

Soul Coughing, St. Louise Is Listening

I stopped the thought before it's drip became insistent
I rubbed it out and loved the spot where it were missing
She's widely known the only maquereau that pays her taxes

I got to box her for the money, said it might end
Reeling and stumbling, I've got to bump around a while
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening

You rang the eskimo to meet you at the station
Oh he's like milk to you half Swedish and half Asian
And your aphasia strikes a bargain with the barter yardie

I got to box you for the money, said it might end
Reeling and stumbling, I've got to bump around a while
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening

Let me get up on it, let me let me
Let me get up on it, let me let me

I could be your babydoll, I could be your doll baby
I could be the thing you want I could do it all for you

You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening

Let me get up on it, let me let me (repeat)