

Small Stakes

Spoon

Small stakes give you blues
But you don't feel taken don't think you've been used
'Cause it's alright Friday night to Sunday
It feels alright keeps your mind on the page
Oh yeah, small stakes ensure you the minimum blues
But you don't feel taken and you don't feel abused
Small stakes tell you that there's nothing can do
Can't think big, can't think past one or two and alright
Yeah alright

Me and my friends sell ourselves
Short but feel very well
We feel fine, oh we feel fine
A small time danger in your mid size car
I don't dig the stripes but I'll go for harmer

The big innovation on the minimum wage
Is lines up your nose but your life on the page
So come on, tell me I'm wrong
Small stakes will kill time
When you're stuck, back of the line
It feels alright Friday night to Sunday
Oh, it feels alright keeps your mind on the page
And small stakes bring you where you're caught in a rut
You feel so uptight, you just wanna throw it all up
And small stakes leave you with the minimum blues
Can't think big, can't think past one or two so come on
Oh come on, come on, come on, come on, oh come on

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