

Little Feat, Mercenary Territory

Is it the lies?
Is it the style?
It's a mercenary territory
I wish you knew the story
I've been out here so long dreamin up songs
I'm temporarily qualmless and sinking

I've did my time in that rodeo
It's been so long and I've got nothing to show
Well I'm so plain loco
Fool that I am I'd do it all over again

Is it the style?
Is it the lies?
Is it the days into nights
Or the "I'm sorry"s into fights

Now some kind of man, he can't do anything wrong
If I see him I'll tell him you're waiting
'Cause I'm devoted for sure but my days are a blur
Well your nights turn into my mornings

Well I did my time in that rodeo
Fool that I am I'd do it all over again

Is it love keeps you waiting so long
Makes you say I'll see you around
The forces that be, they just don't see
While your nights turn into my mornings

Is it the style?
Is it the lies?
Is it the days into nights
Or the "I'm sorrys" into fights