

J Church

"Jazz Butcher On A Work Night"

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Four dollars a pint,
I went home broke but barely alive,
A greasy order of fries for my unintentional appetite,
Against my better judgement,
I went to the gig and loved it,
Psychic tractor beams draw me home

You know how these things get done,
Not everybody does that

Camper Van was alive,
But only for a limited time,
The collated lines,
The Roxy opens at any time,
When I finally heard it,
It never sounded so perfect,
I can't stand what you do,
But I'm in love with your eyes

But I did think that when I saw you,
That doesn't mean I'd die for you

I call you,
You call me,
I ask you,
Why ask me?
You drive me quite crazy,
What is this?
You tell me

We went through Saturday,
And not everybody did that,
'Cause you made it Saturday,
Ooh, and I shan't forget you

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