

Rickie Lee Jones **"Coolsville"**

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I and Braggar, and Junior Lee,
Well that's the way we always thought it would be
In the wind-strewn leaves of September, how we met

IN THE WINSTON LIPS OF SEPTEMBER, HOW WE MET

Decked out like aces, we'd beat anybody's bet

Cuz we was Coolsville....cuz we was Coolsville

Well you stick it here;
You stick it over there;
But it never fits

And now a hungry night you want more and more
And you chip in your little kiss.

AND YOU'RE CHIPPYIN' YOUR LITTLE KISS

Well, I jumped all his jokers,
But he trumped all my tricks

And I swear to God I thought this one was smart
enough to
Stick it into Coolsville.....yeah stick it into Coolsville...

So now it's J and B, and me, and that sounds close,
But it ain't the same (well, that's okay)
Hot City don't hurt that much but everything feels the
same
Well the real thing come and the real thing go...
Well the real thing is back in town...
Ask me if you wanna know The way to Coolsville....
(Well I hear you wanna go back to Coolsville...
Well come on honey, take you back...to Coolsville)

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