

Crooked Bangs

Cameron Johnson

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

She barely eats enough to keep a bird alive
But she drink like Hemingway on Tuesday night
Don't know her name, the girl with crooked bangs

Blew into town I guess it's been a week
In her second hand jacket with the fringe on the sleeves
She don't say her name, the girl with crooked bangs

Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Dancin' with no one dancin' all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

She pays no mind to all them other guys
She don't need no partner she's in love with life
Can'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
Don't need no name, the girl with crooked bangs

Oh my my - yeah here she comes
Dancin' with no one dancin' all alone
Wish she was mine, the girl with crooked bangs

Walked up to her but couldn't find the words
So she said "hey, can I help you?"
Maybe next time I'll have the nerve
To ask her name, to ask her name

Oh my my - yeah there she goes
Dancin' with no one dancin' 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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