

Dada, 8 Track

She pours like red wine
Into me
She crawls like green vine
Wraps around me endlessly

She floats above me
Without strings
She tries to love me
As she loves everything

Yeah, I really believe she tries to love me
But in the meantime

Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
And I'm number, I'm number...

She plays her records
In the sun
She's warping my mind
Likes to keep me on the run

She burns her candles
In my hand
She wants to know me
Doesn't want to understand

Yeah, I really believe she wants to know me
In the meantime

Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
And I'm number 9
I'm number 9

(solo)

Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
Baby's got an 8 track mind
And I'm number 9
I'm number 9

I'm number 9
I'm number 9 (aah)
Oh, oh, oh, oh (hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh)
Oh, oh, oh, oh (hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh, hah-oh)