

Swingin' Utters, Dead Flowers, Bottles, Bluegrass

The first time I met you
was up on the hill
with tequilla on Tuesday
and roses in well
You gave me a kiss
As strong as the winds
That swirl through the lots
of China basin

I stood and I stared
At the brass of St. Mary
Where the beggers
are more likely wishing then praying
Heard the gamblers
Rushing the gates of bay meadows
or was it the beating
Of hearts in the ghettos

Give me your heart
and take my ring, love
Give me your heart
And break this string, love
I've plenty of room
for improvement, you see
and many a fool
Fake this thing called love

I stood and I stared
at the cemetary stones
Dead flowers, bottles,
Bluegrass and bones

Smelled the signs of the mourner
the shit from the dogs
the rains and the tears
in the interment bogs

So I strolled through the day
until boredom was dawn
with the gulls
in the garbage singing along
where the boats in the harbor
have nothing to say
about the fish and the shit
that float in the bay

If I see you again
It will be up on the hill
with tequilla on Tuesday
and roaches to kill
We'll be crying and drunk
or laughing and stones
For Dead Flowers, Bottles,
Bluegrass and bones