

Eric Bachmann**"Genie, Genie"**

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Genie won't you come out, won't you help poor daddy
now

Give me something, I'm looking for something

A million dollar bill, a lonely woman, lots of pills

Give me something, I'm looking for something

You can lose yourself in the time, waiting for nothing
day and night

Some you ask they don't give, some you push and they
don't give

Sell your family name and from your home run far
away

What you find can numb your mind and what you lose
can leave you crying

Feasting far and wide to find a peace of mind ain't
doing me no good

I gotta find a better way to waste my time, I cross that
line

Across the crowd a feast of metal pissed the parasites
off stinging numb

I'd pick a lucky number but the numbers lie, so I'm
rubbing every bottle

I can get my hands on

Genie Genie come on now, won't you help poor daddy
out

Give me something, I'm looking for something

Maybe something nice, a fancy car, some pretty wife

Give me something, I'm looking for something

A cure for the pain, a doctor man, a bucket of cocaine

Give me something, I'm looking for something

One true love to find one more loss I can throw behind
me

Give me something, I'm looking for something

Give me something, I'm not dying for nothing
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