

Jenny Lewis, Paradise

The phone, it has been ringing
Ringing off the hook
And the creditors have said
That all of your debts have grown legs
And our running off the books

Correctional facilities
Sure, I'll accept your calls
But the tales have grown tall
And the till it isn't at all
And tears are only breadcrumbs
For the crooks
And my paycheck, it is bleeding
But it's fight or flight
The exit from debt could be the entrance
Into paradise

What are you doing daytimes?
Shooting out your windows, I bet
But the flocks of your dreams
Know that it's hunting season
It's a joke that you'll never get
Because wooden ducks, they do not bleed
And try as you might
The only goose that you'll bite
Is the goose egg you call your wife
When the bars announce it's closing time
And my heart, it is still beating
But it's fight or flight
The exit from loneliness is not necessarily
The entrance into paradise
Into paradise

Of all the men I've known
Who've had money, I like you the most
Because every dollar you invent
You're even more hell-bent
On risking life and limb for another toast
And we were falling into puddles
I knew you had it in for me
Scraped my face on the ground
Until blood was down me
From my nose to the hem of my jeans
And my heart, it is still bleeding
But it's fight or flight
The exit from loneliness
Could be the entrance
Into paradise