

# They Want My Soul

Spoon

Let's go get out in the street  
Somebody's gotta  
Let's get the stars to align  
For lambs to slaughter

In the photographs  
Their eyes make a signal path  
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on  
And on and on and on

Don't it feel like Friday night?  
Cars are all lined up  
Let it go push you around  
Oh, what's it amount to?

Card sharks and street preachers want my soul  
All the sellers and palm readers want my soul  
Post sermon socialites  
Park enchanters and skin tights  
All they want's my soul  
Yeah, they want my soul

In the photograph  
Your eyes make a signal path  
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on  
And on and on and on

Let's go lose track of time  
Somebody's gotta  
Let's get the stars to align  
For lambs to slaughter

Educated folk singers want my soul  
Jonathon Fisk still wants my soul  
I got nothing I want to say to 'em  
They got nothing left that I want  
All they want's my soul  
Yes, yes, I know it  
They want my soul

They want my soul  
Oh ah, want my soul  
Oh ah, they want my soul  
Oh ah, they want my soul