

# 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 floor  
Bring me some luck little junebug  
Your cousins they're gods to the seas  
The March afternoons  
The sun and the moon  
Before I fall asleep  
A white blood of wolves must be drained  
And that sorry captain howdy  
Scatters my bones for the lambs  
Bring 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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