St. Nazaire

Down at the rocks at St. Nazaire I took a bottle and a fucking prayer I washed out with the greasy tide I went down on the Selkie bride

Look how he's dead and her eyes all black Just smells like spliff and Armagnac She lost her coat, but I like her style She lost her head, but I like her smile

I'm all done talking to you, oh And I don't wanna beat you, no I'm all done talking to you

I took a bottle and a fucking prayer Down at the rocks at St. Nazaire Look how he's dead and her eyes all black I washed down never coming back

I'm all done talking to you, oh And I don't wanna beat you, no I'm done with talking to you

I'm all done talking to you, oh And I don't wanna beat you, no I'm done with talking to you