

The Agony of Laffitte

Spoon

All I ever asked of you is a copy of Garage Days
And to tell me the truth
Ain't no one watching you exit Ventura Highway It's like I knew two of you man
The one before and after we shook hands
Taking the calls but in all forgetting what's been said And after dark in a cab in L.A.
Forget about the meter man these are salad days
Comes on radio, comes on what's being said No better than Sylvia
No better than Sylvia
(Where you are? Where you've been?)
No better than Sylvia
No better than Sylvia
(Where you are? Where you've been?) No better than, oh, no no, no no
(Where you are? Where you've been?)
(Where you've gone? Oh, no) Here's a mark, he's a mark on the page
Dishing out the wisdom of this reflexive age
Dotting the eyes with an eye for defining what you were So when you do that line tonight
Remember that it came at a steep price
Keep telling yourself there's more to you than her But you're no better than Sylvia
No better than Sylvia
(Where you've been?)
No better than Sylvia
No better than Sylvia
(Where you are? Where you've been?) No better than, oh, no no, no no
(Where you've gone? Where you've been?)
(Where you've gone? Oh, no)
No no no, no no no, no no no Oh, no no no, no no, oh

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