

Taylor (Brent And Sasha Cover

Jack Johnson

They say Taylor was a good girl, never one to be late

Complain, express ideas in her brain

Working on the night shift, passing out the tickets

You're gonna have to pay her if you want to park here Well mommy's little dancer is quite a little secret

Working 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 Taylor She just wanders around, unaffected by,

The winter winds here, she'll pretend that

She's somewhere else, so far and clear

About two thousand miles, from here Well Peter Patrick pitter patters on the window,

The sunny silhouette won't let him in

And poor old Pete's got nothing 'cause he's been falling

And somehow sunny knows just where he's been He thinks that singin' on Sunday's gonna save his soul

Now that Saturday's gone

And sometimes he thinks that he's on his way,

But I can see, that his brake lights are on He just wanders around, unaffected by,

The winter winds here, and he'll pretend that

He's somewhere else, so far and clear,

About two thousand miles from here Such a tough enchilada, filled up with nada

Givin' what you gotta give to get a dollar bill

Used to be a limber chicken, times have been a ticking

Now she's finger lickin' to the man

With the money in his pocket, flying in his rocket

And only stopping by on his way to a better world If Taylor finds a better world

Then Taylor's gonna run away

Songwriters

JACK HODY JOHNSON Published by

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