# Some Jingle Jangle Morning (When I'm Straight)

## Rough Trade

Song about a sun beam
Song about a girl
Your voice still rings and echoes in my mind
So many words unspoken
So many worlds apart
Your memory is all you left behind

Somewhere it all got crazy and now it's like a dream
And I knew that I blew it from the start
I was too freaked out to deal with it all
And too fucked up to care
I stood right there and watched it fall apart

Now LSD and Ecstasy don't help me
And my dance with Mr. Brownstone got too rough
Will you wake me without warning
Some jingle-jangle morning
We'll fly away to heaven on a star

Cause I love to watch you walk
And I love to hear you talk
But there's nothing I can say
To make you feel the same way

Now my friends are all I have now
But they're so far away
They all moved out of Seattle and back to L.A.
They ask me how I'm doing
And I ask them if they've seen you
But no one sees much of anyone these days

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And my dance with Mr. Brownstone got too rough
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Cause I love to watch you walk
And I love to hear you talk
But there's nothing I can say

To make you feel the same way
The same way
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