

I'm not good with numbers
I just count on knowing when I'm high enough
A mule with only two legs counting steps
Toward dangling carrots don't add up

I think about you when I can
And even sometimes when I can't I do
Once the driver knows you got good sense
He takes away the carrots too

Getting all excited, finding nothing
That was never there before
It's like bringing flowers to your Mama
And tracking dog shit all over the floor

Jesus made the flowers
But it took a dog to make the story good
I think about you when I can
And sometimes when I don't I probably should

Tending bar in L.A. after dark
Must be like mining cartoon gold
Rocks that won't cooperate
And tools that drive you crazy must get old

I think about you when I can
And sometimes when I do I still get caught
Sitting in a bar in L.A. after dark
With my sunglasses on