

## 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!