

Ain't No Good

Cake

She's gonna hand you a red-headed Gabriel,
Coming from the bar in a plastic tie.
He's gonna swing from the Tree of Life.
He's gonna try to sell you on a great big lie.

But when you speak to her,
Her eyes light up.
The music spills right into your cup.
The minstrels play and the waitress brings ice.
There are pies on a carousel.
Have a slice.
But watch out.
She ain't no good for you.

He's gonna spin like the tractor pull.
She'll sit back when he tells his tale.
He's gonna yell when he drinks his beer.
She'll sit back and drink ginger ale.

But when you speak to her,
Her eyes light up.
The music spills right into your cup.
It's so abrupt and it's so concise.
There are pies on a carousel.
Have a slice.
But watch out.
She ain't no good for you.
I say watch out.
She ain't no good for you.

She'd like to put you in her zoo,
Right between the canaries and the cockatoos.
She'll pull out your feathers
For her brand new hat,
And when she's done that
She'll feed you to her cat.
So watch out.
She ain't no good for you.
Watch out.
She ain't no good for you.
Watch out.
She ain't no good for you.