

Emile's Vietnam In The Sky

Elvis Perkins

Jean Cocteau is covered in butter
The ghosts of Cappuccino and Zaza hover
In the hallway where the devil and his lover
Beg you for change on the slide There's nothing really like a French blues
Blown by an unknown soldier in you
To all your regrets and you rouse
I'll meet you down there when I try And do you ever wonder
Where you go when you die?
Emile's Vietnam in the sky Well, I'd take better care of your heart
You'll be opening a Swiss bank account
Let go, it's over now, play your part
You'll be swinging those milk clouds on high And do you ever wonder
Where you go when you die?
Emile's Vietnam in the sky

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