

Quiver Syndrome

[Mark Lanegan](#)

I turned back towards the factory
with a rail running through my head
and the stain of a rust red romance
though my iron age rose is dead
will the lord hold me down cause im wicked?
will the lord hold me down, to my shame?
will your love it get into me jesus?
now i heard you calling out my name the moon dont smile on saturdays child
lying still in elysian fields
i dont know what the doctor he did
now im all day long with my body in bed plant the seeds of an ivory white lily
play the ghost of autumns lullabye
you know the way i came down to the city
snuffed the love light out of my eyes
im knocked back in the alley
with the sweat pouring off my hands
i can tear out a stitch cause its aching
when im a shake, shake, shaking i can the moon dont smile on saturdays child
lying still in elysian fields
i dont hear what my mother she said
now im all day long with my body in bed turn back toward the factory
with a rail running through my head
and the stain of a rust red romance
though my iron age rose is dead
will the lord hold me down cause im wicked?
will the lord hold me down, to my shame?
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