

# 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 &quot;sweetheart you ask too many questions, It'never just a pretty face&quot;  
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