

Mason Jennings "12/8 Time"

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12/8 time seemed to her to be some sort of life of
crime
With the handcuffs and the billy clubs coming down on
me
She said rock 'n roll don't give her nothing but bad
dreams

So she planned my funeral and left me for dead
A single corpse in a double bed
But now she's standing on my front porch

She goes knock, knock, knock, knock
Knock, knock, knock, knock

She come knockin' at my door
Now she come knockin' at my door
Now her key it don't fit
I'm not gonna let her in

Now she come knockin' at my door
Now she come knockin' at my door
Now her key it don't fit
I'm not gonna let her in

Well, would you look at here
She's got a perfume bottle and her fancy clothes
And a ribbon in her hair
Well, she ain't bad-lookin' and I'll give her that

But she ain't all there
And her body ain't as sexy as her underwear
Her stomach ain't big enough I suppose
To eat up all the mean words that she spoke

She gonna try to ring quiet but the doorbell's broke
She gonna have to knock, knock, knock, I said
You're gonna knock, knock, knock, yeah

She come knockin' at my door
Now she come knockin' at my door
Now her key it don't fit
I'm not gonna let her in

She come knockin' at my door
Now she come knockin' at my door
Now her key it don't fit
I'm not gonna let her in

She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
I said no

She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, let me in
She come a knock-knock, please
Oh, please

No, no, no
No, no, no
No, no, no

Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin
Would I ever consider to begin to let you in

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