

## The Johnstones

### "Eleventh Century Folklore"

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Arched back and a couple of slit wrists  
How often can you tell me that I can't love you  
Just maybe I can  
Just maybe I can

Somehow I'll break those arms  
And someday I'll break those arms  
Watching Jesus Christ  
Emerge in the form of a firearm

I sit back and relax  
I sit back and relax  
My wife of forty years  
I raped her

He began that day like any other  
Holding hands with savory little beauties  
Let them know that you love them  
And tell them all you want is to be cared for

That's all you want  
Is to be cared for  
That's all you want  
Is to be cared for  
Is to be cared for

Her eyes were calm  
And her hands were cold

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