

# Attila Ambrus

## Astronautalis

Girl, I'll make a mink stole from the Spanish Moss  
And drag a shot of whiskey up from the river bottom  
We ain't got to swallow our pride!  
Gimme a long kiss goodbye, hold your heart  
And be sure and tell 'em all just why I shot him  
Don't ever let 'em catch you cryin'! Come on, lady. I been waiting patient pacing playing the wall  
For maybe half of the night  
You been playin' hard to get, you taste your fingertips  
You dip into the glass and spin the ice  
The heat is on the kettle now, we'll never settle down  
And darlin' I ain't asked for life  
Let's blow some steam and spin across the planks and beams  
I wanna dance and shake the rafters and lights  
Old John Law's gonna drag our asses through the streets  
And when he slaps them cuffs on my hands  
I want blisters on my feet!  
I ain't never seen a man who could make sense  
Of what the good Lord is asking us right  
I wasn't born to kill, but baby  
That's just the morning's pill  
That we don't have to swallow tonight  
All our friends had bitter ends  
With broken bottle hands and cigarettes for lashes on eyes  
So, let's collapse on boulevards of bottle caps  
And sing a song for all the crap in our lives  
I know we got blues beating down our door  
But we got a time till sunrise, so flip that deadbolt  
And let's get back out on the floor  
Old John Law's gonna drag our asses through the streets  
And when he slaps them cuffs on my hands  
I want blisters on my feet! Embed

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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