

Grace Kelly Blues

Eels

The cut rate mime walkin' through the dirty streets
Of Paris in the hot, August heat
Sun meltin' the fake smile away
Just lookin' for a place to stay
The actress gave up all her old dreams
And traded up, now she is a queen
Royal families don't have time for that shit
Your crystal ball, you keep it hid
The tractor trailer driver radios
"Help me someone, I'm out here all alone
Truck drivin' the black night away
Prayin' for the light of day"
The kid in the mall works at a hot dog on a stick
His hat is a funny shape, his heart is a brick
Takin' your order, he will look away
He doesn't have a thing to say

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