

Beulah

"Maroon Bible"

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Its nine-eight-teen
It's coffee colored evening
The headlights spin shadows on the ceiling
I'm left here with the Gideon Bible
Long strands of her hair
Trickle down the bed

And in my soul there's a little Alaska
It's 80 below and it's dropping
Sweet Ecclesiastes won't you preach to me
Corner store assassion with a Glock 19
Coffee makes my hand shake
I'm a running boy
If I were Jack the Ripper would you still kiss me?

She's smooth like the girl with the leather-like bonding
You fall into the snow, yeah you make a little Angel
And I read straight through the book of Revelations
I saw the Astronaus on TV jumping on the moon

And all the horses that I bet on
Are lame and shot through the head
and Sweet Ecclesiastes, won't you reach to me?
Corner store assassion with a Glock 19
Coffee makes my hand shake
I'm a running boy
If I were Jack the Ripper would you still kiss me?

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