

## Wooden Nickels

Eels

Went down by the old courthouse  
Stumbling through the streets  
Had to get out of the house  
Had to use my feet

And you may not think much of me now  
But i think so damn much of you

Don't take any wooden nickels  
When you sell your soul  
A devil of a time awaits you  
When the party's over  
You're on your own

Trash truck coming up the road  
Picking up the trash  
Riding to a better place  
Hoping we don't crash

Thinking how things have turned out  
I never would've guessed it this way

Don't take any wooden nickels  
When you sell your soul  
A devil of a time awaits you  
When the party's over  
You're on your own

Now the party's over  
I'm on my own