Cause

Icicle

Cause I lost my job two weeks before Christmas
And I talked to Jesus at the sewer
And the Pope said it was none of his God-damned business
While the rain drank champagneMy Estonian Archangel came and got me wasted
Cause the sweetest kiss I ever got is the one I've never tasted
Oh but they'll take their bonus pay to Molly McDonald,
Neon ladies, beauty is that which obeys, is bought or borrowedCause my heart's become a crooked hotel full of rumours
But it's I who pays the rent for these fingered-face out-of-tuners
and I make 16 solid half hour friendships every eveningCause your queen of hearts who is half a stone
And likes to laugh alone is always threatening you with leaving
Oh but they play those token games on Willy Thompson
And give a medal to replace the son of Mrs. Annie JohnsonCause they told me everybody's got to pay their dues
And I explained that I had overpaid them
So overdued I went to the company store
and the clerk there said that they had just been invaded
So I set sail in a teardrop and escaped beneath the doorsillCause the smell of her perfume echoes in my head still
Cause I see my people trying to drown the sun
In weekends of whiskey sours
Cause how many times can you wake up in this comic book and plant flowers?

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