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)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.
(Straight shot)
In the Palace at 4 a.m.

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