

# Of Minor Prophets And Their Prostitute Wives

## Pedro the Lion

All the time you were burning my letters  
You were only acting the part  
You think without me you'll get on much better  
But you don't even know your own heart Come home, darling  
Come home quickly  
Come home, darling  
All is forgiven, so come home quickly I treated you as if you were a princess  
You treated me like a cop  
I gave you boundaries to save you from certain death  
Dangling from the end of the rope Come home, darling  
Come home quickly  
Come home, darling  
All is forgiven, so come home quickly But your still playing for a love you'll never find  
Outside of these arms of mine The whole town is one step behind you  
With the hang man on call  
They've got the judge  
And you're convicted without a plea  
Darling, they will listen to me  
Darling, they will listen to me  
Darling, they will listen to me

Songwriters

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