

# Cake, Jolene

Well Jolene unlocked the thick breezeway door  
Like she'd done one hundred times before  
Jolene smoothed her dark hair in the mirror  
She folded the towel carefully and put it back in place

Yeah I want to pull you down into bed  
I want to cast your face in lead

Oh, yeah  
All right, now

Well every time I pull you close  
Push my face into your hair  
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke  
That sickly scent is always, always there

Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah

Jolene heard her father's uneven snores  
Right then she knew there must be something more  
Jolene heard the singing in the forest  
She opened the door quietly and stepped into the night

Yeah I want to throw you out into space  
I want to do whatever it takes, takes, takes

Well every time I pull you close  
Push my face into your hair  
Cream rinse and tobacco smoke  
That sickly scent is always, always there

Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah  
Yeah, oh guitar