

# Dreams of New Orleans

## Trophy Scars

The taste of blue skies  
Like Frank Sinatra's eyes  
And open pools of blood  
You bet they never looked so good  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home  
Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans  
We're spinning  
Out of control again  
But the taste of the ocean floors and time will tell,  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, baby  
Maybe we'll meet again,"  
Well, get out of your car, come on kiss me "Mechanical blades  
And address books with no names,"  
It's the stories I trade  
And knives wrapped in lace  
Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans  
I'm coming home, I'm coming home We're spinning  
Out of control again  
But the taste of the ocean floors and time will tell,  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Oh, baby  
Maybe we'll meet again,"  
Well, get out of your car, whore, come on kiss me (I dream of New Orleans)  
Lift your casket to the sky  
I hope tonight I die  
I hope tonight we die  
I'm coming home Home Tonight I dream of New Orleans  
(I got a gun in New Orleans)  
Can a man witness his own funeral?  
(He's got a gun) Tonight I dream, I dream of New Orleans I dream of New Orleans.

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