

Two Gallants, My Madonna

Your visions been blessed if I'm still fully dressed,
but before you leave me, here's one last request,
Well no I don't care, no I don't mind,
if you don't hear a word from this broke heart of mine.
But can I borrow your face just to unload my mind,
borrow your face just to unload my mind.

Well now I know I'm pathetic, I'm the sage of absurd,
but I won't violate you with touch but with words,
but there's no need to ask, shut your mouth, raise a glass,
but the youth that you drink to's already the past.
And the boy on your arm girl, you know he won't last,
the boy on your arm girl, you know he won't last.

My Madonna's undressin', her robes are all torn,
and I swear that she's callin' my name.
but for all her caresses, my senses are worn,
the feelin' is gone, and sweet lady, you just don't taste the same.

And I'll drink just to drive, if my love don't arrive,
I don't wanna survive, I don't wanna survive,
and all that I know is, I smile just for show,
and nobody's listenin', but everyone knows.
So just sit back and watch while my memory corrodes,
sit back and watch, while my memory corrodes.

And I curse my own comfort for the deaf and the blind,
'cause it's dark as a dungeon way down in my mind.
And I wake on the floor with my country at war,
and I wish I could care but my liver's too sore.
And if liquor's a lover, you know I'm a whore,
if liquor's a lover, you know I'm a whore.

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