Cooksferry Queen

Richard Thompson

Well, there's a house in an alley
In the squats and low-rise
Of a town with no future
But that's where my future liesIt's a secret, but no secret
It's a rule, but no rule
Where you find the darkest avenue
There you'll find the brightest jewelNow my name, it is Mulvaney
And I'm known quite famously
People speak my name in whispers
What higher praise can there beBut I'd trade my fine mohair
For tied-dyes and faded jeans
If she wanted me some other way
She's my Cooksferry QueenShe gave me one pill to get bigger
She gave me one pill to get small
I saw snakes dancing all around her feet
And dead men coming through the wallWell, I'm the prince of this parish
I've been ruthless and I've been mean
But she blew my mind as she opened my eyes
She's my Cooksferry Queen, yeahWell, she's got every rare perfection
All her looks beyond compare
She's got dresses that seem to float in the wind
Pre-raphaelite curls in her hairShe could get the lame to walking
She could get the blind to see
She could make wine out of Thames river water
She could make a believer out of meYes, I'd trade it all tomorrow
All the wicked things I've been
She's my bright jewel of the alley
She's my Cooksferry QueenYes, I'd trade it all tomorrow
All the wicked things I've been
She's my bright jewel of the alley
She's my Cooksferry Queen

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RICHARD THOMPSONPublished by
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