

They Want My Soul

Spoon

Let's go get out in the street
Somebody's gotta
Let's get the stars to align
For lambs to slaughter

In the photographs
Their eyes make a signal path
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on

Don't it feel like Friday night?
Cars are all lined up
Let it go push you around
Oh, what's it amount to?

Card sharks and street preachers want my soul
All the sellers and palm readers want my soul
Post sermon socialites
Park enchanters and skin tights
All they want's my soul
Yeah, they want my soul

In the photograph
Your eyes make a signal path
And the feeling goes on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on

Let's go lose track of time
Somebody's gotta
Let's get the stars to align
For lambs to slaughter

Educated folk singers want my soul
Jonathon Fisk still wants my soul
I got nothing I want to say to 'em
They got nothing left that I want
All they want's my soul
Yes, yes, I know it
They want my soul

They want my soul
Oh ah, want my soul
Oh ah, they want my soul
Oh ah, they want my soul