

Eastern Conference Champions

"Nice Clean Shirt"

Visit "[Nice Clean Shirt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Smack dab middle of a five week tour,
The same clothes on as I had before
A pocket full of change,
But change is what I need now.
It's freezing cold and pouring rain,
There's a group of girls that all know my name.
They want to know if I'm taken
I am, I'm fine, I'm great, I thank you.

I've been thinking, given the state I'm in,
That I should not be driving,
I should be looking for a man,
I know the pills weren't working
And the booze is wearin' thin.
You've got a nice clean shirt,
And I need, somehow, to get in.

The first comes in many forms,
It's a warm body, it's corner store,
It's a crash course camcorder recording
The life and times of a lonely story.
You bring the bullets, and I'll bring the gun.
Forward address behind the sun,
And everybody knows; maybe we should go out.
They'd see it coming, push it through the cotton skin,
Telling me to go, welcome to the middle.
Nothing's good enough or works
And the kid's won't respond to any words,
And luck is hard to find,
And we've been here awhile now.

I've been thinking, given the state I'm in,
I should not be driving,
I should be looking for my man.
God knows the pills weren't working
And the booze is wearing off.
You've got a nice clean shirt,
And I need, somehow, to get off.

But I've been thinking, given the state I'm in,
I should not be driving,

I should be looking for my man.
God knows the pills weren't working,
And the booze is wearin' thin.
You've got a nice clean shirt,
And I would sure like to get in.

Visit [Eastern Conference Champions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.