

Mike Scott, All The Things She Gave Me

All the things
All the things she gave me
All the things
All the things she gave me

I wrapped them up
In a big brown box
Tied it with ribbon
Drove to the docks
Checked my time
By the old town clock
All the things...

I saw the watchman
He was blowing into
Cupped hands
As he walked to the car
He said "Where do you think
You're drivin' to, Son?
All good folks are in bed
And a day's work is done"

I said "I'm just looking for
Someplace to burn
All the things
All the things that she gave me...
All the things that she gave me
Where do I put them?
Where can I hide them
Where I won't have to see them?"

It's dark as hell here
This city's grown cold
The devil's in drag
Playing poker with souls
The lots are all empty
The last man is out
The moon's made of cheese
And God is a boy scout

When I go to sleep
I'll be dreaming about
All the things...

Then I'll dream about churches
With great tall spires
Cathedrals and candles
Chimneys and choirs
I'll dream about
THAT place
Where I set fire
All the things
All the things that she...