

Grant Lee Buffalo, Jubilee

Have ya seen us out my honey and me
Knockin' on the doors of fortune for weeks
In a big dead town where nothin' is free
Lord up above throw me down the keys

Have ya seen us out my baby and me
Have ya seen us crouchin' elbow on knee
In the curbside light of yellowed marquees
Lord up above are ya out of reach

La la la

Have ya seen us stroll my honey and me
With complete control my honey and me
Have ya seen the likes of Annabel Lee
She's a little songbird singing dweedle dee dee

La la la

Ooh