

Grace Kelly Blues

Eels

The cut-rate mime walking through the dirty streets
Of paris in the hot august heat
Sun melting the fake smile away
Just looking for a place to stay

The actress gave up all her old dreams
And traded up now she is a queen
Royal families don't have time for that shit
Your crystal ball - you keep it hid

The tractor-trailer driver radios:
Help me someone i'm out here all alone
Truck driving the black night away
Praying for the light of day

The kid in the mall works at hawt dawg on a stick
His hat is a funny shape his heart is a brick
Taking your order he will look away
He doesn't have a thing to say

But me i'm feeling pretty good as of now
I'm not so sure when i got here or how
Sun melting the fake smile away
I think, you know, i'll be okay