

# Stroke 9, 100 Girls

100 girls or maybe more  
Who left me passed out on the floor  
I know it might be wrong  
I had to write this song  
For a hundred girls and hundreds more

There was Katherine in Manhattan  
Her mouth was always laughin'  
She's always a distraction  
'Cuz she always wants some action  
At 1 she took me in a cab  
2 in a Soho bar  
3 she got real bad and jumped me in a subway car

These are Mary's voodoo ways  
We would stay in bed for days  
In an alligator haze  
In her swampy Southern place  
She broke me down on Bourbon Street  
Curled up at her feet  
As Mary flashed the parades  
I fixed myself with hurricanes

100 girls or maybe more  
Who left me passed out on the floor  
I wish I heard you tell me  
Make up your mind  
Wake up  
Make up your mind make up your mind

This is Daisy, this is crazy  
Always telling me I'm lazy  
Her endurance would amaze me  
And her swearing didn't phase me  
It was based upon a sweet lie  
Like a butterfly she showed herself in many phases  
And had a thing for public places  
Late at night in Fenway Park  
She led me naked through the dark  
Daisy let me suffer there, smothered in my underwear

There was Alison and here's the thing  
I thought that she was 17  
She was 18 but looked 16  
And told me she was 23  
Valerie who hated money  
Stuck me to the sheets with honey  
Caroline from Amsterdam took off with some other band  
Megan, Kim and the rest  
I love you all and that's the test  
If I wake up in time how will I make up my mind