

The Steinways

"Fruitmarket Fantasy"

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I'm getting nowhere
Sitting in my room alone.
Drinkin' pink lemonade
And I'm starin' at the telephone.
She's getting nowhere
Staring at the counter all day.
Selling heads of lettuce
And bottles of pink lemonade.

These days
All it takes to move me is
A Tropicana smoothie
And a smile.
But I haven't shaved in sometime,
And two bucks are hard to come by,
So I think I'm gonna be here for a while.

(Oh No)

No clocks to punch,
Oh we're sittin' at lunch,
And I'm glancin' at her a lot.
And you're getting kinda angry,
Eatin' pickles and fries,
You don't think that she's that hot.

Well she's not that hot
She's just like me,
Overcrowded and all alone.
We wake up and we break up
And then we head back home
Only home doesn't feel much like home,
Anymore.

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