

Tell Your Sister

Lloyd Cole

I've got a little piece of paper with your name written on it
Got a head full of attitude and nowhere to put it
Tell me: why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?
Why don't you come down?
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue

Well, there's a chapel on the corner where I'm doing my crying
There's a limit to my patience, what'd ya say, Fay, let's get married

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

They say the world keeps on turning, and everything remains the same

Well, my heart's burning, and I say everything must change

Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?

Why don't you come down?

Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue
Rue Morgue avenue

Rita-Mae, tell your sister she's unkind

Tell your sister

Well, I don't mind

Tell your sister, she's got mine

Why don't you come down?

Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground

I got a four letter word; starts with the letter "l"

Can't bring myself to say it 'cause it's making my life hell

Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?

'Cause I've been drinking all night and all day

Just trying to picture your sweet face

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Rita-Mae, tell your sister she's unkind

Tell your sister

Well, I don't mind

Tell your sister

She knows where

Where I lie

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Down on...

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue