

Lloyd Cole, Tell Your Sister

i've got a little piece of paper with your name written on it
got a head full of attitude and nowhere to put it
tell me why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue
why don't you come down
soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of rue morgue avenue

well there's a chapel on the corner where i'm doing my crying
there's a limit to my patience, what d'ya say fay let's get married
down on rue morgue avenue
they say the world keeps on turning, and everything remains the same
well my heart's burning and i say everything must change
why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue
why don't you come down
soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of rue morgue avenue
rue morgue avenue

rita mae, tell your sister she's unkind
tell your sister well, i don't mind
tell your sister, she's got mine

why don't you come down
soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground
i got a four letter word, starts with the letter l
can't bring myself to say it 'cause it's making my life hell
why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue
'cause i've been drinking all night and all day
just trying to picture your sweet face
down on rue morgue avenue
down on rue morgue avenue
down on rue morgue avenue

rita mae, tell your sister she's unkind
tell your sister well, i don't mind
tell your sister, she knows where, where i lie
down on rue morgue avenue
down on rue morgue avenue
down on...
down on rue morgue avenue
down on rue morgue avenue