Lordy

Miss Derringer

Hey,
Lady, she got painted eyes
Have a way of talking to you
Cut your heart out for the prize
While the bitch sings hallelujah

Lordy,
Well I'm made of blood and bone
Surely, you know
I bleed when I get stoned
Look at the way I made my bed
Rocks and knots and I'm half crazy
Get to dream 'bout bein' dead
But I ain't been that lucky lately

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