

Charlatans Uk, With No Shoes

Charlatans Uk
Tellin' Stories
With No Shoes
Stone me

And may you always have no shoes
And i would rather just for you
Be the devil make you mine

And she
I know you say you hardly sleep
I make you cold i make you weak
I'll be the son of everything you hate

And come the day i'll be the king
The king of all and everything
Your saint is coming thru'
You know he's going to feed on you

I've been walkin' with no shoes
Keep your mountain picnic blues
Today i'm baptising you

Stone me
And may you always have no shoes
And i would rather just for you
Be in a taxi driving miles from here

I've been walking with no shoes
Fill my kidneys up with booze
Today i'm killing you

The stars
Who play with laughing sam goodnight
I know god is on your side
I'll be the devil
Make you, make you mine

And i could hardly wait to shoot you down
I keep you underneath my crown
A side of beef should see you off to sleep

I've been walking with no shoes
Keep your mountain picnic blues
Today i'm baptising you