

Old 97's, Salome

Salome, uncross your heart
I know what goes on inside it's over before it starts
Well I'll stay all night, I'll wait right here
Full moon might work magic, girl but I won't disappear.
And I'm tired of makin' friends.
And I'm tired of makin' time.
And I'm sick to death of love.
And I'm sick to death of tryin'.
And it's easier for you
Yeah it's easier for you.
And it's easier for you
Yeah it's easier for you.
Salome, untie my hands
Well I'll find another lady
And you'll wreck another man.
It's over now, and so are we
My blood's turned to dirt girl
You broke every part of me
And I'm tired of makin' friends.
And I'm tired of makin' time.
And I'm sick to death of love.
And I'm sick to death of tryin'.
And it's easier for you.
Yeah it's easier for you.
And it's easier for you.
Yeah it's easier for you.
(guitar solo)
And I'm tired of makin' friends.
And I'm tired of makin' time.
And I'm sick to death of love
And I'm sick to death of tryin'.
And it's easier for you.
Yeah it's easier for you.
And it's easier for you.
Yeah it's easier for you.
And it's easier for you.
Yeah it's easier for you.