

Racoon, Clean Again

There's a big numb stare
Coming off of his face
She's laughing at the smoke
That's coming out of his face
But this fool lives on the hill
And she don't like to pay the bills
But she will

There's a lot of talk about her
Behind her back
She's good enough to need
But never to respect
They call her what they will
But when they're done they pay the bill
They pay the bill

No more feeling
She don't want it, she don't need it
She will distance herself from feeling
Cause she don't need a better reason
No reason to hold back

Oh jenny

Well there's husbands and there's lawyers
And there's factory employees
And there's counsellours and mayors
With their presidential stares
There are lonely ones and liars
Looking for a way to buy her
And she don't care

No more feeling
She don't want it, she don't need it
She will distance herself from feeling
She showers up and man believe me
She'll be clean again

Clean again
Jennifers up and running
Working for the Fatman
Jennys in for anything
As long as her kids are eating
Pay up she'll make you smile
Pay up she'll make you smile, smile

Strange ideas, what am I doing here
She's not familiar with this talk
They're only looking at her rear
You can call her what you will
Angie, Rose or even Bill Hell, what you will

All the husbands, all the lawyers
All the factory employees
All the counsellours and mayors
Wow, so stunning how they dare
They dare to claim they know it all
The dirty looks they throw
She knows them all

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One more filthy memory