

## Lloyd Cole "Sean Penn Blues"

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The western minnesota intercollegiate circle  
Telephoned they said  
Hey sean could you mosey on down to our gala ball  
It reads mister maddonna kicks some beat poetry  
If I could I would I would I swear I would be better  
But it seems I am just a natural no good  
And what's more I like living like that  
After seven lines seventeen maybe I had to stop  
These philistines were yelling hey sean  
I could not be heard for cowhand laughter  
I picked up my books and headed for the door  
And if I trash this tv then I know I will feel better  
Guess it seems I am just a natural no good  
And I like it like that  
But when I see you coming down my street  
You walk right in and then you  
You walk all over me  
Oh yeh I need you  
Gatecrashing on my beat  
Put on your high heels and baby  
Walk all over me  
All over me

Fat hacks new york times food columnists  
Want to review my soup yeh honestly  
My wife says I go looking for trouble  
I surely find it  
Do you think I like living like that  
If I trash this tv then I know I will feel better  
Guess it seems I am just a natural no good  
And I like it like that  
But when I see you  
Coming down my street  
You walk right in and then you  
You walk all over me  
Oh yeh I need you  
Gatecrashing on my beat  
Walking like nancy sinatra  
Walk all over me

Harmonica: frasier speirs

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