

Droge Pete, Sunspot Stopwatch

With your sunspot stopwatch renegade savior stances
You say you take your chances
Or else you break your branches as you climb to that top shelf, tuna melt buckle up your seat belt
Rickie Lee Jones
and everything you think you own
Is fool's gold and ancient fossil stones
You got more than you need but you need a lot more than some do
Look at your cigarette burn through
The things you can't undo if you try
Well that's tough luck King Tut... Daffy Duck never got old babe
They'll bury you with gold yeah
Is that enough to hold you for today.
I got to hand it to you, why do you do what you do
It's times like this I'm glad that I ain't you
You think you got the devil on retreat but he's back up on his feet and he's looking for you.
With your monkey wrench you dig a trench, don't you see the lights they're shining
Shut up and quit your whining
Four star restaurants dining in the shade
Then your mini skirt'll hit the dirt and baby you'll be crying and bleeding
you'll bite the hand that's feeding
and then you're back there pleading for your soul.
I got to hand it to you, why do you do what you do
It's times like this I'm glad I ain't you
You think you got the devil on retreat, but he's back up on his feet and he's looking for you.