

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