

Cavalier

Shovels & Rope

She was a livewire, she was stuck in the past
I was holding the middle, you was waking up fast
It was four in the morning, she was holding on tight
to a David Bowie look a like circa '85
Now he's turning up his amplifier, staring at his toes
Even when he's looking at you he's still looking down his nose
Sounds like surf music maybe more than just a little
But to me it's just another form of California dribble
The top and bottom look straight to me but shaky in the middle Well there's something to be learned here
Though it may seem a little insincere
Like a cruel clown grinning ear to ear
You're a country singer I'm a cavalier Well I wanna know the whole story over
Where you came from, where you going,
However long it takes to know you
With your heavy metal heartbeat
Salty but you seem sweet
Tippy toes on both feet
Rockin to the teen beat Well, ice cream, soda pop, bourbon on top
Some people call it rock and roll and some people call it pop
Some call it country music every time you use a fiddle
How am I supposed to know if that's a fact or just a riddle?
Too tight around the edges, leave a little room to wiggle. Well there's something to be learned here
Though it may seem a little insincere
Like a cruel clown grinning ear to ear
You're a country singer, I'm a cavalier Oh oo oh oo oh [x8] Well there's something to be learned here
Though it may seem a little insincere
Like a cruel clown grinning ear to ear
You're a psycho killer, I'm a cavalier

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