

Tellers, Jack Knife

the Jack knife, the bitch of a wife
The outtuned whistle of borrowed strife.
The days bare, the nights unfair,
The times you're painfully aware.

Well, I'm gonna tell you what I am lookin for
I'm gonna tell you what I am lookin for,
Well, I'm not lookin for...

The cake's cut, the penny's luck,
The concerto's line's a passing (f)uck,
The empty shell, the glimpse of hell
And now I know you all to well.

Well, I'm gonna tell you what I'm lookin for
I'm gonna tell you what I'm lookin for,
Well, I'm not lookin for...you.