

Old 97's "Barrier Reef"

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The Empty Bottle was half empty, tide was low, and I was thirsty.

Saw her sitting at the bar, you know how some girls are,

Always making eyes, well she wasn't making eyes.

So I sidled up beside her, settled down and shouted, "Hi there."

"My name's Stewart Ransom Miller, I'm a serial lady-killer."

She said, "I'm already dead," that's exactly what she said.

So we tripped the lights fantastic, we was both made of elastic.

Midnight came and midnight went, and I thought I was the President.

She said, "Do you have a car," and I said, "Do I have a car?"

What's so great about the Barrier Reef?

What's so fine about art?

What's so good about a Good Times Van,

When you're working on a broken,

Working on a broken,

Working on a broken man?

When you're working on a broken,

Working on a broken,

Working on a broken man?

My heart wasn't in it, not for one single minute.

I went through the motions with her. Her on top, and me on liquor.

Didn't do no good, well I didn't think it would.

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