

## When Will I Be Mine? (Ruby, Ruby)

Cowboy Junkies

I don't feel like myself tonight  
I feel like cryin' all night for real  
Like sirens outside my old foster home  
Scratch that, it's just the Dexedrine talkin'  
And the President getting his head shot off, here in Dallas for  
Christ's sake  
I'm a little more like a cold rock  
Spinning in the outerspace  
Of the black hole that his kids must be sleepin' in  
Tonight  
I feel like being myself tonight  
And cutting all these goddamn strings off  
I'm like the goat-  
herding marionette from that Broadway Nazi musical  
Getting jerked around all day by children wearing curtains for  
clothes  
Christ, what a way to go...  
Although I wouldn't trade my dogs' black assholes for those sin  
gin' kids  
I'd sell my soul for a handful of their nanny's ass  
But there's no soul left to sell  
I'm mortgaged to the teeth  
I'm the biggest whore working in the Carousel  
Ruby, Ruby - Ruby, Ruby  
Whose dog will you be tonight?  
Ruby, Ruby - Ruby, Ruby  
When will I be mine?  
I once ran numbers for Capone  
I've got every cop's home telephone  
They know me. I'm colourful! I'm a character!  
So, don't you tell me that I'm a zero  
'Cause they're in for free drinks all the time  
And that includes the fuckin' FBI  
Now give me one last shot  
As I untangle this fuckin' mess  
'Cause nothin's free and I'm the fuckin' proof  
Here's to you Lee  
Your smirk will soon be  
Kissing my fat Jew ass goodbye  
And the conspiracy  
In setting us both free  
Is that I will be mine...  
Can't you read - we're closed  
'CAUSE THE PRESIDENT'S FUCKING DEAD!  
Christ...  
When will I be mine?