

## Grace Kelly Blues

Eels

The cut-rate mime walking through the dirty streets  
Of paris in the hot august heat  
Sun melting the fake smile away  
Just looking for a place to stay

The actress gave up all her old dreams  
And traded up now she is a queen  
Royal families don't have time for that shit  
Your crystal ball - you keep it hid

The tractor-trailer driver radios:  
Help me someone i'm out here all alone  
Truck driving the black night away  
Praying for the light of day

The kid in the mall works at hawt dawg on a stick  
His hat is a funny shape his heart is a brick  
Taking your order he will look away  
He doesn't have a thing to say

But me i'm feeling pretty good as of now  
I'm not so sure when i got here or how  
Sun melting the fake smile away  
I think, you know, i'll be okay