

Arc Of Bar

Japandroids

Hustlers, whores, in rooms galore
A sinking city's stink
An arc of bar, a flesh bazaar
Of diamonds, dust, and drink
The jukebox jamming, the lions lamming
The jokers doing the dealing
And queens are over jacks
Remember that or catch a beating Yeah The night had come into her own
And I made the arc of bar my home
Beneath my clothes, just a bag of bones
Under my skin, just skeletons
I was rolling like a pair of dice
With one for laws and one for lies
But all this, I tried to hide
Behind a glaze of sweat and fire Yeah To some, a mistress
To some, a muse
Something soft for something blue
She sauced my needs out of my dreams
And baptized me in flesh that seeds
And then she lay me like a baby
On a bed of Spanish moss
And for her love, I would help the devil
To steal Christ right off the cross Yeah I lay blame on the arc of bar
And the hundred proof in me
But the arc, it blames the air
Hundred percent humidity
Well at least those damned mosquitos
That fall flounder to the flood
Get a thimble full of whiskey with their paltry pint of blood
My blood Yeah This port of call
It ain't no port at all
The cap, my cup, and anchors up
The jokers, they tease another hand
But they're out of luck 'cause I'm out of town
And the sun is like an omen
Goading me toward the gospel
But I got no plans at all
Except to drink as soon as possible Yeah Some men offer confession
For their souls and grace of god

For others women, women are for mercy
And mosquitos they're abuzz
Yeah, some men offer confession
For their souls and grace of god
For others women, women are for mercy
And mosquitos they're abuzzYeah

Songwriters

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