St. Louise Is Listening

Soul Coughing

I stopped the thought before it's drip became insistent
I rubbed it out and loved the spot where it was missing
She's widely known the only maquereau that pays her taxes
I got to box her for the money, said it might endReeling and stumbling I've, I've got to bump around a whileYou don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listeningYou rang the Eskimo to meet you at the station
Oh, he's like milk to you half Swedish and half Asian
And your aphasia strikes a bargain with the barter yard
I got to box you for the money, said it might endReeling and stumbling I've, I've got to bump around a whileYou don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listeningLet me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me
Let me get up on it, let me get up on itI could be your baby doll, I could be your doll baby
I could be the things you want, I could do it all for you
I could be your baby doll, I could be your doll baby
I could be the things you want, I could do it all for youYou don't use words like that, St. Louise is listening
You don't use words like that, St. Louise is listeningLet me get up on it, let me get up on it
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me
Let me get up on it, let me get up on itLet me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me
Let me get up on it, let me get up on it, let me, let me

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/