

Sheryl Crow, A Change

Ten years living in a paper bag
Feedback baby, he's a flipped out cat
He's a platinum canary, drinkin' falstaff beer
Mercedes rule, and a rented lear
Bottom feeder insincere
Prophet lo-fi pioneer
Sell the house and go to school
Get a young girlfriend, daddy's jewel

A change would do you good
A change would do you good

God's little gift is on the rag
Poster girl posing in a fashion mag
Canine, feline, Jekyll and Hyde
Wear your fake fur on the inside
Queen of south beach, aging blues
Dinner's at six, wear your cement shoes
I thought you were singing your heart out to me
Your lips were syncing and now I see

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Chasing dragons with plastic swords
Jack off Jimmy, everybody wants more
Scully and angel on the kitchen floor
And I'm calling Buddy on the ouija board
I've been thinking 'bout catching a train
Leave my phone machine by the radar range
Hello it's me, I'm not at home
If you'd like to reach me, leave me alone

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