

# Dogs Damour, Kiss My Heart Goodbye

(4:10)

She dressed in scarlet dust for the fall  
An I kicked dead leaves up against the wall  
In my well worn silver tipped boots  
And the streets of Paris got on my nerves  
We avoided the crowds and we hung out with the dogs  
In the store where the air was warm  
This is just a dirty tourist town  
Where the whores and the junkies go to get up, or get down  
You can kiss my heart goodbye, cross my heart and hope to die  
You can say just what you want of me  
You can kiss my heart goodbye, kiss my soul an' I hope you cry  
You can say just what you want of me  
They smell they lie they don't live up to their legends why  
Well the rich get fat and the poor just stay that way  
The sad and the lonely they're the only ones with style  
Maybe these are the lost ones where the legend stems from  
You can kiss my heart goodbye...  
...my heart ...goodbye