Constantines, On To You

The architects are choking out another hollow tooth
And the rooms have all been rented from the gutter to the roof
In the heart of a city desire finds its fuel
You go out looking for trouble, sooner or later and the trouble finds you

Here the men walk like pigeons
And the women all talk loud
Skin's a coin of the kingdom
Everybody's lonesome
The wild boys say
'I'm onto you'

So to hell with the mill sallow chorus
Lift you body out of exile
Come bend to the outlaw arrow
Come let me under you veil
They might say love is only trouble
We're both too drunk to steer it
We may never be angels
But we're lousy with the spirit

Here the men walk like pigeons
And the women all talk loud
Skin's a coin of the kingdom
Everybody's lonesome
The diamond girls say
'I'm onto you'

And the streets say
'I'm onto you'
And the night say
'I'm onto you'
And the lovers say
'I'm onto you'

In the fire of my youth
We were racing with the sun
Kissing in the churchyard
I knew a righteous woman