

Attila Ambrus

Astronautalis

Girl, I'll make a mink stole from the Spanish Moss
And drag a shot of whiskey up from the river bottom
We ain't got to swallow our pride!
Gimme a long kiss goodbye, hold your heart
And be sure and tell 'em all just why I shot him
Don't ever let 'em catch you cryin'! Come on, lady. I been waiting patient pacing playing the wall
For maybe half of the night
You been playin' hard to get, you taste your fingertips
You dip into the glass and spin the ice
The heat is on the kettle now, we'll never settle down
And darlin' I ain't asked for life
Let's blow some steam and spin across the planks and beams
I wanna dance and shake the rafters and lights
Old John Law's gonna drag our asses through the streets
And when he slaps them cuffs on my hands
I want blisters on my feet!
I ain't never seen a man who could make sense
Of what the good Lord is asking us right
I wasn't born to kill, but baby
That's just the morning's pill
That we don't have to swallow tonight
All our friends had bitter ends
With broken bottle hands and cigarettes for lashes on eyes
So, let's collapse on boulevards of bottle caps
And sing a song for all the crap in our lives
I know we got blues beating down our door
But we got a time till sunrise, so flip that deadbolt
And let's get back out on the floor
Old John Law's gonna drag our asses through the streets
And when he slaps them cuffs on my hands
I want blisters on my feet! Embed

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