

King of the Jailhouse

Aimee Mann

The king of the jailhouse
And the queen of the road
Think sharing the burden will lighten the load
So they pack up their troubles
In an old Cadillac
That's her in the mirror, asleep in the back

Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
That I can't see
That I can't see

And they don't give the answers
At the end of the test
So you can't simply stand there and hope for the best
So wake me up at the border
When we reach Mexico
I'll tell you a secret I don't even know

Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
That I can't see
That I can't see

Honey, I don't wanna turn around
And go back there - do you?
I think you know something I don't know
That I need to

Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
Baby, there's something wrong with me
That I can't see
That I can't see
That I can't see