

eels, Wooden Nickels

Went down by the old courthouse
Stumbling through the streets
Had to get out of the house
Had to use my feet
And you may not think much of me now
But i think so damn much of you
Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
A devil of a time awaits you
When the party's over
You're on your own
Trash truck coming up the road
Picking up the trash
Riding to a better place
Hoping we don't crash
Thinking how things have turned out
I never would've guessed it this way
Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
A devil of a time awaits you
When the party's over
You're on your own
Now the party's over
I'm on my own