## **Bluefinger**

## **Black Francis**

I'm a bluefinger from up on the hill Above the dark water that's flowing there still But my blood is Isala and I'd rather swill I came down from the top and I drink every drop

I went through the Sassen Gate and I got on the train The pepper-box bell blowing my brains
But I made it go quicker with Spanish cocaine
And I looked at the cows and I made solemn vows

And if my choices are poor Well I made them, I made them And who's knocking on my door? I paid them, I paid them

If my choices are poor Well I made them, I made them And who's knocking on my door? I paid them, I paid them

I don't need the do not disturb me sign
The manager here is a friend of mine
So baby, let's go, just one more time
I'm a jumping jack to this thing on my back

And all of my choices were pure Yeah I made them, I made them And who's that knocking on my door? Well I paid them, yeah I paid them