

# 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