

Shotguns

Oracle Sisters

Shotguns ringing in the dead of night
Holy ghost in the velvet light
Blind man singing for his sunday meal
Look he gave you couldn't get more real

Storm is stirring at the break of day
God made man from a lump of clay
Howl with the wind baby howl with sea
What does it all mean to me?

Ribbon tied to the funeral car
Old gang stumble in to the bar
Sing us a song girl, make it quick
If I'm here much longer I'm gonna get sick

Sister sliding out the back door
She's gone searching for something more
Damned if you don't and damned if you do
Never was one with much to prove