Last Rites

Tura Satana

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...

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