

Old 97's, Barrier Reef

The Empty Bottle was half empty, tide was low, and I was thirsty.
Saw her sitting at the bar, you know how some girls are,
Always making eyes, well she wasn't making eyes.
So I sidled up beside her, settled down and shouted, "Hi there."
"My name's Stewart Ransom Miller, I'm a serial lady-killer."
She said, "I'm already dead," that's exactly what she said.
So we tripped the lights fantastic, we was both made of elastic.
Midnight came and midnight went, and I though I was the President.
She said, "Do you have a car," and I said, "Do I have a car?"
What's so great about the Barrier Reef?
What's so fine about art?
What's so good about a Good Times Van,
When you're working on a broken,
Working on a broken,
Working on a broken man?
My heart wasn't in it, not for one single minute.
I went through the motions with her. Her on top, and me on liquor.
Didn't do no good, well I didn't think it would.
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