

its nine eighteen yeah its coffee colored evening
the headlights spin shadows on the ceiling
and i'm left here with the gideon bible
long strands of her hair trickle down the bed

in my soul there's a little alaska
its eighty below and its dropping

sweet ecclesiastes won't you preach to me
corner store assassin with the block nineteen
coffee makes my hand shake i'm a frightened boy
if i was jack the ripper would you still kiss me

she's smooth like the girl with the leather like binding
fall into the snow yeah you make a little angel
and i read straight through the book of revelation
saw the astronauts on tv jumpin' on the moon

and all the horses that i bet on
are lame and shot through the head

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