

Speechwriters Llc

"Spaghetti Streetwalker"

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Things here aren't so good
You'd leave if you could
You can't seem to find
One guy worth your time

The message on the telephone is some old flame
Back in town again and looking up your name
You meet him at the coffeeshop but he's the same
And you don't want to be the ball in his old game
You leave him with the tab, grab a cab and now you're
rolling back the way you came

You don't have to sell your soul
You don't have to lose control
You don't have to do the things they want you to
You don't have to wait their tables, let the tables wait
for you

Job where you can't think
Driving you to drink
Shift goes on too long
Boss thinks he's Don Juan

And everybody here has got a tale to tell
The kind of tale that people tend to know to well
You're running all around and yet you're bored as hell
Moving on before you get a chance to jell
You're living in a pumpkin shell and it's keeping you
unwell

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