

# Coolsville

## Rickie Lee Jones

I and Braggar, and Junior Lee,  
well that's the way we always thought it would be  
In the wind-strewn leaves of September, how we met  
IN THE WINSTON LIPS OF  
SEPTEMBER, HOW WE MET  
Decked out like aces, we'd beat anybody's bet  
Cuz we was  
Coolsville... cuz we was Coolsville  
Well you stick it here;  
you stick it over there;  
but it never fits  
And now a hungry night you want more and more  
and you chip in your little kiss.  
AND YOU'RE CHIPPYIN' YOUR LITTLE KISS  
Well, I  
jumped all his jokers,  
but he trumped all my tricks  
And I swear to God I thought this one was smart enough to  
stick it into Coolsville... yeah stick it into Coolsville...  
So now it's J and B, and me, and that sounds close,  
but it ain't the same (well, that's okay)  
Hot City don't hurt that much but everything feels the same  
Well the real thing come and the real thing go...  
Well the real thing is back in town...  
Ask me if you wanna know The way to Coolsville...  
(Well I hear you wanna go back to Coolsville...  
Well come on honey, take you back... to Coolsville)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>