

Mother Hips "Hey Emilie"

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If you hear hymns and waltzes in you head
and you haven't been out dancing since your daddy
joined the dead
don't let anyone tell you they can try to fix your head
Put on your ballroom gown, Emilie, instead.

And of all the girls in all the topless bars in New
Orleans,
all they've got are ass and tits and that don't mean a
thing.
And the sound their money's making is exhausting and
it stinks.
Finish up your cocktail, Emilie.

Hey Emilie, you can't dance to the sound of a freight
train running through your head.
Hey Emilie, you can't dance to the sound of a swarm of
honey bees.
Hey Emilie, you can't dance to the sound of a side of
bacon sizzling.

I went down to the desert on some pills with no name.
The doctor couldn't tell me what they were and, man,
ain't that a shame?
'Cause everybody needs something to take away the
pain...

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