

Tank Commander

The Constantines

You were a rhinestone installation,
hung up in a warehouse town
I was a latebreaking back alley mistake,
howling at the moon night after night

When you came around, you made the cannibals croon
Subway connections, a satellite hipbone
You claimed all the devil's moves
If all these little invasions could be bought and sold
If all our dreams were worth our weight in gold,
you could string me up to the gallows pole
you could throw my body to the crying wolves,

Howling at the moon
Howling at the moon
Howling at the moon
Night after night
Night after night
Night after night