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Moldy Peaches, The "Lucky Number Nine"

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Indie boys are neurotic makes my eyes bleed tight black pants exotic some loving is what i need

But hey I'm startin to feel okay Lucky number nine hooray

sepia on the staircase mirror in the back of my brain makes these hard pants feel great I used to like to complain

but hey I'm startin to feel okay Lucky number nine hooray

Bloody Mary mother of god grandpas on the hobby horse again tampin, broken pants chaffing I'm running out of ethnic friends

But hey I'm startin to feel okay lucky number nine Hooray

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