

Haywire

The Jayhawks

Billy was a vampire
Carving out an empire
Strolling Pirate's Alley in the middle of the night

Buy a round of cocktails
Spinning sordid fables in the twilight
That's all right

Scattered words that matter
It's a disaster in the making
Take the time to smell the leaves beneath the trees
That's all right

Well my whole life has gone haywire
I'm just a blade bending in your shade
For your love I'm a vampire
Strolling the ways of Esplanade

Headed up to Pittsburgh
Heard you could get a pretty good sandwich
For fifteen and a dime
I miss that old stretch of road
Down to the Bayou
In the middle of the night

Guilt by association
The mere smell of speculation conjures up hell
Feel the touch of oil from the tankers upon the breeze
That's all right

All my life has gone haywire
I'm just a blade bending in your shade
For your love I'm a vampire
Strolling the ways of Esplanade

That's my whole life in a nutshell
Take it as you will
I can hear that old brass band
Playing our song down the hill

Won't you smile, smile, smile
Won't you smile, smile, smile
Won't you smile the smile
That fills the room with an independent light
But that's all right