

# Laura

## Spike Jones & His City Slickers

Laura  
Calls me  
In the middle of the night  
Passes on her  
Painful information  
Then these careless fingers  
They get caught in her vice  
Til they're bleeding  
On my coffee table  
Living alone isn't all that  
It's cracked up to be  
I'm on her side  
Why does she push the poison on me?

Laura  
Has a very hard time  
All her life has  
Been one long disaster  
Then she tells me  
She suddenly believes she's seen  
A very good sign  
She'll be taking  
Some aggressive action  
I fight her wars  
While she's slamming her doors  
In my face  
Failure to break  
Was the only mistake  
That she made  
Here I am  
feeling like a fucking fool  
Do I react the way exactly  
She intends me to?  
Everytime I think I'm off the hook  
She makes me lose my cool  
I'm her machine  
And she can punch all the keys  
She can push any button I was programmed through

Laura

Calls me  
    When she needs a good fix  
        All her questions  
    Will get sympathetic answers  
        I should  
        Be so  
        Immunized  
        To all of her tricks  
        She's surviving  
        On her second chances  
        Sometimes I feel like this  
        Godfather deal is all wrong  
    How can she hold an umbilical chord  
        For so long?  
        I've done everything I can  
        What else am I supposed to do  
        I'm her machine  
        And she can punch all the keys  
    She can push any button I was programmed through  
        Laura  
        Loves me  
        Even if I don't care  
        That's my problem  
        That's her sacred absolution  
        If she had to  
    She would put herself in my chair  
        Even though I  
        Faced electrocution  
        She always says  
        I'm the best friend that  
        She's ever had  
        How do you  
        Hang up on someone  
    Who needs you that bad?

    Lyrics provided by  
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