

Mr. E's Beautiful Blues

Eels

The smokestack spitting black soot into the sooty sky
The load on the road brings a tear to the Indian's eye
The elephant won't forget what it's like inside his cage
The ringmaster's telecaster sings on an empty stage
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
The girl with the curls
And the sweet pink ribbon in her hair
She's crawling out her window
'Cause her daddy, he just don't care, come on
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
The clown with the frown
Driving down to the sidewalk fair
Finger on the trigger
Let me tell you gave us quite a scare
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
The kids flip their lids
When their lids hear that crazy sound
My neighbor digs the flavor
Still he's moving to another town
And I don't believe he'll come back
Goddamn right it's a
beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Well, I don't know
How you take in all the shit you see
No don't believe anyone
And most of all don't believe me, believe you
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day
Goddamn right it's a beautiful day

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

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