

Maroon Bible

Beulah

It's nine-eighteen, yeah, it's coffee colored evening
The headlights spin shadows on the ceiling
I'm left here with the Gideon Bible
Long strands of her hair trickle down the bed And in my soul there's a little Alaska
It's eighty below and it's dropping Sweet Ecclesiastes won't you preach to me
Corner store assassin with a Glock nineteen
Coffee makes my hand shake, I'm a running boy
If I were Jack the Ripper would you still kiss me? She's smooth like the girl with the leather-like bonding
You fall into the snow, yeah, you make a little Angel
And I read straight through the book of Revelations
Saw the Astronauts on TV jumping on the moon And all the horses that I bet on
Are lame and shot through the head Sweet Ecclesiastes, won't you reach to me?
And corner store assassin with a Glock nineteen
And coffee makes my hand shake, I'm a running boy
If I were Jack the Ripper would you still kiss me?

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