

FINGER IN THE AIR (hansbarger)

You treated me like something that you left behind the stair
Now I'm not sure that I can give a damn
About your wayward ways, your vanities, your loving and your lies
Or all the time together we once shared

Seven days now since you walked out of the door
Blaming me for troubles you've blamed me before
Drove your car away, tires squealing, a finger in the air
While I wondered who will buy your gas whenever you get there.

*You hung a dreamcatcher from your rearview mirror
Claimed your momma was an eighth blood Cherokee
That your blues eyes came from Norway
and your temper from your dad
While the troubles in your life all came from me.*

There are times that I regret all the fighting
There are times when I close my eyes and dream
Of your body in the mirror and me lying next to you
In a quiet room lit by an old TV.

CHORUS

*I don't know what's running round that head of yours
All I know is that I want a little more
So I'll bide my time and wait ... foryou*

I can tell babe by the looks of things that things just don't look right
So I'll lock the doors and hide the keys and shut off all the lights.
While you try to find it once again like you have tried before
In this wasteland that you're calling love,
in the world outside our home