## **100 Girls**

100 girls or maybe more Who left me passed out on the floor I know it might be wrong I had to write this song For a hundred girls and hundreds more

There was Katherine in Manhattan Her mouth was always laughin' She's always a distraction Cuz she always wants some action At one she took me in a cab Two, in a Soho bar Three, she got real bad And jumped me in a subway car

These are Mary's voodoo ways We would stay in bed for days In an alligator haze In her swampy Southern place She broke me down on Bourbon Street Curled up at her feet As Mary flashed the parades I fixed myself with hurricanes

100 girls or maybe more Who left me passed out on the floor I wish I heard you tell me Make up your mind Wake up Make up your mind Make up your mind

This is Daisy, this is crazy Always telling me I'm lazy Her endurance would amaze me And her swearing didn't phase me It was based upon a sweet lie Like a butterfly She showed herself in many phases And had a thing for public places Late at night in Fenway Park She led me naked through the dark Daisy let me suffer there Smothered in my underwear

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There was Allison and here's the thing I thought that she was 17 She was 18 but looked 16 And told me she was 23 Stroke 9

Valerie who hated money Stuck me to the sheets with honey Caroline from Amsterdam Took off with some other band Megan, Kim and the rest I love you all and that's the test If I wake up in time How will I make up my mind

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