

# Lucky Number Nine

## The Moldy Peaches

Indie Boys are neurotic.  
Makes my eyes bleed.  
Tight black pants exotic.  
Some loving is what i need.

Hey I'm starting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.

I'm sleepier on the staircase.  
Mirror in the back of my brain.  
Makes things, her pants feel great.  
I used to like to complaine.

But.  
Hey. imstarting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.

Bloody mary , mother of god.  
grandpas on the hobby horse again.  
dampen, broken pants chaifing.  
I'm running out of ethnic friends.

But..  
Hey. I'm starting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.

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