

Old 97's "Ivy"

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Ivy's got a boyfriend problem
Ivy's got a creep
Me, I'm working overtime
Working on a novel in my sleep
Tell it to the jury, baby
Tell it to your mom
Well, I think it's a whodunit, oh, but
I don't know who done it
Well, it may be an alarm clock
But it just might be a bomb
Nobody wants me but the law
And I'll lay it down
Yeah, I'll lay it down
Hands across the watermelon
Waiting on the rain
What I've got to offer
Is academic, I ain't selling

Goodbye, close the screen door
See you later
Go away
Nobody wants me but the law
And I'll lay it down
Yeah, I'll lay it down for you
Yeah, I'll lay it down
I keep turning up The Wedding Present
You're too tired to turn me down
Well, you're probably gonna tell me
that this sounds a little adolescent
Counting me, there's one-point-three million lonely
people in this town
Nobody wants me but the law
And I'll lay it down
Yeah, I'll lay it down for you
Yeah, I'll lay it down for you
Yeah, I'll lay it down for you
Yeah, I'll lay it down

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