

Well-Dressed

Hop Along

Well-dressed, but walking
in the wrong direction.

Louisiana

my disordered road always
led straight back into you.

Ha ha ha! Goes the train.

I wanted to leave
but here I am again.

Louisiana!

I don't remember I don't remember
ever shaking hands with You-Know-Who

When I was alive I lived despite the law

Now the law has buried me many many times.

It's built a freeway all around my bed.

I saw it once open its great mouth wide.

But it was so full of afflicted houses and buildings,

I can't remember what it was saying.

Well-dressed, well

Some of us are,

that is the ones who know how that is.

Some of us are,

that is the ones who know how that is (that is that is).

I read about you and came home to find my mother

staring deep into the dark dark web.

She's begging me not to give my

Social Security number to anybody else

There goes the sound of the freeway

Ha ha ha ha ha goes the train

Well-dressed but

walking in, walking in

I don't wanna go back

Do do dodo dodo

do dodo dodo

do dodo dodoo

Do do dodo dodo

do dodo dodo

do dodo dodoo

Do do dodo dodo

do dodo dodo

do dodo dodoo
Do do dodo dodo
do dodo dodo
do dodo dodoo
Do do dodo dodo
do dodo dodo
do dodo dodoo
Do do dodo dodo
do dodo dodo
do dodo dodoo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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