Quiver Syndrome

Mark Lanegan

I turned back towards the factory
with a rail running through my head
and the stain of a rust red romance
though my iron age rose is dead
will the lord hold me down ?cause i?m wicked?
will the lord hold me down, to my shame?
will your love it get into me jesus?
now i heard you calling out my name
the moon don?t smile on saturday?s child
lying still in elysian fields
i don?t know what the doctor he did
now i?m all day long with my body in bed
plant the seeds of an ivory white lily
play the ghost of autumn?s lullabye
you know the way i came down to the city
snuffed the love light out of my eyes
i?m knocked back in the alley
with the sweat pouring off my hands

i can tear out a stitch ?cause it?s aching
when i?m a shake, shake, shaking i can
the moon don?t smile on saturday?s child
lying still in elysian fields
i don?t hear what my mother she said
now i?m all day long with my body in bed
i turn back toward the factory
with a rail running through my head
and the stain of a rust red romance
though my iron age rose is dead
will the lord hold me down ?cause i?m wicked?
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