

# Judybats, When Things Get Slow Around Here

You'd sit in my momma's kitchen  
And you'd pour your wine  
And I'd laugh til I thought I loved you  
With your eyes like coins  
With your eyes like coins and your renegade streak  
You'd tell your tales, tales I never believed  
Tales I now tell  
When things get slow around here  
I'm breaking horses now  
Down on Hotchkissvalley Road  
You know, I've always been weak for the wild ones  
With their eyes like coins  
Somewhere between  
The leather and the hide  
The sickly sweet, the daily suicide, me  
Me I ride  
When things get slow around here  
The tales, tales I tell  
When things get slow around here