

They Want My Soul

Spoon

Let's go get out in the street
Somebody's gotta
Let's get the stars to align
For lambs to slaughterIn the photographs
Their eyes make a signal path
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and onDon't it feel like Friday night?
Cars are all lined up
Let it go push you around
Oh, what's it amount to?Card sharks and street preachers want my soul
All the sellers and palm readers want my soul
Post sermon socialites
Park enchanters and skin tights
All they want's my soul
Yeah, they want my soulIn the photograph
Your eyes make a signal path
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and onLet's go lose track of time
Somebody's gotta
Let's get the stars to align
For lambs to slaughterEducated folk singers want my soul
Jonathon Fisk still wants my soul
I got nothing I want to say to 'em
They got nothing left that I want
All they want's my soul
Yes, yes, I know it
They want my soulThey want my soul
Oh ah, want my soul
Oh ah, they want my soul
Oh ah, they want my soul

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