

# Ruby

David Rawlings

Ruby, let down your golden hair  
When I'm standing at the bottom of your stairs  
Ruby, I can see your TV on  
But the people there, they flicker and they're gone

So let down your golden hair for me tonight  
Let down your golden hair for me to climb

Just like an old-time telegraph man  
I came here with a simple job to do  
'Cause that news coming down the wire  
Says that your head's on fire  
And I'm trying to get a message through to you

Ruby, you ain't lonely yet  
With your crystal and your Russian cigarette  
Ruby, haven't you heard before  
What good is the finest tower when it hasn't got a door?

So let down your golden hair for me to climb  
Let down your golden hair for me tonight

Just like an old-time telegraph man  
I came here with a simple job to do  
'Cause that news coming down the wire  
Says that your bed's on fire  
And I'm trying to get a message through to you, Ruby

I'm that old-time telegraph man  
And I came here with a simple job to do  
'Cause that news coming down the wire  
Says that your world's on fire  
And I'm trying to get a message through to you

I'm that old-time telegraph man  
And I came here with a simple job to do  
'Cause that news coming down the wire  
Says that your world's on fire  
And I'm trying to get a message through to you