

Mother Hips "Stephanie's For La"

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And what about my tailor, my slowly mending lover?
She sews me clothes I could not bear to wave.
My hands are locusts at her work, a green and fitting
coat
made upon the only honest loom.
I remember last night's nightmare, my hand was in the
road
the victim of some misdirected thresher.

We would run toward the sun, driving towards the city
of the angels.
She would know of places we could go
to escape the homicide investigation men.
And we're weaving through the traffic in the shuttle-
through-the-loom way.
We'll mix our drinks with water that's from very far
away.
And we'll toast to every earthquake rolling underneath
the bay
and we'll pardon every public servants heavy cane.
Stephanie lives there...

So I've committed murder like a crazed and angered
dope.
She's helped me plan a stunning get-away.
And when the lynch mob came and we escaped the
heat
we went dancing at the local caberet.
We left those lawmen standing with thirteen yards of
rope.
They'll never see me swinging from a palm tree.
She'll be sure to keep me safe here, entangled in her
arms
'cause I'm for her but Stephanie's for LA
Stephanie's for LA...

From the ground, from the ground,
Stephanie's for LA

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