

Lucinda Williams

"2 Cool 2 Be Forgotten"

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You can't depend on anything really, there's no
promises, there's no point
There's no good, there's no bad, in this dirty little joint
No dope-smoking, no beer sold after 12 o'clock
Rosedale, Mississippi, Magic City Juke Joint
Mr. Johnson sings over in a corner by the bar
Sold his soul to the devil so he can play guitar

Too cool to be forgotten, hey hey, too cool to be
forgotten

Man running through the grass outside says he wants
to take up serpents
Says he will drink the deadly thing, and it will not hurt
him

House rules, no exceptions
No bad language, no gamblin', no fightin'
Sorry, no credit, don't ask
Bathroom wall reads: Is God the answer? Yes

Too cool to be forgotten, hey hey, too cool to be
forgotten

June bug versus hurricane
June bug versus hurricane, hey hey

I had a lover, I, I thought he was mine
Thought I'd always be his valentine

Leaning agianst the railing of a Lake Charles bridge
Overlooking the river, leaning over the edge
He asked me, ""baby, would you jump into the water
with me?""
I told him, ""no way, baby, that's your own death, you
see""

Too cool to be forgotten, hey hey, too cool to be
forgotten

June bug versus hurricane

June bug versus hurricane, hey hey
Hey hey
Hey hey

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