

Soul Coughing, Maybe I'll Come Down

Dum dum dum bah did du dumb

I need time to scrounge the rent
Need time to contemplate the accident
I got to drag my ass to now,
How did I come to stop here?
And oh I knew the gas was gone
But I had to rev the motor
Pull back the hand you might
Get it cut off in the rotor

Maybe I'll come down

She's on Laureate's turf,
She's on Laureate's side
She's in a better state,
She feels a better fire

And oh I dreamed a great parade,
Shooting all the guns in Brooklyn
The man who had a spare held out two
And then you took one

Freeze or burn, all else is only icing