

Joe Firstman**"Get Your Kisses From Me"**

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She leaves long messages
From towns I've never been
She can't get her point across
I think she means that she misses me

She sends long letters from great big cities
They're full of all of her confessions
She never leaves return addresses

She's an acrobat
She's like a bus stop gypsy
She'll fuck you if you pay her fare
She'll follow signs to anywhere

Draw your whiskey from the wells of Tennessee
Get your wine from California
But get your kisses from me

She's like a circus clown
She's like a suitcase baby
She'll go traveling in a caravan
And through the arms of many men

She knows her way around those moonlight towns
She goes sleeping in the sanctuary
And dancing in the cemeteries

She loves to leave but she hates when she's away
She's got lovers out in Indiana
Wilmington, New York and Savannah

Draw your whiskey from the wells of Tennessee
Get your wine from California
But get your kisses from me

Draw your whiskey from the wells of Tennessee
Get your wine from California
But get your kisses from me

Oh draw your whiskey from the wells of Tennessee
Get your wine from California

But get your kisses from me

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