

# The Moldy Peaches, Lucky Number Nine

Indie Boys are neurotic.  
Makes my eyes bleed.  
Tight black pants exotic.  
Some loving is what i need.  
Hey im starting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.  
im sleepier on the staircase.  
Mirror in the back of my brain.  
Makes things, her pants feel great.  
I used to like to complaine.  
But.  
Hey. im starting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.  
Bloody mary , mother of god.  
grandpas on the happy horse again.  
dampen, broken pants chaifing.  
im running out of ethnic friends.  
But..  
Hey. Im starting to feel o.k.  
Lucky number nine.  
Huray.