

STANDING OUTSIDE A BROKEN PHONE BOOTH... (PRIMITIVE RADIO GODS)

B - E

**I've been downhearted baby, I've been down-I've been downhearted baby
Ever since the day we met Ever since the day we met**

[x2]

Jan lays down and wrestles in her sleep
Moonlight spills on comic books and superstars in magazines
An old friend calls and tells us where to meet
Her plane takes off from Baltimore and touches down on Bourbon Street

Doo doo doo...

We sit outside and argue all night long
About a god we've never seen but never fails to side with me
Sunday comes and all the papers say
Ma Teresa's joined the mob and happy with her full time job

Doo doo doo...

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[x2]

Am I alive or thoughts that drift away?
Does summer come for everyone? Can humans do as prophets say?
And if I die before I learn to speak
Can money pay for all the days I lived awake but half asleep?

Doo doo doo...

A life is time, they teach you growing up
The seconds ticking killed us all a million years before the fall
You ride the waves and don't ask where they go
You swim like lions through the crest and bathe yourself in zebra flesh

Doo doo doo...

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