

Mirror maid, tummy ache  
Make-up run  
Lipstick girl, black stick curl  
In the New York sun

Inside out, you know about  
My silly game  
Even though you don't know  
About my name

Where I've been  
What I dream  
What I've seen

Clumsy eyes realize  
How to write the word  
Basically, you sing for me  
When I am hurt

Stoned and blind, never mind  
Luckie's song  
Press the keys, I can be  
Where you belong

I'm a fan  
Of your hand, ooh

I'm in love  
Cry above, ooh  
And I'm a fan  
Of your hand  
Every man, ooh