

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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