

Mark Lanegan "Quiver Syndrome"

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I turned back towards the factory
with a rail running through my head
and the stain of a rust red romance
though my iron age rose is dead
will the lord hold me down â€˜cause iâ€™m wicked?
will the lord hold me down, to my shame?
will your love it get into me jesus?
now i heard you calling out my name

the moon donâ€™t smile on saturdayâ€™s child
lying still in elysian fields
i donâ€™t know what the doctor he did
now iâ€™m all day long with my body in bed

plant the seeds of an ivory white lily
play the ghost of autumnâ€™s lullabye
you know the way i came down to the city
snuffed the love light out of my eyes
iâ€™m knocked back in the alley
with the sweat pouring off my hands
i can tear out a stitch â€˜cause itâ€™s aching
when iâ€™m a shake, shake, shaking i can

the moon donâ€™t smile on saturdayâ€™s child
lying still in elysian fields
i donâ€™t hear what my mother she said
now iâ€™m all day long with my body in bed

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