

Last Rites (Live At The Troubadour)

The Horrible Crowes

Start up the car,
Bury your memories,
Call on your lovers
Speaking slow and heavy. Call up your boyfriends from out by the ocean,
While I get my last rights read by a thief,
While I get my last rights read by a thief. And you look so holy standing in the water,
From all my pictures I worshipped before you,
My baby just can't know good,
My baby just, she ain't no good.

Songwriters

Fallon, Brian Published by

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