

# Valet Parking

## The High Llamas

Never saw  
your drivers eyes  
Or me on parking street  
We were planning  
your demise  
Your chauffeur's tired  
But you're still on heat  
Downtown,  
you're burning down

CHORUS  
I'm sick of parking cars...

There are only -  
two people here  
Who are worthy  
Of your pool  
and your palace  
So stand down now  
Stand down  
You're standing down...

CHORUS

Never thought  
I'd see the day  
When your pale face  
turned grey  
Got no guts, got no fame  
Your epitaph  
Sorely missed  
Your unfaithful slave

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