

Do You

Jewel

Hey, you say you like the way the cowboys tip their hats and say,
"How's it goin' ma'am?"
But you're never quite clear if their glares are sincere
Or really only just second hand
To you it's all roses, its a lavender haze
The man is a marvel, but it's a shame about his brains
But that's OK,
They say "he's got straight teeth and it's good sex". You look to the sky, You look to the man
You claim innocence and not to understand
Or do you, do you? There's a big man wearing a white suit and patent leather shoes
He want to take his monkeys to see the kids at the zoo
'Cause the gypsy on the corner said
"Hey, Mister you can't lose."
And it's your first day at the track
You feel that heat of your back
We all want to find a way to beat the system
Find some rythem in the madness
Get down on your knees and pray
Say, "I'll do whatever you want, God
Just let me have my way"
Well will you, will you?
Come on all you merry men
Rally your cry
Dance with the devil for tomorrow we'll surely...
Hey, hey blow the men down
You with all your cigarettes and cool stares,
Filled with blank glares and loaded regrets.
Just like the girls today today with nothing to say
No more pigtails and pony rides
They're sophisticated
They sip on lattes
And have their eyes on a bigger prize We shake our fists and say, "Well good golly we're mad
That God kills children with our very own hands"
We claim innocence and not to understand
Or do we, do we?
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Rally your cry
Dance with the devil for tomorrow we'll surely
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Hey

Songwriters

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