Scotch & Water Blues

Spin Doctors

I've held your hand and sunk your ships
And I can read our future in the whiskey on your lips
Watch this ice a-melting; cool glass magnify my palms
And from the church on sunday evening comes the sifted sound of psalmsThings they go and then come around to stops
Now my baby's just a breeze through the treetopsGlass in my hand, my back to the door
My one consolation is I ain't your man anymoreThe dropOh, I worry just about the drop
Oh, I worry just about the drop
'cause it's not the fall that kills you,
But, the sudden stopMachiavelli on the door
The shogun dropped his chopsticks in the bowl
Oh, you might be a pastor, but you never pay the tollI'm flippin' from left to right
Oh, I'm flippin' like a moth tonight
I could never ask your baby,
I'll wish for you tonight
I'll wish for youI worry just about the drop
I worry about the drop
'cause it's not the fall that kills you,
It's that sudden stop
That sudden stop, nowIs she alligator
Yeah, she's a crocodile
She got that ancient ?
That's just hanging out of her smileWhen she called you at the keyhole, brother
She knew it all the while
Oh, I worry just about the drop
Oh, I worry (I'm so worried, mama) about the drop
'cause it's not the fall that kills you,
But that sudden stop

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