

# Taylor

## Jack Johnson

They say Taylor was a good girl, never one to be late  
Complain, express ideas in her brain  
Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets  
You're gonna have to pay her if you want to park here  
Well, mommy's little dancer has quite a little secret  
Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it  
It's quite an imposition and now she's only wishing  
That she would have listened to the words they said  
Poor Taylor, she just wanders around  
Unaffected by the winter winds and she'll pretend  
That she's somewhere else, so far and clear  
About two thousand miles from here  
Peter Patrick pitter patters on the window  
But Sunny silhouette won't let him in  
Poor old Pete's got nothing because he's been falling  
Somehow Sunny knows just where he's been  
He thinks that singing on Sunday is gonna save his soul  
Now that Saturday is gone  
Sometimes he thinks that he's on his way  
But I can see that his break lights are on  
He just wanders around  
Unaffected by the winter winds and he'll pretend  
That he's somewhere else, so far and clear  
About two thousand miles from here  
Such a tough enchilada filled up with nada  
Giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill  
Used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking  
Now she's finger licking to the man  
With the money in his pocket, flying in his rocket  
Only stopping by on his way to a better world  
If Taylor finds a better world then Taylor's gonna run away

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