

# Tell Your Sister

Lloyd Cole

I've got a little piece of paper with your name written on it  
Got a head full of attitude and nowhere to put it  
Tell me, "Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
Why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue" Well, there's a chapel on the corner where I'm  
doin' my cryin'  
There's a limit to my patience, what do you say, Fay? Let's get married  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
They say, "The world keeps on turnin', everything remains the same"  
Well, my heart's burnin', I say, "Everything must change"  
Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
But why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue  
Rue Morgue Avenue Rita Mae, tell your sister, she's unkind  
Tell your sister, well, I don't mind  
Tell your sister, she's got mine Why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground  
I got a four letter word, starts with the letter L  
Can't bring myself to say "It causes", makin' my life hell  
Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
'Cause I've been drinkin' all night and all day  
Just tryin' to picture your sweet face  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue Rita Mae, tell your sister, she's unkind  
Tell your sister, well, I don't mind  
Tell your sister, she knows where, where I lie Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

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