Black Betty and the Moon

The Horrible Crowes

My love, my love, you're the sting of the scorpion.
Consider, now, the angels, a little lower than you.
And they twist and they turn, and they hold their breath 'til it's blue.
And they can't turn away like I can, when you're lookin' like you do.Look at Black Betty, what they're tyin' to you.
You did the very thing, baby, that I asked you not to do.
Now you got yourself caught in this silk spiderweb.
I hope the money fills the holes, can see the roof is caving in.My heart, my heart, you're the moon and her shining light.
Darkness and voider form, like you were keeping me alive.
And I've been dreaming of poisonings from the venom of my enemies.
Clever as the viper, dear, but gentle as a stampede of stones.Look at Black Betty, what they're tyin' to you.
You did the very thing, baby, that I asked you not to do.
Now you got yourself caught in this silk spiderweb.
I hope the money fills the holes, can see the roof is caving in.

Songwriters
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