

Constantines, St. You

sweet girl in the diamond cut dress
she's the queen of the broken hearts
I'm going to milk that posison tongue
and go blind in the lovers' march
who you calling on?
who's callin' you?
I'm soaked in kerosene
this is no gentleman's blues
emptied a pocket full of pennies
wading in the well
hoping that my hook scraped your tooth
in a city that was hung by that old devil moon
I scaled a steet called St. You
baby bled on all my keys
she set my strings ablaze
saying "sweetheart you ask too many questions, It'never just a pretty face"
who you callin' on?
who's callin' on you?
they might say love has a tigger finger
they might call me a fool
keep on keeping your love captive in them hollow tombs
I'm still swingin' on the cross of St. You