

Mrs. Adams

Foxygen

Here I am
In this Hollywood bar
Press my face against the glass
Can't you see I'm making reservations?
Ah, for her birthday
Hey, Mrs. Adams
What you doing now with your gun in your mouth?

You jokers and clowns you just feel down
Hey!

Oh, I got to go with you
Don't you believe 'em
Do you seem 'em coming down?
'Cause you'll end up in the ground
Ah hey, Jackie
Can't you seem 'em coming down from her attic [?]
That's me and it doesn't feel down
You just feel down on your birthday
Yeah, go on Mrs. Adams with your corpse in her attic on her birthday
[?] to seventy
Oh, God, it's almost eleven
Whoa, you got to go
You got to go

Oh, I got to go

Poor Mrs. Adams in the snow
Now I'm hanging from her robe

Huh!
Just hang on, Mrs. Adams
You spend your money now but you know you got to wait, yeah
Just hang on, Mrs. Adams
Put the pieces back down and crack 'em together
Just hang on, Mrs. Adams
You spend your money now but you know you got to wait, yeah
Just hang on, Mrs. Adams
Put the pieces back down and crack 'em together

Mrs. Adams!