

## Lloyd Cole & The Commotions "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 Madonna 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 I like 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 yeah, 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, yeah, honestly  
My wife says I go looking for trouble, I surely find it  
Do you think I like living like that?

And if I trash this TV, then I know I will feel better  
Guess I like 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 yeah, I need you, gatecrashing on my beat  
Walking like Nancy Sinatra, walk all over me.

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