

Chris Smither "Lola"

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Lookin' for my Lola, she's drinkin' rum and Coca Cola,
Smokes big cigars,
She drives big cars around.
Folks say she's gonna reach the top,
But she says that's just her first stop.

I know she ain't a good 'un,
Whatcha bet she woul'n' lose much sleep
If I should die today.
She says the love ain't cheap, but the pain is free
And I say, 'But that sounds good to me! '
She's got hooks to make a fish think twice,
But I ain't no fish.
I'll pay any price.
If I think at all, I think, 'This feels nice! '

Lookin' for my Lola, what if I'd 'a told ya
She don't even know she hurts me so.
She says 'I don't hate you, it ain't that big a deal,
You don't even figure in the way I feel.' but
Don't think she feels too much at all.

I said 'Have a heart', she told me to my face,
'What little heart I got is in the wrong place.'

Lookin' for my Lola, she's a little rock 'n roller,
Party down, paint the town again.
She drinks too much, she keeps it hid,
Everybody says she's a hell of a kid,
But she ain't no kid when she's cuttin' me apart.
That's OK, I told her from the start,
'Don't stop 'fore you get my heart.'

Lookin' for my Lola, I barely got to know ya.
For all I know, there ain't a lot to know.
Either I gave up or she let me go,
How I got away I'll never know.
My life should be better, and it's not.
I know you think that she was pretty bad,
I wouldn't know, she was all I had

