

Jack Johnson "Taylor"

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They say Taylor was a good girl
never one to be late
complain express ideas in her brain
Workin on the night shift
passin out the tickets
you're gonna have to pay her
if you want to park here.
Well mommy's little dancer's
quite a little secret
workin on the streets now
never gonna keep it.
It's quite an imposition
And now she's only wishin'
That she would have listened
To the words they said.
Poor Taylor.

Well she just wanders around
unaffected by
the winter winds, yeah
and she'll pretend that
well she's somewhere else
so far and clear
about 2,000 miles from here.

Peter Patrick pitter patters on the window
And Sunny's silhouette won't let him in
and poor old Pete's got nothin 'cause he's been fallin'

but somehow Sunny knows just where he's been
He thinks that singin' on a Sunday's gunna save his
soul
but now that Saturday's gone
Well sometimes he thinks that he's on his way
but I can see, that his break lights are on

And he just wanders around
unaffected by
the winter winds, yeah
and he'll pretend that
well he's somewhere else
so far and clear

about 2,000 miles from here.

She's such a tough enchilada
filled up with nada
givin' what she got to give to get dollar bills
she used to be a limber chick
time's a been tickin'
now she's finger lickin to the man
with the money in his pockets
flyin in his rocket
only stoppin by on his way to a better world
if Taylor finds a better world
Taylor's gunna run away

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