

# 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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