

Coltrane

Pilote

Wakin' up at nine looks at his paper
Can't deal with what he sees
All the troubled lives the talk of the ages
He's crawlin' back to bedDon't take a walk outside
Don't make any new friends
He's crawlin' back to bedYou'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know what I'm doin'
You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know who I'm screwin'You'd better convince me man
'Cause I, I don't know what I'm doin'
You'd better convince me man
'Cause I, I don't know who I'm screwin'Callin' all his friends, he's known 'em for ages
Can't deal with what they say
Connective alibis, cold and contagious
He's crawlin' back to bedSo cut off the phone lines
Stock up on water
He's crawlin' back to bedYou'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know what I'm doin'
You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know who I'm screwin'You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know what I'm doin'
You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know who I'm screwin'You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know what I'm doin'
You'd better convince me, man
'Cause I, I don't know who I'm screwin'You'd better convince me, man
Yes sir
You'd better convince me, man
Yes sir
You'd better convince me, man
Yes sir
You'd better convince me, man