

Mr. E's Beautiful Blues (Untitled)

Eels

The smokestack spit
Black soot into the sunny sky
The load on the road
Brings a tear to the Indian's eye
The elephant won't forget
What it's like inside its cage
The ringmaster's telecaster
Sings on an empty stage Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho The girl with the curls
And the sweet pink ribbon in her hair
She's crawlin' outta' window
'Cause her daddy just don't care
Come on Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho The clown with the frown
Drivin' down to the sidewalk fair
Finger on the trigger
Let me tell you it is quite a scare Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho The kids fit the lids
When their heads hear that crazy sound
My neighbour digs the flavour
Still he's moving to another town
And I don't believe you're comin' back Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Oh-ho Well I don't know how you're taking
All the shit you see
You don't believe anyone
But most of all openly agree
With you Goddamn right it's a beautiful day (with you)
Oh-ho

Goddamn right it's a beautiful day

Oh-ho

Goddamn right it's a beautiful day

Oh-ho

Goddamn right it's a beautiful day

Oh-ho

Songwriters

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