Junebug

Silva Hound

A beautiful woman, she rose
From the smokin' waters of the lake
With a candle that burned in each palm
My teeth each sank gently to the floorBring me some luck little junebug
Your cousins they're gods to the seas
The March afternoons
The sun and the moonBefore I fall asleep
A white blood of wolves must be drained
And that sorry captain howdy
Scatters my bones for the lambsBring me some luck little junebug
Your cousins they're gods to the seas
The March afternoons
The sun and the moon

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