

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 bedAnd in my soul there's a little Alaska

It's eighty below and it's droppingSweet 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 moonAnd all the horses that I bet on

Are lame and shot through the headSweet 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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