

Rickie Lee Jones, Pink Flamingos

Dan and I like Las Vegas, never seen the sea
Where the river, where the river bed runs dry
She closes his eyes, puts her ear to his shirt
And listens to the whole wide earth
Lila's ready, she look in the mirror
He has stopped, he can't hear her
She stops in a bar, apparently she is unhurt
And with a little bit of change, oh feels good
She washes her wings in the dirt
And the bar is filled with angels cuz the world is turned upside down
All of you've been walking on your heads
Since the day your feet touched the ground
Any day, any day we'll go home
Any day, any day we'll go home, home
Well he knocks on the door, someone show him how
And I seen them before, I know him somehow
Why does he stick to my fingers?
Why does this look like his soul?
They could just make him a heaven or hell
What don't they?
I don't know
What do they want with these angels?
Why don't they take them to Reno?
Nobody ever comes for them
They're all inside of the casinos
Look at them poking like flightless birds falling from paper plates
Oh home, heavenly earthbound
But the spirit cannot wait to fly like the pink flamingos
To fly like the pink flamingos, fly, fly ?