

Shivaree, Arlington Girl

She does raindances when she's feeling dry
North train track woman got her arms in the sky
And she's moving to Arlington as soon as she can
She got blood in her eye stones in her sky and she walks like a man
Arlington girl Arlington girl
She says she does she does all she pleases
Dancing on tomb stones
Black dirt and old bones
Some say she's hangin'
Just waiting around
For Jesus
She does raindances and she knows the score
All the back alley banjo boys lie down and die on the floor
Sewing stories for Romans on yellows and blues
Expensive suites and dirty teeth
There sand in her shoes
Arlington girl Arlington girl
She says she does she does all she pleases
Dancing on tomb stones
Black dirt and old bones
Some say she's hanging
Just waiting around
For Jesus
Insatiable sins well sometimes they turn out all right
Only cursed girls have this blessing of foresight
So to stop herself from going insane
She rinses her soul off
Down in the cold
Blue rain