

## Jack Ingram

### "Poor Taylor"

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They say taylor was a good girl, never one to be late  
Complain, express ideas in her brain  
Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets,  
Youre gonna have to pay her if you want to park here  
Well mommys little dancer has quite a little secret  
Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it  
Its quite an imposition and now she's only wishing  
That she would have listened to the words they said  
Poor taylor

She just wanders around, unaffected by  
The winter winds and shell pretend that  
Shes somewhere else, so far and clear  
About two thousand miles from here

Peter patrick pitter patters on the window  
But sunny silhouette wont let him in  
Poor old petes got nothing because he's been falling  
Somehow sunny knows just where he's been  
He thinks that singing on sunday is gonna save his soul  
Now that saturday is gone  
Sometimes he thinks that he's on his way  
But i can see that his break lights are on

He just wanders around, unaffected by  
The winter winds and hell pretend that  
Hes somewhere else, so far and clear  
About two thousand miles from here

Such a tough enchilada filled up with nada  
Giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill  
Used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking  
Nows she's finger licking to the man  
With the money in his pocket flying in his rocket  
Only stopping by on his way to a better world

If taylor finds a better world  
Then taylor's gonna run away

