

Brendan Benson

"Folk Singer"

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(Benson/Falkner)

Like a folk singer's song, I'm moving on
And I'm not the kind of man that acts very strong
When the girls are looking on
When the girls are looking on (When the girls are
looking on)
If you tied my hands and put chains on my feet
I can picture myself walking down any street
Telling people that I meet,
"Psst, looks like rain to me" (Looks like rain to me)

And every single day at eleven I'm home in bed in
sleep heaven
Alone 'cause my girl leaves at seven
Ain't got time for my bed-in
She says "Stop pretendin'
You're not John Lennon"
Will I ever get over this
Having tasted your lips with a kiss?
You can cross me off your list
Take these cuffs from off my wrist
And drop your fist

As soon as I'm well I'm gonna leave my house
Become more of a man and less like a mouse
Drive my car down south to the Mississippi's mouth
In the Gulf of Mexico I'll be soused
Every girl I made in the shade of Esplanade
I've saved in a song that I play when I'm afraid of a full-
scale air raid
From the choices that I've made

And every single day at eleven I'm home in bed in
sleep heaven
Alone 'cause my girl leaves at seven
Ain't got time for my bed-in
She says "Stop pretendin'
You're not John Lennon"
Will I ever get over this
Having tasted your lips with a kiss?
You would cross me off your list

Take these cuffs from off my wrist
And drop your fist.
Drop your fist.

No matter how much you take of each song that I make
I'm not fragile, I don't break and I'm down at the lake
And I hope some day you'll have it made with all that
money that you make
It was fun while it lasted and then it was blasted
Right out of the water and into fantastic
Now he feels shafted and she's already past it
She's like elastic and he just seems spastic

Every single day at eleven I'm home in bed in sleep
heaven
Alone 'cause my girl leaves at seven
Ain't got time for my bed-in
She says "Stop pretendin'
You're not John Lennon"
Will I ever get over this
Having tasted your lips with a kiss?
You can cross me off your list
Take these cuffs from off my wrist
If I ever get over this
You can cross me off your list
Take these cuffs from off my wrist
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