

# Aimee Mann, King Of The Jailhouse

The king of the jailhouse  
And the queen of the road  
Think sharing the burden will lighten the load  
So they pack up their troubles  
In an old Cadillac  
That's her in the mirror, asleep in the back

Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
That I can't see  
That I can't see

And they don't give the answers  
At the end of the test  
So you can't simply stand there and hope for the best  
So wake me up at the border  
When we reach Mexico  
I'll tell you a secret I don't even know

Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
That I can't see  
That I can't see

Honey, I don't wanna turn around  
And go back there do you?  
I think you know something I don't know  
That I need to

Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
Baby, there's something wrong with me  
That I can't see  
That I can't see  
That I can't see