

Zita Swoon, Josiesomething

Josie said be quiet and she stared into the sun
And sent her faith upon a permanent vacation
I never knew somebody who could speak like she's a gun
And make the roar sound like a peaceful conversation

Josie said now hush
Or else the flapping of your tongue will wake the dogs
Already on our trail
Josie closed her eyes like she had planned to all along
Up smack dab in Sorrowville

Although we shared the movements lord
Although we shared the thoughts
We had a very differnt kind of destination
If mine was dark and never sure
If mine was painted blue
Then hers would kill the devil if it hit him

Oh man I am stranded
Oh man I've done wrong
Oh man I pretend that
Life still goes on

I might as well get wasted
Oh sister don't you go

She could have been a movie lord
She cold have been a song
But the real to real would roll it into wrong