

Trophy Scars, Dreams Of New Orleans

The taste of blue skies
Like Frank Sinatra's eyes
And open pools of blood
You bet they never looked so good
I'm coming home, I'm coming home
Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans
We're spinning
Out of control again
But the taste of the ocean floors and time will tell,
"Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, baby
Maybe we'll meet again,"
Well, get out of your car, come on kiss me

"Mechanical blades
And address books with no names,"
It's the stories I trade
And knives wrapped in lace
Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans
I'm coming home, I'm coming home

We're spinning
Out of control again
But the taste of the ocean floors and time will tell,
"Yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, baby
Maybe we'll meet again,"
Well, get out of your car, whore, come on kiss me

(I dream of New Orleans)
Lift your casket to the sky
I hope tonight I die
I hope tonight we die
I'm coming home

Home

Tonight I dream of New Orleans
(I got a gun in New Orleans)
Can a man witness his own funeral?
(He's got a gun)

Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans

I dream of New Orleans.