

Mark Eitzel, Cleopatra Jones

The people I was with said you were
Nothing but a fag hag and a dope fiend
But the song of your eyes
Was of the loneliest woman I've ever seen
We talked drunkenly at the bar
I thought there's a sweetness here
The world is missing
You just got fired and now you're out
High and drunk and celebrating

Cleopatra Jones
If they don't see you then they're blind
Cleopatra Jones
Liquor and love and everything that's kind

Always kind to strangers
But you know enough never to look back
You never know if they're about to
Pour salt in the knife wound on your back
People in this bar are all smiles
But that doesn't mean they'll give you
The air you need to breathe
When the show's over
They'll take a big part of you
When they decide to leave

Cleopatra Jones
She can kung fu just like Hercules
Cleopatra Jones
Leaves evil men on their knees

Cleopatra only answers to a higher source from above
A sensitivity to bright light
And an unfounded belief in love
And a soul a little bigger
A little bigger than politeness can endure
Lighter than air and harder to hold
And much much bluer
Much bluer

Cleopatra Jones
Is in exile with a lot of class
Cleopatra Jones
Teach me how to kick a little ass
Cleopatra Jones
Scales of justice under her head wrap
Cleopatra Jones
Crown of thorns, wears it like a nightcap