

Apostle Of Hustle, They Shoot Horses, Don't The

What can you trust
You can trust the open eyes
Looking out from
The body's blood disguise,
Autumn colors
Blinding me from up above
Would be fire
If we were making love

Where is that body
That zeros in on god
Total surrender
Like a junkie un-armed
I've seen beauty
From the belly on 'em
Tell me something
Anything
You can hear inside a song

Goodnight
Palace of pleasure
Good morning blues
I guess we'll never know
What could have been
The dream is over
Go back to sleep again

Who needs thinking
When the drinks are on the house
Evaporating
All the time I was in doubt
I've been sleeping
With a better girl than you
Loved her stories
All the photographs
Its true

Goodnight
Palace of pleasure
Good morning blues
I guess we'll never know
What could've been
The dream is over
Go back to sleep again

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Go back to sleep again