

# Coolsville (Live Acoustic)

[Rickie Lee Jones](#)

I and Braggar, and Junior Lee,  
Well that's the way we always thought it would be  
In the wind-strewn leaves of September, how we met  
Decked out like aces, we'd beat anybody's bet 'Cause we was Coolsville  
'Cause we was Coolsville Well you stick it here;  
You stick it over there;  
But it never fits And now a hungry night you want more and more  
And you chip in your little kiss.  
Well, I jumped all his jokers,  
But he trumped all my tricks And I swear to God I thought this one was smart enough to  
Stick it into Coolsville  
Yeah stick it into Coolsville So now it's J and be, and me, and that sounds close,  
But it ain't the same (well, that's okay)  
Hot City don't hurt that much but everything feels the same  
Well the real thing come and the real thing go  
Well the real thing is back in town  
Ask me if you want to know The way to Coolsville.  
(Well I hear you want to go back to Coolsville  
Well come on honey, take you back to Coolsville)

Songwriters

RICKIE LEE JONES Published by

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