Scott Walker, Psoriatic

Neath the bougie a nimble rigger slyly rolls the pea

Bye the bye the bye

Red is patchy

Snows the silver

Bye the bye the bye

Can't turn from a crotch in the darkness

To turn to the valley of a king

Ja-da ja-da ja-da

jing jing jing

Wrapped in blankets

then in blankets

Hear the germs pinging on the night wind

Cross the west coast to the west coast to the west coast

The angelus begins

Eye for hand

Dye y-et eye

bye-t the negro

come on sucker

anthrax jesus

sack of the-b

shawl for he-b

no bye the bye

Pulling out won't be slow

sorry baby b the needles

another night I gotta pull

muffle bye

no bye the bye

by the bye

no bye the bye

Neath the bougie a nimble rigger slyly rolls the pea

Bye the bye the bye

Red is patchy

Snows the silver

Bye the bye the bye

Don't think it hasn't been fun because it hasn't

Donje is Donje in the spring

Ja-da ja-da ja-da

jing jing jing

Wrapped in blankets

then in blankets

They plunge like rays

Snapping down the night wind

Cross the east coast to the east coast

Scratch the air and blue burn

The angelus begins

Pulling out won't be slow

Sorry baby

Staple Jesus dreamed he mammoth

gathered y-et

bye the bye

no bye the bye

Scaling comes scaling comes

Red is patchy

Snows the silver

Another night gotta pull

muffle bye

no bye the bye

bye the bye

no bye the bye