

# Soul Asylum, Without A Trace

I fell in love with a hooker  
She laughed in my face  
So seriously I took her  
I was a disgrace  
I was out of line; I was out of place  
Out of time to save face  
See the open mouth of my suitcase  
Sayin' leave this place  
Leave without a trace  
Leave without a trace  
Leave without a trace  
I tried to get a good job  
With honest pay  
I might as well join the mob  
The benefits are okay  
Standing in the sun with a popsicle  
Everything is possible  
With a lot of luck and a pretty face  
And some time to waste  
Leave without a trace  
Leave without a trace  
Leave without a trace  
I tried to dance at a funeral  
New Orleans style  
I joined the Grave Dancer's Union  
I had to file  
Trying to do the right thing, play it straight  
The right thing changes from state to state  
Don't forget to take your mace  
If you're out walking late  
I liked to see your face  
You left without a trace  
You leave without a trace