

Rita Coolidge

"Agora So Falta Voce"

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R.J. Johnson
B. Lee
Copping the sound, the sound cops me
I've got nothing to lose
My hair's in the breeze
I don't hate you, just your jealousy
So if you're ready to procrastinate
I'll be your friend, you'll eat me up
We boast the widest range in town
I'll be your friend, you'll show me how
Alarm clock is off, I'm trying to sleep
Smelling of Bondi beach
And the street, filthy as it may be
Is still my street, so don't challenge me
Some things don't change, for instance me
I'll sail your third defeat today
In every way, you'll lose again
But I don't care, I don't care
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm waiting to sneeze
The hair's in my breeze
Well I don't care, I don't care
The wind's in my hair, the hair's in my breeze
I'm waiting to sneeze, I'm trying to sneeze
The hair's in my breeze

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