

Coolsville

Rickie Lee Jones

I and Braggar, and Junior Lee,
Well that's the way we always thought it would be
In the wind-strewn leaves of September, how we met
Decked out like aces, we'd beat anybody's bet

'Cause we was Coolsville
'Cause we was Coolsville

Well you stick it here;
You stick it over there;
But it never fits

And now a hungry night you want more and more
And you chip in your little kiss.
Well, I jumped all his jokers,
But he trumped all my tricks

And I swear to God I thought this one was smart enough to
Stick it into Coolsville
Yeah stick it into Coolsville

So now it's J and be, and me, and that sounds close,
But it ain't the same (well, that's okay)
Hot City don't hurt that much but everything feels the same
Well the real thing come and the real thing go
Well the real thing is back in town
Ask me if you want to know The way to Coolsville.
(Well I hear you want to go back to Coolsville
Well come on honey, take you back to Coolsville)