

Matthew Sweet "Ladyfingers"

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I keep my four eyes on the road, man
Protect the load, man, the mother load
I keep my four eyes on the road, man
I'm getting old, man, I'm getting old

Street perfect cat, ladyfingers
There in the smoke she lingers

I keep a list of all the lies told
So I can know which I bought or sold
They put my head down and perceive me
I'm getting old, man, I'm getting old

Street perfect cat, ladyfingers
There in the smoke she lingers

Things are not the way
I thought that they would be but I don't care
There is no place like this anywhere
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere

Street perfect cat, ladyfingers
There in the smoke she lingers

And this is not the way
I hope that it would be but I don't care
There is no place like this anywhere
Nowhere, nowhere, nowhere, nowhere

I should be rolling along
I should be rolling along
I should be rolling along
I should be rolling along

I should be rolling along
I should be rolling along
Ladyfinger, ladyfinger, ladyfinger

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