

Charlemagne In Sweatpants

The Hold Steady

When he's holding then the streetlamps, they seem an awful lot like spotlights
Yeah, sometimes Charlemagne gets uptight
Running numbers between bars, running girls between the cars
And sometimes Charlemagne feels alright, alright, alright
Charlemagne had eyes just like a lover
Last winter there was weather and his eyes just iced right over
Cassanova's in the corner and he's asking for a dance
Speed shooters driving 'round and coming down and trying to hook up with an exit ramp
Tramps like us and we like tramps
Charlemagne's got something in his sweatpants

Holly was supposed to be at CCD but she was walking around on shady streets
She was looking around for something she could take up to a party
And it's not like she's enslaved, it's more like she's enthralled
She don't need it but she likes it so she always makes that call
First it makes her feel tall, then it makes her feel small and it's all a sweet fleeting feeling
They did the "been caught stealing" into "dancing on the ceiling"
And you're damn right we danced
Charlemagne's got something in his sweatpants

Do you want me to tell it like it's boy meets girl and the rest is history, or do you want it like a murder mystery?
I'm gonna tell it like a comeback story
'Cause when we left we were defeated and depressed and when we arrived we were ripping high
We had a gun in the glove box, we had some sweet stuff tucked into our socks, and Jesus Christ in all His glory

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