

Without a trace (93-04-14 Ventura)

Soul Asylum

I fell in love with a hooker
She laughed in my face
So seriously I took her
I was a disgrace I was out of line; I was out of place
Out of time to save face
See the open mouth of my suitcase
Sayin' leave this place Leave without a trace
Leave without a trace
Leave without a trace I tried to get a good job
With honest pay
I might as well join the mob
The benefits are okay Standing in the sun with a popsicle
Everything is possible
With a lot of luck and a pretty face
And some time to waste Leave without a trace
Leave without a trace
Leave without a trace I tried to dance at a funeral
New Orleans style
I joined the Grave Dancer's Union
I had to file Trying to do the right thing, play it straight
The right thing changes from state to state
Don't forget to take your mace
If you're out walking late I liked to see your face
You left without a trace
You leave without a trace

Songwriters

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