

Lord Only Knows

Harlequin Jones

{(Ahh)
Who are the big one?} You only got one finger left
And it's pointin' at the door
And you're takin' for granted
What the Lord's laid on the floor
So I'm pickin' up the pieces
And I'm puttin' them up for sale
Throw your meal ticket out the window
Put your skeletons in jail 'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone, so don't you hesitate
To give yourself a call, let your bottom dollars fall
Throwing your two bit cares down the drain Invite me to the seven seas
Like some seasick man
You will do whatever you please
And I'll do whatever I can
Titanic, fare thee well
My eyes are turnin' pink
Don't call us when the new age
Gets old enough to drink 'Cause Lord only knows it's getting late
Your senses are gone so don't you hesitate
You move on up the hill but there's nothin' there left to kill
Throwin' your two bit cares down the drain Yea
Odelay, odelay, odelay, odelay, odelay
Just passin' through
Odelay, odelay, odelay, odelay
(Yaa)
Goin' back to Houston
(Yaa)
To the House Of Dance
Goin' back to Houston
(Yaa)
To get me some pants

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