

# 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