

# Charlemagne In Sweatpants

## The Hold Steady

When he's holding then the streetlamps, they seem an awful lot like spotlights  
Yeah, sometimes Charlemagne gets uptight  
Running numbers between bars, running girls between the cars  
And sometimes Charlemagne feels alright, alright, alright Charlemagne had eyes just like a lover  
Last winter there was weather and his eyes just iced right over  
Cassanova's in the corner and he's asking for a dance  
Speed shooters driving 'round and coming down and trying to hook up with an exit  
ramp Tramps like us and we like tramps  
Charlemagne's got something in his sweatpants  
Holly was supposed to be at CCD but she was walking around on shady streets  
She was looking around for something she could take up to a party  
And it's not like she's enslaved, it's more like she's enthralled  
She don't need it but she likes it so she always makes that call First it makes her feel tall, then it  
makes her feel small and it's all a sweet fleeting feeling  
They did the "been caught stealing" into "dancing on the ceiling"  
And you're damn right we danced  
Charlemagne's got something in his sweatpants  
Do you want me to tell it like it's boy meets girl and the rest is history, or do you want it like a  
murder mystery?  
I'm gonna tell it like a comeback story  
'Cause when we left we were defeated and depressed and when we arrived we were ripping high  
We had a gun in the glove box, we had some sweet stuff tucked into our socks, and Jesus Christ  
in all His glory

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>