

# Last Rites

## Xingu Hill

Start up the car...  
Bury your memories...  
Call on your lovers  
Speaking slow and heavy  
Call up your boyfriends  
From out by the ocean  
While I get my last rites  
Read by a thief  
While I get my last rites

Read by a thief  
And you look so holy standing in the water  
From all my pictures I worshiped before you.  
My baby just ain't  
No good  
My baby just she ain't  
No good  
Yeah...

Lyrics provided by  
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