

Ed Belly

Peter Doherty

That's one, two, one, two, three, four

I said, "Ed Belly watched telly in a highway motel room"
Well, he felt at ease in the tat and sleaze in the neon midnight gloom

For so long, every song in his heart and in his head
He fantasized, romanticized, the lonesome life he led

Well, he sang about anti-heroes, drifters, weirdos, big dreamers from small towns
Cyberpunks, grifters, drunks, and retired rodeo clowns
The dispossessed, the dissipated, the desperate, and the damned
Well, the lower the dog, the higher the cat, the more he loved their band

And for years, he waited with bated breath
Through clouds of skag and crystal meth
He waits so patiently for death
With the quick and the unbruised

With sunken eyes, he scanned the earth
His head down so low, his neck did hurt
It's a small wonder his spine's not curved
Kept his head so low

Yes, but all the while, his ears were tingling
For troubled souls have a song worth singing
Yeah, Hell's bells were ding-a-linging all along the road
I said, "All, all along that road"