

# Dada

## "8 Track"

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She pours like red wine  
Into me  
She crawls like green vine  
Wraps around me endlessly  
She floats above me  
Without strings  
She tries to love me  
As she loves everything  
Yeah, I really believe she tries to love me  
But in the meantime  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
And I'm number, I'm number...  
She plays her records  
In the sun  
She's warping my mind  
Likes to keep me on the run  
She burns her candles  
In my hand  
She wants to know me  
Doesn't want to understand  
Yeah, I really believe she wants to know me  
In the meantime  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
And I'm number 9  
I'm number 9  
(solo)  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
Baby's got an 8 track mind  
And I'm number 9  
I'm number 9  
I'm number 9  
I'm number 9 (aah)  
Oh, oh, oh, oh (hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh)  
Oh, oh, oh, oh (hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh)

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