

Sean Penn Blues

Lloyd Cole

The western minnesota intercollegiate circle
Telephoned they said
Hey sean could you mosey on down to our gala ball
It reads mister maddonna kicks some beat poetry
If I could I would I would I swear I would be better
But it seems I am just a natural no good
And what's more I like living like that
After seven lines seventeen maybe I had to stop
These philistines were yelling hey sean
I could not be heard for cowhand laughter
I picked up my books and headed for the door
And if I trash this tv then I know I will feel better
Guess it seems I am just a natural no good
And I like it like that
But when I see you coming down my street
You walk right in and then you
You walk all over me
Oh yeh I need you
Gatecrashing on my beat
Put on your high heels and baby
Walk all over me
All over me
Fat hacks new york times food columnists
Want to review my soup yeh honestly
My wife says I go looking for trouble
I surely find it
Do you think I like living like that
If I trash this tv then I know I will feel better
Guess it seems I am just a natural no good
And I like it like that
But when I see you
Coming down my street
You walk right in and then you
You walk all over me
Oh yeh I need you
Gatecrashing on my beat
Walking like nancy sinatra
Walk all over me