

## Double Parked

Spin Doctors

Head in the clouds and I'm afraid to fail  
Got a knife in my shoulder and I can't inhale  
I try to quit but I can only quail  
And I lost my card that says, "Get out of jail"

Plastic people with electric books  
Dogs on the street all giving me looks  
Not enough shepherds and too many crooks  
Not enough mermaids and too many hooks

Foot in the grave, ants in my pants  
Wooden leg, thinks it can dance  
I got ten tin cans full of cants  
And all my speeches  
Turn into rants, turn into rants, turn around  
Turn into rants, turn into rants, turn around  
Turn into rants, turn into rants, turn around  
Turn into rants, turn into rants, turn around

Foot on the brake and a face full of cake  
I took off my shoes and stepped on a rake  
Single shot, double take  
Bad faith for goodness sake

Doing my best, I'm deeply depressed  
You can't pet every dog that barks  
Remind me to tell you why the tub's full of sharks  
But it's a long story and I'm double parked

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I take a selfie with everything I eat  
High-five strangers as I walk down the street  
My teeth are straight, and my toes are curled  
And I'm alive to the jive of the modern world

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