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