

Silver Jews, Black And Brown Blues

Baby let's get dressed up
I got two pairs of shoes
Darling you look so beautiful
When your hair's all hung in jewels

And sometimes I find it really hard to choose
Between a pair of black and a pair of brown shoes

When I'm high on batwings
Up by the silvery moon
I think of a certain sad-eyed king
Trapped in his golden room
And I dream of a cold river on the way
To come and sweep that king into this black and brown bay

Well the water looks like jewelry
When it's coming out the spout
And nothing could make me feel better
Than a wet kiss on the mouth

Fake ID's and honey bees
The jagged skyline of car keys
I never knew a bird could fly so low

Rub out the catlight
Rub out the village
Red and white exit light
That's exodus damage
Why don't people think of who they use?
Why don't you try and come and get me:
Black and brown blues

It's raining triple sec in Tchula
And the radio plays "Crazy Train"
There's a quadron ball in the beehive
Hanging out in the rain
And when there's trouble I don't like running
But I'm afraid I got more in common
With who I was than who I am becoming

When I go downtown
I always wear a corduroy suit
Cause it's made of a hundred gutters
That the rain can run right through
But a lonely man can't make a move
If he can't even bring himself to choose
Between a pair of black and a pair of brown shoes