

Down and Out

Mad Caddies

She wears a streetlight like a halo of gold
For some a sin, for him a sight for sore eyes
She don't see wicked when she meets it up close
Say nice to see you through the passenger side

Angels turning out and making their rounds
Cross yourself and pray you don't show it
Laying on her back and shaking him down
So break it some more, you take your chances on the corner
When your rags say down and out

Her talk is cheap as pretty second hand clothes
So lip service him just for the night
He feels his pockets and he checks her pulse
There's no pleasure in an overdose

Angels turning out and making their rounds
Cross yourself and pray you don't show it
Laying on her back and shaking him down
So break it some more, you take your chances on the corner
When your rags say down and out

Motel crime scene tape, everybody come see
Don't she kinda look like that girl from the magazine

Now that she's gone, now that she's gone
Will anyone remember her name
Now that she's gone, now that she's gone
I hope she meets the devil with her lipstick on