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