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Babyshambles "Salome"

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In the cold, coldest of nights
The fire I light, to warm my bones
I've had enough, of the dreadful cold
And from the flames, appears Salome

I stand before her amazed As she dances and demands The head of john the baptist on a plate

In the morning, shaken and disturbed From under soft white fur I see the dust in the morning bright sets the room alive And by the telly appears Salome

I stand before her amazed As she dances and demands

The head of Isidora Duncan on a plate Oh, It's Salome Oh, It's Salome

In the cold, coldest of nights
The fire I light, to warm my bones
I've had enough, of the dreadful cold
And from the flames appears Salome

I stand before her amazed As she dances and demands The head of any bastard on a plate.

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