

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?