

Wooden Nickels

Eels

Went down by the old courthouse
Stumbling through the streets
Had to get out of the house
Had to use my feet And you may not think much of me now
But I think so damn much of you Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
A devil of a time awaits you
When the party's over
You're on your own
Trash truck coming up the road
Picking up the trash
Riding to a better place
Hoping we don't crash Thinking how things have turned out
I never would've guessed it
This way Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
A devil of a time awaits you
When the party's over
You're on your own And you may not think much of me now
But I think so damn much of you
Don't take any wooden nickels
When you sell your soul
A devil of a time awaits you
Now the party is over
I'm on my own

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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