

Heaven In A Black Leather Jacket

The 6ths

She'll be leaving on a Sunday morning train
You'll be hanging around the docks again
Some work is never done
Can't sleep for holding on 'til then

Heaven in a black leather jacket
Hit me like a hurricane
Heaven in a black leather jacket
I don't even know your name
Heaven in a black leather jacket
Kiss me in the Hollywood rain

You've been running through the limbic system maze
Drowning it in a dull lysergic haze
Can't find much peace of mind
But after sunset you'll be fine

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