

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