

Bodegas And Blood

Butch Walker

Walking into a Bodega while she's cleaning out her nose
Stuck here in ? square without a place to go
And it's a beautiful day
And she's a beautiful face
And she'll be fine

And the car wash water oozes down the sidewalk city street
Runs like the flow of blood from her legs down to the bathroom sink
And as she looks at the street
And then she looks at her feet
And she is fine
So it seems
Yeah

And its days like these
That keep me on my winning streak
It's all a part of me

And Mr. Harris runs the consignment store where she likes to get her jeans
He was a regular at studio 54 hanging out with the other queens
And he's the last of the five
To make it out a live
And he is fine
So it seems
Yeah

And it's days like these
That keep me on my winning streak
It's all a part of me

Then again she was an orphan she lost her folks when she was young
Nobody never gave her nothing, she taught herself to get things done
But she smiles at everyone
And she is made out of love
And we are fine
Yes we are

Oh and it's days like these
That keep me on my winning streak
It's all a part of me

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