

# SOUP

## Rummy

The clothesline of cold eyes  
Is washing away the face before  
Now tell me what's wrong you see everyone's gone  
You gotta do your best to decorate this dying day, this dying day  
All over a bowl of bitter beans  
All over a bowl of bitter beans  
And outside way, way up high  
I got a quarter moon mist hanging over me  
And now, I want that rocking chair outta there  
'Cause he's no longer living here, it's no longer needed here

All over a bowl of bitter beans  
All over a bowl of bitter beans  
And I got a corner store and that's all the more  
For me to praise upon the holidays  
And now I'll close my eyes really, really tight  
And make you all go away, I'll make you all go all go away  
I'll make you all go  
Away  
And I'll pull the trigger and make it all go away  
And I'll make it all go away, I'll make it all go away

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