

Lucinda Williams, Real Live Bleeding Fingers And

You've got a sense of humor
You're a mystery
I heard a rumor
You're making history

Photographic dialogues
Beneath your skin
Pornographic episodes
Screaming sin

'Til its real live bleeding fingers
Broken guitar strings

You are my Prince Charming
Draped in velvet robes
Of all that's alarming
Raw and exposed

Shattered nerves
Itchy skin
Dirty words
And heroin

Better real live bleeding fingers
Broken guitar strings

I climbed all the way inside
Your tragedy
I got behind
The majesty

Of the different shapes
In every note
The endless tapes
Of every word you wrote

With real live bleeding fingers
Broken guitar strings [2x]