## 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