

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 heartCome home, darling
 Come home quickly
 Come home, darling
All is forgiven, so come home quicklyI 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 ropeCome home, darling
 Come home quickly
 Come home, darling
All is forgiven, so come home quicklyBut your still playing for a love you'll never find
Outside of these arms of mineThe 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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