

Sailor Song

Regina Spektor

She will kiss til your lip bleeds
But she will not take her dress off
Americano, tropicano

All the sailor boys have demons
They sing "oh kentucky why did you forsake me
If I was meant to sail the sea
Why did you make me
Shouldve been with the state
Oh state

Cause mary anne's a bitch
Mary anne's a bitch
Mary anne's a bitch
Mary anne's a bitch
Mary anne's a bitch
Mary anne's a bitch

Does it matter that our anchors
Couldn't even reach the bottom
Of a bath tub

And the sails reflect the moon
It's such a strange job
Playing black jack on the deck
Still I taught this giant bottle dressed in white
We quitely huddle with our missiles
And we miss the girls back home
Oh home sweet home

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