

## Exchange

### "Anna Lee"

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Started Off  
Started Off, on the right foot  
Reservation for one

(oooh-e-oooh)

Greasy spoons, corner booth  
Faces the pipe shop,  
Now it's owned by his son

(oooh oh oh)

And the calendar isn't slowin' up  
All and all I feel you're running short on luck  
Please excuse me for a minute  
When I say

Pardon Me Anna Lee  
That's Fucking Genius  
We'll just move to the coast (oh-ay-oh)  
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront  
We'll have release from the most

Ten o'clock every eve we'll have our night cap  
We're dropping limes in our beers (oooh-e-oooh)  
And when it's time we'll stumble back into the sea side  
To burn one down on the pier

Pardon Me Anna Lee  
That's Fucking Genius  
We'll just move to the coast  
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront  
We'll have release from the most

Your steady hand  
Searches for mine  
The waves have stopped and so has time  
Uniform and poised  
You carried me  
The sun has melted in the sea  
And my tripod failed

Knockin' at my door  
Promise you'll that I'll be there after one more  
Is it wearin' off  
Only time will tell  
The ships are gone and  
Anna's ringing the lighthouse bell

Pardon Me Anna Lee  
That's Fucking Genius  
We'll just move to the coast (Ooo-eee-ooo)  
Find a job tending bar on the waterfront  
We'll have release from the most.

Ooooooh  
Anna Lee  
(Ooooooh)  
Anna Lee-e-e  
(Ooooh)

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