

eels, Grace Kelly Blues

The cut-rate mime walking through the dirty streets,
Of Paris, in the hot august heat,
Sun melting the fake smile away,
Just looking for a place to stay.

The actress gave up all her old dreams,
And traded up, now she is a Queen,
Royal familys don't have time, for that shit,
Your crystal ball - you keep it hid.

The tractor-trailor driver radios:
Help me someone, I'm out here all alone,
Truck driving the black night away,
Praying for the light of day.

The kid in the mall works at Hawt Dawg on a Stick,
His hat is a funny shape, his heart is a brick,
Taking your order, he will look away,
He doesn't have a thing to say.

But me, I'm feeling pretty good, as of now,
I'm not so sure when i got here, or how,
Sun melting, the fake smile away,
I think, you know, I'll be okay.