

Cliff Martinez

"Juble Lee's Revival"

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When the orphans no longer will sleep at her door
When her sad minuet songs are not sad anymore
When fortune is fleeting and fame is a bore
Tell me where will she go

When the musics all over and the dancing has stopped
When she sits in her bedroom and stares at the clock
Silently watching her dreams slowly rotting
Away in the depths of her soul

Yes it's Houston to Mobile Atlanta
Be damned if I know how much more she can stand
But I say pick up your Holy Bible
Pack all your clothes
And let me count the new scars in your hand

707 it's Baltimore bound to be
One of those nights
I can tell
She cries as she sits back
And she straps herself
Into her private aluminum cell

While Jesus sat quietly
His head in His Hand
Man in the very back row
Turn to him pleading
Can you understand
How to put more on her back
Than her clothes

And in a flash of white satin
She was out the back door
In a limousine she was racing away
While hundreds came forward to kneel on the floor
Lord tonight only one soul was saved

Just some renegade drifter she had met in the Park
With answers to hell only knows
Someone to lie between her in the darkness
And fill in the time between shows

For the orphans no longer will sleep at her door
And her sad minuets are not sad anymore
Fortune is fleeting and fame is a bore
So tell me now where will she go

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