Nevada!

Pere Ubu

We've come on the sloop John B,
my grandfather & me
Round Nassau Town we did roam through them dry sea beds
And them dinosaur bones
The heat beat down fit to crack them stones
And I feel so broke down I gotta go home...
So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail sets
I call for the captain, sayin, "I gotta go home"
I call for the captain, sayin, "I wanna go home"
(Them good days are gone)

The first mate,
her heart sunk
She went & cried in the captain's bunk
I said, Don't cry baby; don't fly in a rage!
I'll tell you a story about the Golden Age
It was 30 cents a gallon on a superhighway
And you could fly like the wind through the hollow of the day
John Stone?
He'd leave you alone
You'd never get broke down, never go home
So hoist up the John B sails
See how the main sail sets
I call for the captain, sayin, "I gotta go home"
I call for the captain, sayin, "I wanna go home"
(Them good days are gone)

Nevada!
Honey, don't go to bits
We'll get to Reno & we'll call it quits

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!