

100 Girls

Stroke 9

100 girls or maybe more
Who left me passed out on the floor
I know it might be wrong
I had to write this song
For a hundred girls and hundreds more

There was Katherine in Manhattan
Her mouth was always laughin'
She's always a distraction
Cuz she always wants some action
At one she took me in a cab
Two, in a Soho bar
Three, she got real bad
And jumped me in a subway car

These are Mary's voodoo ways
We would stay in bed for days
In an alligator haze
In her swampy Southern place
She broke me down on Bourbon Street
Curled up at her feet
As Mary flashed the parades
I fixed myself with hurricanes

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I wish I heard you tell me
Make up your mind
Wake up
Make up your mind
Make up your mind

This is Daisy, this is crazy
Always telling me I'm lazy
Her endurance would amaze me
And her swearing didn't phase me
It was based upon a sweet lie
Like a butterfly
She showed herself in many phases
And had a thing for public places
Late at night in Fenway Park
She led me naked through the dark
Daisy let me suffer there
Smothered in my underwear

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There was Allison and here's the thing
I thought that she was 17
She was 18 but looked 16
And told me she was 23

Valerie who hated money
Stuck me to the sheets with honey
Caroline from Amsterdam
Took off with some other band
Megan, Kim and the rest
I love you all and that's the test
If I wake up in time
How will I make up my mind

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