

Blues In The Dark

The Soft Boys

Your arm it's made of silver
Your elbow's made of gold
Is your heart all black and empty
Like a crater to behold

And your feet made of out nothing
As they dance across the plain
They're swifter than an an orange
That unfurls inside a drain

Your front door and my old face
Watch them sinking without trace
Without trace

Come inside my little sparrow
Let me feed you to my soul
You are writhing in the furnace
Of the luxury you stole

Come you fair and tender creature
Oh whatever be your trade
Lie across the tattooed carpet
And prepare to lick the blade

Your old face and my front door
Watch them fade forevermore
Evermore

No I'll never understand you
That's just not what people do
They can fight and they can dribble
Till their memories are through

And I don't know why I came here
But I'll know it when I'm gone
'Cause tonight you looks so useless
Go on baby call me wrong

You're the one I left you for
I don't love you anymore
Anymore