

King Swamp "Can't Be Satisfied"

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Well I'm looking out
my window at those
city lights,
And there's a cold
hand on my heart
tonight,
I know I must go down
to the street once
again,
I got business there
with something
I don't even know its
name,
I looked for it between
the sheets, Imperial
hotel
It was there when we
kissed down beside
the wishing well,
I have chased it down a
white line to the
bottom of a bottle,
I still hear it in the
engine at the opening
of the throttle.

Like the howling wind,
I travel these roads
with a hurt inside
And I can't be satisfied.

Well there was a pretty
woman once and she
lived beside the
tracks,
but the metal and the
wheels sure have
made her turn her
back,
And when a man came
through from
Memphis in a long

black Cadillac
She just jumped right
in beside him saying,
"Drive, sucker, drive!"

Like the howling wind,

I travel these roads
with a hurt inside
And I can't be satisfied.

Gold on my finger,
Time on my side,
You can stay if you
want to,
But I can't be satisfied.

Angelique, she likes to
think that she's my
guardian angel,
She's always saying,
"What you doing
down here?"
I say, "I'm working on
a mystery, I'm just
waiting for my deal,
In the back of the
stretch with my baby
at the wheel."

Like the howling wind,
I travel these roads
with a hurt inside
And I can't be satisfied.

Gold on my finger,
Time on my side,
You can stay if you
want to,
But I can't be satisfied.

Like a beggar on the
street,
Like a disappointed
bride,
Like a fugitive from
justice
With nowhere left to
hide
I'm a ghos among the
houses

In a place without a
guide,
I'm just heading down
the backroads,
I'm only in it for the
ride

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