

The Palace At 4 A.M.

[A.C. Newman](#)

There's some Polynesian dive
Downwind from the badlands
 Buh buh buh buh
 The Palace at 4 a.m.
We kicked through the diamond dust
 Halfway between
 [Incomprehensible]
 [Incomprehensible]
Kicking around in the promised land
 Just one flick of the wrist
 One flick of the wrist
 And look, look, look, look
 We're in the Palace at 4 a.m.
When the daydreams in the cupboards
 Back, back, back, back, back
 It's for your soft
 The ribbon tied around your thumb
When you were kicking hearts around
 With a straight shot, a straight shot
 But lady, would you call it off?
 A straight shot, a straight shot
 But lady, would you call it off?
 Lady, would you call it off?
Now no more pushing words around
 No more pushing words around
 Bah, bah, bah
 In the Palace at 4 a.m.
You're asking for the book to be thrown down
 It opens with the third
 With the dumb luck that wasn't blind
Kicking around in the promised land
 With a straight shot, a straight shot
 But lady, would you call it off?
 A straight shot, a straight shot
 But lady, would you call it off?
 Lady, would you call it off?
Now no more pushing words around
 No more pushing words around
 No more pushing words around

No more pushing words around
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)

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