

# Pete Doherty, Salome

In the cold, coldest of nights  
The fire I light, to warm my bones  
Oh love, had enough, of the dreadful cold  
And from the flames, appears Salome  
I stand before her amazed  
As she dances and demands  
The head of John the Baptist on a plate  
In the morning, shaken and disturbed  
From under soft white fur  
I see the dust in the morning bright sets the room alive  
And by the telly appears Salome  
I stand before her amazed  
As she dances and demands  
The head of Isidora Duncan on a plate  
Oh, It's Salome  
Oh, It's Salome