## Hot Hot Heat, Jingle Jangle

Watch your children round the, abandoned well, don't ask me to tell if they slipped and fell im just a salesman with my suitcase in hand and the the perfect plan that should pull me out

another day, another night, another year, another smile, another lie, another tear this better not be all I've got I never thought I'd end up here

Jingle jangle that's the sound of coins spent on useless toys made for useless boys I'm just a salesman with my suitcase in hand there's a a piece of land that I got my eye on

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Friday night I'll raise my glass and say tomorrow things will change I cant afford to wait but by Monday morning my alarm clock knows how this story goes and the endings the same as the start

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Watch your children around the abandoned well don't ask me to tell if they slipped and fell im just a salesman with my suitcase in hand there's a a perfect plan that I'm working on, that im working on.