

You make a lot of money
She makes a lot of time
Counts it out and hands it over to you
Never asking nothing in return
'Cuz she trusts you
Believes in you too

You go around in circles
She goes home alone
You could be there with her
But she's still on her own
She's not looking for miracles
She's just looking for love
All she wants is you, because that's enough

She makes it all so easy
You make it all so hard
You've give her dirt
And tie her to the earth
She plants another flower in the sand

You got all the best excuses in the world
But they're not reasons
They don't even rhyme
She's a good woman
But you treat her like a bad little girl
She's a loser
In your little game
The victim of your big crime
She's always trying to work it out
You're only trying just to fit her in
To your self-serving plans and schemes
She thinks you're worth it
So she hangs around
And hangs another day on shattered hopes
And battered little dreams

You trample down your dirt
And harvest weeds
Her love grows
And she waters it so carefully
You scatter all her seedlings
With one wave of your hand
And she plants another flower in the sand