Poor Taylor

Jack Johnson

Taylor was a good girl, never one to be late
Complain express ideas in her brain
Workin' on the night shift passin' out the tickets
You're gonna have to pay her if you want to park hereWell, mommy's little dancer's quite a little secret
Workin' on the streets now, never gonna keep it
It's quite an imposition and now she's only wishin'
That she would have listened to the words they said
Poor TaylorWell, she just wonders around
Unaffected by the winter winds, yeah
And she'll pretend that
Well, she's somewhere else so far and clear
About 2,000 miles from herePeter Patrick pitter patters on the window
And Sunny's silhouette won't let him in
And poor old Pete's got nothin' 'cause he's been fallin'
But somehow Sunny knows just where he's beenHe thinks that singin' on a Sunday's gonna save his soul
But now that Saturday's gone
Well sometimes he thinks that he's on his way
But I can see, that his break lights are onAnd he just wonders around
Unaffected by the winter winds, yeah
And he'll pretend that
Well, he's somewhere else so far and clear
About 2,000 miles from hereShe's such a tough enchilada filled up with nada
Givin' what she got to give to get dollar bills
She used to be a limber chick time's a been tickin'
Now she's finger lickin' to the man
With the money in his pockets, flyin' in his rocket
Only stoppin' by on his way to a better world
If Taylor finds a better world, Taylor's gonna run away

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