

# 100 Girls

## Stroke 9

100 girls or maybe more Who left me passed out on the floor I know it might be wrong I had to write this song  
For a hundred girls and hundreds more Her mouth was always laughin' There was Katherine in Manhattan  
She's always a distraction 'cause she always wants some action 2 in a Soho bar 3 she got real bad and jumped  
me in a subway car At 1 she took me in a cab These are Mary's voodoo ways We would stay in bed for days In  
an alligator haze In her swampy Southern place As Mary flashed the parades Curled up at her feet She broke me  
down on Bourbon Street I fixed myself with hurricanes 100 girls or maybe more Who left me passed out on the  
floor I wish I heard you tell me Make up your mind Wake up Make up your mind make up your mind This is  
Daisy, this is crazy Her endurance would amaze me Always telling me I'm lazy It was based upon a sweet lie  
And her swearing didn't phase me And had a thing for public places She led me naked through the dark Like a  
butterfly she showed herself in many phases Late at night in Fenway Park Daisy let me suffer there, smothered  
in my underwear There was Alison and here's the thing I thought that she was 17 She was 18 but looked 16 And  
told me she was 23 Stuck me to the sheets with honey Valerie who hated money I love you all and that's the test  
Caroline from Amsterdam took off with some other band Megan, Kim and the rest If I wake up in time how will  
I make up my mind [Thanks to fingeradrenaline@comcast.net for these lyrics]

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