

Mother Hips "Shootout"

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Would you please not get so angry
when I roll over on my side?
I get tired, finally, in the morning
I'll get a chance to talk to you down the line.

And if the world is getting smaller,
Evangeline, how come I have to holler ever louder in
the music halls at night?

I would love to do a token for you,
a beautiful bouquet.
But flowers only come around when something goes
down
and in hours, they decay

I heard the universe expanding,
Evangeline, when I was standing in the spotlight at the
music hall last night.

I never sang my songs in competition
for you or anybody else
But this shootout on 22nd Avenue
I'm gonna lose, tangled up in doggerel.

And if the world is getting smaller,
Evangeline, how come I have to holler ever louder in
the music halls at night.

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