

Johnson, Jack

"Poor Taylor"

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Taylor was a good girl
never want to be late
complain expressed ideas in her brain
She's workin on the night shift
passin out the tickets
you're gunna have to pay her if you wanna park here.
Well momma's little dancer
has quite a little secret
workin on the streets now
never gonna keep it.
Poor Taylor.
Well she just wonders around
unaffected by
the winter winds, yeah
and she'll pretend that
well she's somewhere else
so far and clear
about 10,000 miles from here.
Peter Patrick pitter patters on the window
well he's on the sill but won't let him in
and poor old Pete's got nothin 'cause he's been fallin'

but somehow Sunny knows just where he's been

He thinks that singin' on a Sunday's gunna save his
soul

but now that Saturday's gone

Well somehow he thinks that he's on his way

but I can see, that his break lights are on

And he just wonders around

unaffected by

the winter winds, yeah

and he'll pretend that

well he's somewhere else

so far and clear

about 10,000 miles from here.

She's such a tough enchilada

filled up with nada

givin' what she got to give to get dollar bills

she used to be a lemon chicken

time's a been tickin'

now she's finger lickin to the man

with the money in his pockets

flyin in his rocket

only stoppin by on his way to a better world

and Taylor finds a better world

and Taylor's gunna run away

