

# Agents Of Good Roots, Straight

Lyrics: Myers

Music: Myers

Lyrics:

The moon was drifting over Jordan  
As the street lies under control  
And then she slips into the middle  
Head on, the hour takes it's toll  
With blues from a fountain  
Keep you wishing for a rainy day  
And a sandman sitting  
Giving looks, giving looks that will fade away

(chorus):

If you could get yourself straight  
I think that I would like to talk to you  
If you could get yourself straight, straight  
I think that I would like to talk to you  
If you could get yourself straight, straight, straight  
I think that I would like to talk to you  
'Cause talk, talk, talk  
That's all we do

Will you dance for your lover  
While your brother doesn't know your name  
And in an undercover shot  
Still you talk of what you can't explain  
They say nice change lady  
Hey baby can you spare a dime  
But then you put it in your pocket  
And its off with another line

(chorus)

You better believe it  
You better believe it  
You better believe it  
Better go