

Lambchop

"What Was He Wearing"

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What was he wearing?
What was I doing?

That bittersweet feeling that I was doing something
right
And I drive and I think
That you are the most beautiful woman I know

Of course, I remember that
You are ten thousand miles away
This does not comfort me
This does nothing to my soul, my soul

I've tried drinking of late
And smoking dope for about two weeks straight
Today I was knowing that it was over
Perhaps things have just run its course

Perhaps I'm just tired of it
But now I see things a bit clearer
I saw an aging hippie walkin' with several jugs of
sunshine water
I saw a black and white cat get out of my car

And I called to her and she meowed to me
And cautiously I moved toward her
And as she moved away this was her kitty

This time I turned and forced my key into the lock
Dammit, I forgot the cigarettes again
And I hoped to return home from the big night on the
town
But now I have to go out into the night

And down the street through the Zanie's parking lot
And get in line at the scot
And mumble my request and stare at strangers
And wish that I just could have remembered, damn,
damn

