

The Geraldine Fibbers, House Is Falling

There's a place I go
When I'm feelin' fine
And the hours pass
With no track of time
I'm in your arms
The sun lights your thighs
In the distance a doggy cries
My love

We lay around
In a smoky haze
Drinkin' mint juleps
And honey glaze
You comb my hair
Into a French chignon
Cigarettes overflowin' in the ashtray
My love

Runnin' down the hallway
Gonna milk you like a billygoat
And the biggest liar in town
Blows a kiss into the mirror
And the biggest liar in town
Blows a kiss
My baby blows a kiss

I trust you, sugar
You're in my blood
Box and blanket and broken rosebud
I burn until the light
Goes out in your eyes
The butter moon kisses the earthly skies
My love

Well, the bed is so soft
And the food is so rich
We fall asleep sewing dreams
Stitch by stitch
The house is old
And it's falling down
But it's falling slow, so we're safe and sound
My love

Runnin' down the hallway
Gonna milk you like a billygoat, yeah
And the biggest liar in town
Blows a kiss into the mirror
The biggest liar in town
Blows a kiss
My baby blows a kiss