

Arrow to My Drunken Eye

The Geraldine Fibbers

Thieves and sweet things
All come this way
And anyone is welcome
Until the break of day
Don't be caught with
Your nightie masted
If you are questioned, don't tell them
Don't tell them what we've discussed
I look under my bed
No monsters are there
I still have hands and a head
So it's been a good day
Been a good day so
I say my prayers, I say my prayers
Don't rescue me
I'm fine right where I am

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