Mike Doughty, Looking At The World From The B

That Cuban girl
That brought me low
She had that skin so fine and red lips
Roselike now
Her mouth was wide
And sweet as well
And now relentless hours of
Dreaming up her smell, and

I feel
as if I'm looking at the world from the bottom of a well
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Lonely
And the only way to beat it is to bat it down
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And the only way to beat it is to bat it down
beat it.
Lonely
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Oh all the days
That I have run
I sought to lose that cloud that's blacking out the sun
My train will come
Some one day soon
And when it comes I'll ride it bound from night to noon.

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Aimless days,
Uncool ways
Of decathecting
Painless phase,
Blacked out thoughts
You be rejecting.

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We'll let's get down to business now
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