

# Maybe I'll Come Down

Soul Coughing

Dumb dumb dumb bah did uh dumb.

I need time to scrounge the rent. Need time to contemplate the accident. I got to drag my ass to Now. How did I come to stop here? And oh I knew the gas was gone, but I had to rev the motor. Pull back the hand you might get it cut off in the rotor.

Maybe I'll come down.

She's on Loretta's turf. She's on Loretta's side. She's in a better state. She feels a better fire. And oh I dreamed a great parade, shooting all the guns in Brooklyn. The man who had a spare held out two and then you took one.

Freeze or burn; all else is only icing. Pack your bags, assman!