

Extreme Noise Terror

"Anna Lee"

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Started Off
Started Off, on the right foot
Reservation for one

(oooh-e-oooh)

Greasy spoons, corner booth
Faces the pipe shop,
Now it's owned by his son

(oooh oh oh)

And the calendar isn't slowin' up
All and all I feel you're running short on luck
Please excuse me for a minute
When I say

Pardon Me Anna Lee
That's Fucking Genius
We'll just move to the coast (oh-ay-oh)
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront
We'll have release from the most

Ten o'clock every eve we'll have our night cap
We're dropping limes in our beers (oooh-e-oooh)
And when it's time we'll stumble back into the sea side
To burn one down on the pier

Pardon Me Anna Lee
That's Fucking Genius
We'll just move to the coast
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront
We'll have release from the most

Your steady hand
Searches for mine
The waves have stopped and so has time
Uniform and poised
You carried me
The sun has melted in the sea
And my tripod failed

Knockin' at my door
Promise you'll that I'll be there after one more
Is it wearin' off
Only time will tell
The ships are gone and
Anna's ringing the lighthouse bell

Pardon Me Anna Lee
That's Fucking Genius
We'll just move to the coast (Ooo-eee-ooo)
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront
We'll have release from the most.

Ooooooh
Anna Lee
(Ooooooh)
Anna Lee-e-e
(Ooooh)

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