

## Two Fingerz

### "Lady"

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I was daily growing  
Dressed in red from head to toe  
You were all the thought I was knowing

And the sun gave shine, no care the season  
While I learned my one, two, three's and  
You fell in to teach me treason

And now I spend my each day busy  
Jumping on the monkey show  
Jumping on the monkey show  
Searching for a face I know

And I just walk for hours down the red-brick march of  
market street  
Of market street  
I spend my each days in repeat

And lady, she's all right with me  
Done borrowed all my empathy  
Now you know she got the best of me  
'Cause she's not lying next to me

And all things fine, sweet day beginning  
I got up and fell right in  
Climbed up to where you was living

And you stood in the backdoor yawning  
And I caught where you turns me on  
You're the reason I wake each morning

And sunshine plays the puddles through the mornings  
evenings afternoons  
Mornings evenings afternoons  
I count my thoughts with coffee-spoons

And something reeks of heave 'neath the highway  
where the hobos sleep  
Where the hobos sleep  
And laugh about the pains I keep

And lady, she's a friend of mine  
'Cause I know how to take my time  
But I can't say that without lyin'  
So I'll try not to try next time

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