

# I Miss the Girl

Soul Coughing

Daughter to the pop veneer. Shining like a new mint quarter. Shining like the Franklin Mint. Seedy like the lampshade quarter. Rolling with the dopes you know. Rolling with the wrong gun on you. Going down to Baltimore. Going in an off-white Honda. Oh I miss the girl, miss the girl, miss the girl, I want to give myself to water. Speeding to the rupture line. Rat-a-tatting boombox moocher. Darling with the boop shuh-nai. Rat-a-tatting lose your future.

I dream that she aims to be the bloom upon my misery.

She rocks mop style, she needs the rest.

And I know it's not the same thing