

Soul Coughing, Houston

I met a girl on roller skates
She had a spare bag, she had lost some weight
Where I used to work, she was a waitress
She proposed a trade, it was generous

She's gone to Houston,
Feel like I'm floating in a warm sea
And if she finds out when she comes back,
I know that she will leave me

Oh I heard a sign, it was a dull crack
It was a clock hand, it was snapping back
Oh it wasn't hers, it was the dope's kiss

I'll take the blame upon my shoulder,
I just love to feel like this

Roller Boogie, motherfucker