

## 40 Stripes

Blitzen Trapper

dye your eyes the color of july  
40 stripes an no one bats an eye  
empty room with nothing on the walls  
a telephone that no one seems to call

heavy doses of what may be  
catching on to your sorcery  
chargin' me

lazy lover layin' in the grass  
hopin' that this loneliness will pass  
thunder fills the old ones with alarm  
fingers trace the thinness of the arm

read my lips and tell me what to do  
all these songs and i don't have a clue  
loving you just never really paid  
gonna get back my old job at the arcade