Folk Singer

Brendan Benson

Like a folk singer's song I'm moving on
And I'm not the kind of man that acts very strong
When the girls are looking on
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If you tied my hands and put chains on my feet
I can picture myself walking down any street
Telling people that I meet
Looks like rain to me
Every single day at eleven I'm home in bed in sleep heaven
Alone 'cause my girl leaves at seven ain't got time for my bedn'in
She said stop pretendin' you're not JOhn Lennon
Will I ever get over this
Having tasted your lips with a kiss
You can cross me off your list
Take these cuffs from off my wrists
And drop your fists
Soon as I'm well I'm gonna leave my house
Become more of a man and less like a mouse
Drive my car down south to the Mississippi's mouth
In the gulf of Mexico I'll get soused
Every girl I made in the shade of Esplanade
I've saved in a song that I play when I'm afraid
Of a full scale air-raid
From the choices that I've made
When I heard the news about the union dues
And how each time I lose no matter which door I choose
I put on my walking shows
And I just cruised (and you know I got bruised)
It was fun while it lasted until it was blasted
Right out of the water and into fantastic
Now he feels shafted and she's already past it
She's like elastic and he's so spastic

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