

Jack Johnson, Poor Taylor

they say taylor was a good girl, never one to be late
complain, express ideas in her brain
working on the night shift, passing out the tickets,
youre gonna have to pay her if you want to park here
well mommys little dancer has quite a little secret
working on the streets now, never gonna keep it
its quite an imposition and now shes only wishing
that she would have listened to the words they said
poor taylor

she just wanders around, unaffected by
the winter winds and shell pretend that
shes somewhere else, so far and clear
about two thousand miles from here

peter patrick pitter patters on the window
but sunny silhouette wont let him in
poor old petes got nothing because hes been falling
somehow sunny knows just where hes been
he thinks that singing on sunday is gonna save his soul
now that saturday is gone
sometimes he thinks that hes on his way
but i can see that his break lights are on

he just wanders around, unaffected by
the winter winds and hell pretend that
hes somewhere else, so far and clear
about two thousand miles from here

such a tough enchilada filled up with nada
giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill
used to be a limber chicken, times a been a ticking
nows shes finger licking to the man
with the money in his pocket flying in his rocket
only stopping by on his way to a better world

if taylor finds a better world
then taylor's gonna run away