

## 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 satelite 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