

Chris Whitley, Guns & Dolls

Slow neurosis
Lay awaiting the cousin to come
Got my mouth all around her
~Neath the blanket where the world is run
Now you take the weed in your hungry hand sister
All in need of the naked man that
Can't get over
Guns and dolls all around this room
You can't get over
Guns and dolls any afternoon
Now the wind know no one
When she carve your face up and down my arm
Get my eyes wide open
For one moment I know we can do no wrong
But I, I see you there as you pull me down
Like there's so much promise in any playground
And I can't get over
Guns and dolls all around this room
I can't get over
Guns and dolls all afternoon
Bit my lip off, broken road where you
Slip your tongue to the hard and cold
Where we make them deals
With these naked myths
Break me, mama
From the ties of the kitsch romance
Got to ride me over
All these lies of deliverance
I can't get over
Can't get over
Well, I can't control it
Can't get over