

Black Lexus

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Your black Lexus has
Two hundred thousand miles
Underneath the missing roads
You don't know where you're going
Almost anytime
Things lost just lighten up your load

Maybe you're heading out
To LA
See if they'll put you in a show
First you'll check with the stars
Read both your sign and mine
In the back of the New York Post

You can't find her
You can't find her
In the mirror everything's reversed
And you can't find her
You can't find her
Everyday you feel a little cursed

Now your car's been towed
You misread the sign
Something left to do
Must have slipped your mind
Got no money left
Guess you'll stick around
And anyway the stars
Said not to go right now

But you can't find her
You can't find her
In the mirror everything's reversed
And you can't find her
You can't find her
Everyday you look a little worse

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You can't find her
In the mirror everything's reversed
You can't find her
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Everyday you feel a little cursed

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