

Houston

Soul Coughing

I met a girl on rollerskates. She had a spare bag. She had lost some weight. Where I used to work, she was a waitress. She proposed a trade. It was generous.

She's gone to Houston, feel like I'm floating in a warm sea. And if she finds out when she comes back, I know that she will leave me.

Oh I heard a sign--it was a dull crack. It was a clock hand. It was a snapping back. Oh it wasn't hers--it was the dope's kiss. I'll take the blame upon my shoulder; I just love to feel like this.

Roller boogie, motherfucker.