

Trash Can Sinatras, Send For Henny

You led me headlong to the place where I belong
Dealing big blows to what my heart knows
Old hat and old stories
I get a little red and I'll burst rather than wax and melt
I get a little wrecked
And recalled how I cursed the fact of your tortured trust
Now that's gone I was so wrong, we know where our love lies
Through the catacombs we roam
Come into my house, throw open the windows wide
Then back to your house to do likewise
Cliche time more or less, I stake my claim
You stake my heart, striking dumb then dearly depart
When it gets too heavy, send for Henny - I'll follow her
Where wet nursed apologies and putrid prisons mix
Our love becomes this useless box of tricks
When it seems so heavy, send for Henny - I'll follow her