

Lucinda Williams

"Pancakes"

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I'm so tired of these intellectual battlefields,
Can't we just talk about the weather or something,
or how your engine feels, how it feels, how it feels

Goin' back home with no shoes on,
Runnin' down the street,
And that heat makes the blacktop stick,
To the soles of your feet, of your feet, of your feet

You can try to be smart,
You can try to be fancy,
You can even call them crepes,
But I know what they really are,
They're just plain ol' pancakes,

Just pancakes, they're just pancakes
Just pancakes, they're just pancakes

There's a town I know, there ain't no snow,
It just rains alot,
And gets so hot you could fry an egg on the sidewalk,

But I'm so tired of these intellectual battlefields,
Can't we jus' talk about the weather or something,
of how your engine feels, how it feels, how it feels
How it feels
How it feels
How it feels
How it feels
How it feels
How it feels
How it feels

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