

411**"Miriam Hopkins"**Visit "[Miriam Hopkins](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tell me a story that ends with a gunshot
A smack to the side of the head
Please don't divulge all the details that bore us
Just skip to the end

Whittle him down to a splinter of dignity
Eyes with a shade of mascara she smeared on him
I wanna walk back home holding the hand of a-
I wanna walk back with her

Oh, what did I say, you cannot survive my curse
Once you lay down here

Why don't you take me away

Oh, with a twist on his sore little headstand
He fell for the pleasure of children who baited him
They didn't smile at his skill as an acrobat
Only to laugh as he slipped and upset
All the flowers arranged in a dirty milk bottle
He kept by the portrait of Miriam Hopkins
The smiling lieutenant's adorable suitor
He heard her sing Clair De La Lune

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