

# Fancy Clothes

Mayer Hawthorne

Oh oh

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He takes his chances lets the chips fall as they might  
He books that transatlantic flight  
She works all day can barely stay awake at night  
We all must learn to sacrifice

But that's the way it goes  
So they say, c'est la vie  
Put on your fancy clothes  
float away, from me  
Yeah that's the way it goes  
Put on your fancy clothes and ride away  
And ride away and ride away

Parisian summers and the winters in L.A  
For him it's more than just a dream  
She cooks her dinner in her Jean Paul Gaultier  
She can't imagine what he means

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Yeah that's the way it goes  
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And ride away and ride away yeah

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