this thing
In my head, in my living room
With the usual arsenal
Of broken chords and rusty strings
To surrender all
And I don't like to be so weak
Retreating behind these lines
The same old tongue-in-cheek
Regretting that both are mine
And I don't like to live this way
This is really true
But I know better than to pray now
About what I just have to learn to do
But imagine the nerve of God
Letting me let you in
And I thought I could let you go in grace
I've gotta think again
Because right now I would be bought
and sold
To see your face somewhere
I would sell your sweet soul
Just to touch your crazy black gold hair
I don't care what's really real
I was someone that you'd heard of
I saw heaven in your eyes
And we made a deal
And that's what I know of love
Music, it never goes
But I told you I hate that shit
When people say "well you know
You got a song out of it"
But I don't know what else to do
I would rather be anywhere
Than here without you