

Eels

"Wooden Nickels"

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Went down by the old courthouse
Stumbling through the streets
Had to get out of the house
Had to use my feet

And you may not think much of me now but
I think so damn much
Of you

Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
Devil lover, time awaits you
When the party is over
You're on your own

Trash truck coming up the road
Picking up the trash
Riding to a better place
Hoping we don't crash

Thinking of things after now
I never would have guessed it
This way

Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
Devil lover, time awaits you
When the party is over
You're on your own

And you may not think much of me now but
I think so damn much
Of you

Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
Devil lover, time awaits you
Now the party is over
I'm on my own

La lalala lalalala
La lala la la

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