

Vogue

"March of the Black and White Roses"

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I am a ghost town man living in a blue desert,
Eating sand beneath your girlfriend's skirt.
I am a ghost town man living in a blue desert,
Living like a tick in the thick fur of the earth.

Touch me!
Touch my rancid heart.
My crooked grin cheeks caved in.
My girl skin guitar turned in the key of your starvation.

To howl with the hounds and let your children living
underground.

I'm just sitting here playing my guitar,
While the rest of the world sleeps in quicksand
chrysalis.

To howl with the hounds and let your children living
underground.

I'm just sitting here playing my guitar,
While the rest of the world sleeps in quicksand
chrysalis.

Croon children croon; outside your cocoon.
Sleep and never see the light of day.
Croon children croon; outside your cocoon
The sky is falling like skin flakes.

To howl with the hounds and let your children living
underground.

I'm just sitting here playing my guitar,
While the rest of the world sleeps in quicksand
chrysalis.

To howl with the hounds and let your children living
underground.

I'm just sitting here playing my guitar,
While the rest of the world sleeps in quicksand
chrysalis.

To howl with the hounds and let your children living
underground.

