

Magpie

Peach Pit

Sippin' up a tin can, bit of a wasted while
Never put in too much effort, no, when his day's let go
Sniffin' anything just to get him taste, he tried it, he couldn't
Kick that old malaise from his golden days
Feelings fade

Drippin' off a thin, thin, thin, thin as it gets, a line of a woman
Just to keep his toes underneath his nose
She lets go

You're the wrong guy, Magpie
Haven't you a good point?
The strip joint's still having you

We ain't gonna get you outta here
No, we ain't gonna get you outta here
Which you're fond of saying
I know that you're down as ever, though
Oh, I know that you're down as ever, though
And you want it, baby
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

Rippin' on a six speed, wind in the face
He's wild and he's looking to that open sky
For some life inside
He's so tried

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The strip joint's still having you

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Oh, we ain't gonna get you outta here
Which you're fond of saying
I know that you're down as ever, though
Oh, I know that you're down as ever, though
And you want it, baby
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah

We ain't gonna get you outta here
No, we ain't gonna get you outta here
Do you want it lately?
I know that you're down as ever, though
Oh, I know that you're down as ever, though
And you want it, baby
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah