Crooked Bangs

Cameron Johnson

Crooked Bangs

Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Oh my my - oh my my

She barely eats enough to keep a bird alive
But she drink like Hemingway on Tuesday night
Donâ€™t know her name, the girl with crooked bangs

Blew into town I guess itâ€™s been a week
In her second hand jacket with the fringe on the sleeves
She donâ€™t say her name, the girl with crooked bangs

Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Dancinâ€™ with no one dancinâ€™ all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

She pays no mind to all them other guys
She donâ€™t need no partner sheâ€™s in love with life
Canâ€™t guess her name, the girl with crooked bangs

She screams like thunder when they play her song
But she leaves like lightning once the band is done
Donâ€™t need no name, the girl with crooked bangs

Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Dancinâ€™ with no one dancinâ€™ all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

Walked up to her but couldnâ€™t find the words
So she said â€œhey, can I help youâ€•
Maybe next time Iâ€™ll have the nerve
To ask her name, to ask her name

Oh my my - yeah there she goes
Dancinâ€™ with no one dancinâ€™ all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

Oh my my - yeah there she goes
Dancinâ€™ with no one dancinâ€™ all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

Cameron Johnson â€“ vocals and guitars
Brad Benge â€“ background vocals, drums and bass
Angel Snow â€“ background vocals
Jen Gunderman â€“ Accordion

Words and Music by Cameron Johnson and Bruce Johnson
Produced by Brad Benge
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