

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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