

Cake "Jolene"

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Well, Jolene unlocked the thick breezeway door
Like she'd done one hundred times before
Jolene smoothed her dark hair in the mirror
She folded the towel carefully and put it back in place

Yeah, I want to pull you down into bed
I want to cast your face in lead, ah, yeah, alright now

But every time I pull you close
Push my face into your hair
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke
That sickly scent is always, always there

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah

Jolene heard her father's uneven snores
Right then she knew there must be something more
Jolene heard the singing in the forest
She opened the door quietly and stepped into the night

Yeah, I wanna throw you out into space
I wanna do whatever it takes, takes, takes, oh yeah

Well, every time I pull you close
Push my face into your hair
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke
That sickly scent is always, always there

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah, oh guitar

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