Taylor

Big Jack Johnson

They say Taylor was a good girl, never one to be late
Complain, express ideas in her brain
Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets
You're gonna have to pay her if you want to park here
Well, mommy's little dancer has quite a little secret
Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it
It's quite an imposition and now she's only wishing
That she would have listened to the words they said
Poor Taylor, she just wanders around
Unaffected by the winter winds and she'll pretend
That she's somewhere else, so far and clear
About two thousand miles from here
Peter Patrick pitter patters on the window
But Sunny silhouette won't let him in
Poor old Pete's got nothing because he's been falling
Somehow Sunny knows just where he's been
He thinks that singing on Sunday is gonna save his soul
Now that Saturday is gone
Sometimes he thinks that he's on his way
But I can see that his break lights are on
He just wanders around
Unaffected by the winter winds and he'll pretend
That he's somewhere else, so far and clear
About two thousand miles from here
Such a tough enchilada filled up with nada
Giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill
Used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking
Now she's finger licking to the man
With the money in his pocket, flying in his rocket
Only stopping by on his way to a better world
If Taylor finds a better world then Taylor's gonna run away

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