

Spoon, Finer Feelings

Memphis comes creeping down my back
Somehow this place tastes just like an attack
A hundred-yard-stare of a kiss
Lord, I know I'll never miss it

They told me start scouting the field
They told me how to look in Commercial Appeal
And start getting that hair cut sharp

Sometimes I think that I'll find a love
One that's gonna change my heart
I'll find it in Commercial Appeal
And then this heartache'll get chased away

I was part-time at the Tasty Prawn
That and moving furniture and cutting lawns
Covered in newsprint, staying up real late
Just holding out for some fate

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I was dreaming in the driver's seat
When the right words just came to me
And all my finer feelings came up
Always out on some witch's hunt
For the one who never lets me want
Before you know it it's all fuss

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