F#m 1. She stepped down from her carriage at 10 Vermilion Street I took off my roustabout and slung it to her feet We went into her parlor and she cooled me with her fan But said I'll go no further with a fantasy makin' man F# 2. I said I'd walk on Ponchatrain for what you have today Just to drink from your deep well and I'll be on my way She laughed and heaven filled the room said this I give to you Α E This body's wisdom is the flesh, but here's a thing or two D E D R: Death and hell are never full E And neither are the eyes of men D Cats can fly from nine stories high \mathbf{E} And pigs can see the wind 3. She let me make my pallet in the moonlight on the floor Just outside of paradise but right in hell's back door The image of her nibbled at the eye of my soul My dreams were a hurricane and quite out of control 4. Then her voice came through the storm it's more than flesh I deal You will have to pay for any wisdom that you steal I awoke to tinted windows and lavender and red The first station of the cross is just above my head F# I awoke to gargoyles and a hard bench for my bed Jesus Christ and Pontias Pilate were just above my head

R: Death and hell are never full...