

## Tour Good

Frankie Cosmos

I don't know what I'm cut out for  
If there's anything I have love for  
I throw myself upon its door  
And tell it how fucked you are  
Up in morning  
Down at dawn  
Warm up vocals  
Sing a song  
Sit in car  
Read a book  
Rest stop eggs or chips  
I look at you every day  
You change, I change, hooray