Tyrone

My Morning Jacket

I'm getting tired of your shit
You don't ever buy me nothing
See every time you come around
You gotta bring Jim James, Paul and Tyrone

See, why can we be by ourselves sometime?
I've been having this on my mind for a long time
I just want it to be you and me like it used to be, baby
But you don't know how to act

So matter a fact, I think you better call Tyrone
And tell him come on help you get your shit
Yeah you better call Tyrone
But you can't use my phone

Every time we go somewhere
I gotta reach down in my purse
To pay your way
And your homeboys way
And sometimes your cousins way
They don't ever have to pay
Don't have no cars
Hang around in bars
Try to hang around with stars
Like Badu I'm gonna tell you true
You better show 'em proof

Call Tyrone
And tell him come on help you get your shit
Oh call Tyrone
But you can't use my phone