

# Taylor

## Jack Johnson

They say, Taylor was a good girl  
Never want to be  
late  
Complain, express  
ideas in her brain  
Working on the night  
shift  
Passing out the tickets  
Youâ€™re gonna have to  
pay her, if you wanna  
park here  
Well, mommyâ€™s little  
dancer has quite a  
little secret  
Working on the  
streets now, never  
gonna keep it  
Itâ€™s quite an imposition and  
now sheâ€™s only wishing  
that she would have  
listened to the words they said  
Poor Taylor

She just wanders around, unaffected  
by  
The winter wind yeah, and sheâ€™ll  
pretend that  
Sheâ€™s somewhere else, so far and  
clear  
About two thousand miles from here

Well Peter Patrick pitter patterns on the window  
the sunny silhouette wont  
let him in  
Poor old Peteâ€™s got nothing,  
cause heâ€™s been falling  
Somehow, Sunny knows just  
where heâ€™s been  
He thinks that singing on

Sunday is gonna save his soul  
Now that Saturdays gone  
Sometimes he think that heâ€™s  
on his way  
But I can see that his brake  
light are on

He just wanders around,  
unaffected by the  
Winter winds and heâ€™ll  
pretend that  
Heâ€™s somewhere else so far and clear  
About two thousand miles from here

Such a tough enchilada  
filled up with nada  
Given what you gotta give to  
get a dollar bill  
Used to be a lovely chicken  
times have been a tickin  
Now sheâ€™s finger lickin  
to the man, with the  
Money in his pocket  
flying in his rocket only  
stopping by on his way  
to a better world

If Taylor  
finds a better world  
Then Taylorâ€™s  
Gonna run away

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Lyrics submitted by Alyssa.

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