

Allison Foley

Better Than Ezra

"Calmly, like a razor
I got us on the door,"
Or "I got a tape of 'Clerks'
Someone left the night before." So I go over later,
You're sitting in that chair
Smoking on your cigarette
Fingering your hair
So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around. Twenty-nine and aimless
You bartend down on fourth
Your parents pay insurance
And the Parson's Audit course
Over-schooled and uninspired
A trust fund up your nose
All that wasted talent but, uh
Ain't that how it always goes?
So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around. Yeah, yeah yeah
So long Allison Foley
So long, bye-bye
(Come up higher, take a step higher)
Sometimes you understand
The reasons how you went astray
But least of all the answer,
That it hurts to watch you waste away. So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around.
Yeah, yeah, yeah. So long, Allison Foley
So long, bye-bye

Songwriters

GRIFFIN, KEVIN Published by

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