

## Squirtgun "Elaine On The Brain"

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I've got Elaine on the brain  
Shooting through my weather vain,  
But I can't reach her.  
I'm so sick over Elaine  
Cold and flu drops down the drain,  
And graying scrapyards (like metal)

Driving by the wheat silos and red barns  
I can't yell enough, it's raking.  
Downtown in a blue phone booth  
Elaine is running out tonight  
And shaking (I'm quaking)

She's all gold  
And the ocean breaks cold  
And I'm a wreck  
You keep throwing down your wrenches.

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