

Book of Poems

Old 97's

Rowboat lightning, I kissed her yeah, it didn't mean a thing
Seems like years ago, it was yesterday
Fire drill, yell freeze, don't hang around, long face disease
I got a book of poems that's gonna set you free Well it's bad luck and it's a hard luck story
And I'm sorry I ain't sticking around
I got a real bad feeling that a book of poems ain't enough Well it's a sick world and in sixteen days
I got nightmares every night
I got a real bad feeling that a book of poems ain't enough Hardcore uptown, not the kind of place you wanna
settle down
I only walked her home but that was bad enough
Two trains, yell freeze, it was a head-on cold, now it's a love disease
I got a book of poems, you gotta see to believe Well it's bad luck and it's a hard luck story
And I'm sorry I ain't sticking around
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