

Apropos of Nothing

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Last fall I got that raise you thought I'd deserved for all those years
This spring, I worked up the courage to give up drinking beer
And that prompted me to start writing songs once again
But now I substitute two keyboards for a guitar and a pen
And the first song I wrote was about being alone
After all those years of cigarettes, I've got to sing it baritone
So what's up with you, I really love that new hairdo
And apropos of nothing, I still love you. I still love you.

That ancient car you used to call my jalopy finally died
I replaced it with an SUV, but I miss the bumpy ride
That tiny room I rented after we split up
Was fine for a little while, but the noise kept me up
So now I live in a mobile home, it's modest, but it's mine
And I write songs like crazy, cuz I've got lots of time
And what's up with you, do you still love to eat tofu
And apropos of nothing, I still love you. I still love you.

Ironic, I think you will agree
That I've become everything you wanted me to be
But you've moved on and now you're in another place
There's no reversing, my complete fall from grace.

Instrumental

It's awkward I've run into you, at this cafe
I've got so much to tell you, but instead I'll just say
What's up with you, I love that new heart tattoo
And apropos of nothing, I still love you. I still love you.