

Sex Dreams

Courtney Marie Andrews

Indoor flight
Time to say goodnight, time to call it a day
Men in drag, smoking in the taxi cab
Dancers wave as we pass them on the strip

Fancy white sheets
You call to talk of your sex dreams
I remember when you meant something to me
I remember when you meant something to me

Now you're dealing packs of cards for dollar bills
When we all know that sadness doesn't sell
I think that you need help
Is it wrong to say I think that you need help?

Record temperatures
The Memphis blues in our ears
The washed out junkies sing for a beer
Laughs of prostitutes
They're smiling to try and escort you
But they really just need somewhere to go

And I've been trying to be myself
'Cause I'm 20 now and I already know
The routes around Hell
So I'm selling everything that I have

And I'm moving this twisted heart to the Northwest
To have an affair with my new-found prince
Drink away our nights with poker hands and sinner grins
And no one can say anything
Yeah, no one can say anything
Yeah, no one can say anything
Yeah, no one can say anything