

Galaxie 500, Fourth Of July

I wrote a poem on a dog biscuit
And your dog refused to look at it
So I got drunk and looked at the Empire State Building
It was no bigger than a nickel

And if it don't improve
Then I have to move
I never thought that I would end up here
Maybe I should just change my style
But I feel alright when you smile

I stayed at home on the Fourth of July
And I pulled the shades so I didn't have to see the sky
And I decided to have a bed-in
But I forgot to invite anybody

And when I fell asleep
The neighbors had a peep
I never thought that I would end up here
Maybe I should just change my style
But I feel alright when you smile