

Outside Bud's Jazz Records

Laura Veirs

It's kind of hard to play guitar in my car
I can only stretch myself out so far
Closed off from a lousing
And the sad old man in his dripping tears and shame

Hey now now hey now
Hey now now hey now

The women pass stare at their reflections in the plate glass windows
The suits throw Diet Pepsi cans in the trash
I know it's time to buy another record
Stan gets to let me forget for just a minute

Hey now now hey now
Hey now now hey now

He's done everything he can
He's really not a man

Hey now now hey now
Hey now now hey now