

Of Minor Prophets and Their Prostitute Wives

Pedro the Lion

All the time you were burning my letters
You were only acting the part
You think without me you'll get on much better
But you don't even know your own heart
Come home, darling
Come home quickly
Come home, darling
All is forgiven, so come home quickly
I treated you as if you were a princess
You treated me like a cop
I gave you boundaries to save you from certain death
Dangling from the end of the rope
Come home, darling
Come home quickly
Come home, darling
All is forgiven, so come home quickly
But you're still playing for a love you'll never find
Outside of these arms of mine
The whole town is one step behind you
With the hang man on call
They've got the judge
And you're convicted without a plea
Darling, they will listen to me
Darling, they will listen to me
Darling, they will listen to me

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