

Spin Doctors, How Could You Want Him (When Y

I'm quite contented to take my chances
Against the Guildensterns & Rosenkrantzes
It's a matter of Cain & Abel
And I can feel your knee underneath the table
He doesn't dangle by the seraphim
He only wants a pretty face by him so
How could you want him when you know you could have me?
See the pigeons peck & peck to pay the dues
They peck a little extra to resole their shoes
He's with the pigeons pecking crumbs
I'm on my deathbed bleeding with the cherubim
He doesn't dangle by the seraphim
He only wants a pretty face by him so
How could you want him when you know you could have me?
Ferocious angels send me falling stars
But I know just how dangerous wishes are
Ferocious angels watch me come and go
But I'm not too smart to go barging off of roof tops, though
Sit out September on the window sill
'Cause you can't drink wine from a two dollar bill
Saint Christopher lives on the end of a quill
Leave him a diamond in your last will
He doesn't dangle by the seraphim
He only wants a pretty face by him so
How could you want him when you know you could have me?
How could you want him when you know you could have me? (x4)