Forty-Four No More

The Residents

Once I lived on a dead end street
With a little bitty woman with big ol' feet
It was always dark, we was always poor
The number outside was forty-fourOne day bad blood creeped in my mind
Sucked on my soul and made me blind
I thought she lied, so I opened the drawer
Pulled out my bullets and my forty-fourForty-four, it was forty-four
He couldn't stand that number no more
Forty-four, it was forty-four
Don't wanna hear that number no moreI found her in the store with a preacher man
Who laughed when she slapped the gun out of my hand
A train went by as I ran out the door
The number on the engine was forty-fourI rode that train to New Orleans
And took my tears to a voodoo queen
I couldn't live like that no more
It was my birthday, I was forty-fourForty-four, he was forty-four
He couldn't stand that number no more
Forty-four, he was forty-four
Don't wanna hear that number no moreForty-four, he was forty-four
He couldn't stand that number no more
Forty-four, he was forty-four
Don't wanna hear that number no more

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