

# 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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