

Lloyd Cole "Tell Your Sister"

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I've got a little piece of paper with your name written on it

Got a head full of attitude and nowhere to put it
Tell me why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue

Why don't you come down
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of rue morgue avenue

Well there's a chapel on the corner where I'm doing my crying

There's a limit to my patience, what d'ya say fay let's get married

Down on rue morgue avenue

They say the world keeps on turning, and everything remains the same

Well my heart's burning and I say everything must change

Why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue

Why don't you come down

Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of rue morgue avenue

Rue morgue avenue

Rita mae, tell your sister she's unkind

Tell your sister well, I don't mind

Tell your sister, she's got mine

Why don't you come down

Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground

I got a four letter word, starts with the letter I

Can't bring myself to say it 'cause it's making my life hell

Why don't you come down to rue morgue avenue

'cause I've been drinking all night and all day

Just trying to picture your sweet face

Down on rue morgue avenue

Down on rue morgue avenue

Down on rue morgue avenue

Rita mae, tell your sister she's unkind

Tell your sister well, I don't mind
Tell your sister, she knows where, where I lie
Down on rue morgue avenue
Down on rue morgue avenue
Down on...
Down on rue morgue avenue
Down on rue morgue avenue

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