

Soul Coughing, I Miss The Girl

Daughter to the pop veneer
Shining like a new mint quarter
Shining like the Franklin Mint
Seedy like the lampshade quarter

Rolling with the dopes you know
Rolling with the wrong gun on you
Going down to Baltimore
Going in an off-white Honda

Oh I miss the girl, miss the girl, miss the girl
I want to give myself to the water

Speeding to the rupture line
Rat-a-tatting boombox moocher
Darling with the boop shuh-nai
Rat-a-tatting lose your future

I dream that she aims to be the bloom upon my misery
She rocks the mop style, she needs the rest

And I know, I know it's not the same thing