

Blackie And The Rodeo Kings, Paleface

I don't need to be all things
to everyone but to you I can't try any harder
holding my half up in this arrangement
keeps landing me in hot water
oh to bring good will
I know that I can't buy you flowers
oh to cure your ills
would take more will than ours

gold dust at my feet
grease in my hair
shoes of black leather
kiss me again my sweet
and make my pale face grow redder

oh this ring comes from my girl
and this coat belongs to my brother
there's room for one other
in this hiding place
there is no disgrace

I can hear the trumpet
like Gabriel blowing out its reveille
the march of the saints
and roll call in heaven
far over the deep blue sea
oh the morning light
can be mistaken for the sundown
oh you set your sights
and you find your map's the wrong way round

gold dust etc

this ring etc

if you stay right here
I could be right back
I could give you some feathers to lay on
it's a lonesome ride and the deck is stacked
but we all need a hand to play on

gold dust etc

oh this ring etc

there is no disgrace

there is no disgrace