

It's Only A Paper Moon

Inspiral Carpets

With the music beating,
it's another sweaty humid southern night
She sits in the room with the light turned low
She won't tell you her age, she won't think of the past
Why look who's here, my ticket out of here (2)

It's only a paper moon, over a cardboard sea
With her mouth watering she sings like some mad old bird, like
a caged bird
She shone like a bright sun,
in a world that had been covered in darkness
This is where he took her against her will on the kitchen floor
Crushed the life out of her like a rare orchid (2)

She sits in the room with the lights turned low
Here he stands an angel of her destruction,
but it's his liquor she's drinking
She thinks of the seventeen year old boy
Who took her out to some casino,
dancing and shot himself by the lake
Watching the constellations set out against the night sky
A leaf falls in the jungle, the gun against his head
Why look who's here, my ticket out of here (2)

Arios, arios, he walks through your days like a ghost he says
I'm no Polack, I'm an American, we hear the flowers seller
call
I'm a premonition of your death,
he walks through your days like a ghost, arios
Why look who's here, my ticket out of here (2)
Hotel Flamenco, or the Hotel Tarantula
Where she pulled the legs off her victims