

# Sheryl Crow, A Change

Ten years living in a paper bag  
Feedback baby, he's a flipped out cat  
He's a platinum canary, drinkin' falstaff beer  
Mercedes rule, and a rented lear  
Bottom feeder insincere  
Prophet lo-fi pioneer  
Sell the house and go to school  
Get a young girlfriend, daddy's jewel

A change would do you good  
A change would do you good

God's little gift is on the rag  
Poster girl posing in a fashion mag  
Canine, feline, Jekyll and Hyde  
Wear your fake fur on the inside  
Queen of south beach, aging blues  
Dinner's at six, wear your cement shoes  
I thought you were singing your heart out to me  
Your lips were syncing and now I see

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Chasing dragons with plastic swords  
Jack off Jimmy, everybody wants more  
Scully and angel on the kitchen floor  
And I'm calling Buddy on the ouija board  
I've been thinking 'bout catching a train  
Leave my phone machine by the radar range  
Hello it's me, I'm not at home  
If you'd like to reach me, leave me alone

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