

Jack Johnson, Taylor

They say Taylor was a good girl
Never one to be late
Complain, express ideas in her brain
Working on the night shift
Passing out the tickets
You're gonna have to pay her, if you wanna park here
Well, mommy's little dancer has quite a little secret
Working on the streets now, never gonna keep it
It's quite an imposition and now she's only wishing
That she would have listened to the words they said
Poor Taylor

She just wanders around, unaffected by
The winter winds, and she'll pretend that
She's somewhere else, so far and clear
About two thousand miles from here

Well, Peter Patrick pitter-patters on the window
The sunny silhouette won't let him in
Poor old Pete's got nothing, cause he's been falling
Somehow, Sonny knows just where he's been
He thinks that singing on Sunday is gonna save his soul
Now that Saturday's gone
Sometimes he thinks that he's on his way
But I can see that his brake lights are on

He just wanders around, unaffected by the
Winter winds, and he'll pretend that
He's somewhere else, so far and clear
About two thousand miles from here

Such a tough enchilada, filled up with nada
Giving what she gotta give to get a dollar bill
Used to be a limber chicken, times have been a tickin'
Now she's finger lickin' to the man
With the money in his pocket, flying in his rocket
Only stopping by on his way to a better world

If Taylor finds a better world
Then Taylor's gonna run away