

Evangelista, Smooth Jazz

Something's always ringin, something's always off the tree.
Someone's always singing I gotta be me - ow.
And they cranked it all day they dropped it at my feet.
And I ate it up like ice cream, I ate it up and walked away.

Something's in my eye, something's stuck in there like cold air.
Someone's always crying, someone's wasted in their underwear.
I'm inclined to keep my mind.

Something's always tasting, someone's always fencing in.
Tape their hands in pear shapes waiting to begin.
So they polished it all day they dropped it at my feet.
And I ate it up like ice cream, I ate it up and walked away.