

## **Blue ...yster Cult**

### **"Before the Kiss"**

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So grab your rose and ring side seat,  
We're back home at conry's bar  
The blond girl with her tattoo,  
Reds and wine, cokes of course

Oh my suzy, my suzy,  
Why did we ever start  
It's morning now, you'd never know  
The gin, the gin, glows in the dark, glows in the dark

And underneath, the black light,  
Underneath it all  
Four and forty redheads meet,  
Come to doom 'til the dawn

With threats of gas and rose motif  
Their lips apart like a swollen rose  
Their tongues extend, and then retract  
A redcap, a redcap, before the kiss, before the kiss.

Doors like flint and window panes  
An endless shadow bar  
The owner's boys have gone to work  
To stop big deals behind the bar

While outside on the turnpike  
They got this new hit tune  
Where thrills become as cheap as gas  
And gas as cheap as thrills

One thrill and mundane here at last  
Expect the cross one more  
Lecherous invisible  
Beware the limping cat

Whose black teeth grip between loose jaws  
Still ripe and fully bloomed  
A rose that's not from anywhere  
That you would know or I would care

And the owners boys act most cheerfully  
Back home at conry's bar

When their patrons' thoughts at last  
Grow too big for their skulls

And awful things are happening  
We've let this drama fold  
And now the time has come at last  
To crush the motif of the rose.

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