

My Bag

Lloyd Cole

Hey I was walking my bag
Through a 20 storey non stop snow storm
Pirrelli calender girls wrestling in body lotion
My head's swimming with poetry and prose
Excuse me one moment whilst I powder my nose
Me and my good thing are just about as close as can be
We gave up sleep at the age of 17
My world's getting bigger as my eyesight gets worse
I can't see the lines on my idiot board
What about love?
I don't let that stuff in my house
This is the glamorous life there's no time for fooling around
Lord have mercy I know what I'm doing
I don't need an alibi I need a fire escape and an open window
It's my problem it's nothing I can't deal with
I'm not chasing anything just jogging baby
What's your bag?
Hundred million dollar jam
Got some traffic yessir in my nose
Motorcycle speed cops burning up my dust roads
My baby left me heck ain't that a shame
She's over in the corner with my new best friend
I'm doing fine with my whisky and wine
And meet me in the john john meet me in the john john
Lord have mercy
...what's your bag?
Spin spin whisky and gin I suffer for my art
Bartender I got wild mushrooms growing in my yard
Fix me a quart of petrol clams on the half shell
Feels like prohibition baby give me the hard sell
More give me more give me more more more
I'm your yes man yes maam I'm your yes man
Lord have mercy...

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