

# Eleni Mandell, Wishbone

He's older than the hills, boys, winking the night away, Jack  
He's a punk, rat, cat guts, your tongue, my man your time is up  
No good, rotten, I told him get lost!  
For bragging 'bout the tricks that he used to tie knots  
Just another good reason that he used to get sauced  
See the city laid out flat on it's back  
Hear the night winds moan  
There'll be good luck for one of us  
Wishbone

He's just a child, you twist his arm, he's always guilty, man  
He'll never fix what he did wrong  
He hides beneath his hat  
I've seen him half a dozen times before  
Dirty, filthy, looking for  
Some empty arms that he could fall into  
See the city laid out flat on it's back, man  
She's all alone  
There'll be good luck for one of us  
Wishbone

I say I'll meet you in the alley where I heard the woman screaming  
&quot;Somebody, please, help me&quot;  
The lights may flicker engine blue  
I tell you that our love is true  
Now, this could be the real thing  
See the city laid out flat on it's back  
Hear the night winds moan  
There'll be good luck for one of us  
Wishbone