

Fishboy

"Taqueria Girl"

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I'm so broke, it makes me sick
I use cut up credit cards for guitar picks
So I'm acting quick
To earn some cash flow for the master plan
So I got a job
Making tacos for the working slob
Now I can't stop
'Cause there's an angel working next to me

And things are great
Nothing really matters when you're talking to the
taqueria girl

And now within a week
I've told her about the prophecy
She says to me
"Let's not wait another afternoon
Let's get a tank
Let's rob a bank
Let's go today before they close
Let's get up and let's get up and
By tomorrow no one knows"

I go along
Nothing can go wrong when I am talking to the taqueria
girl

Now I'm sitting on the ground downtown at the First
National Bank
With a sack of money in my right hand and in my left a
hand grenade
Buddy Holly told me just the other day
To take my songs out on the road
But first I got to get paid

And if things go right
We'll leave this town with our pockets full tonight
And it will be
The greatest thing that you have ever seen
And if I fail
I'll use my only phone call to be talking to the taqueria

girl
I will be talking to the taqueria girl

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