

The Wanton Bishops

"Bad Rhyme"

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I got a mojo, got a black cat bone,
To keep you away you rolling stone,
It's true, it's you

From the hills of California to New Orleans,
I run away but you got a hold on me,
It's true, it's you

Now the devil may take my soul,
Soul,
Now the devil may take my soul,
Soul, soul,
Now the devil may take my soul,
Dance with me a last rock n roll,
I wish I had a dime for every time I heard this bad
rhyme

Remember the cries, remember the smiles,
The weary grin, all the lies and alibis,
It's true, it's you

Like pointy spines on a flower,
First it was sweat then a little too sour,
It's true, it's you,

Now the devil may take my soul,
Soul,
Now the devil may take my soul,
Soul, soul,
Now the devil may take my soul,
Bring you back to me a last rock n roll,
I wish I had a dime for every time I heard this bad
rhyme

Now shake baby shake baby shake now (x4)

Now the devil may take my soul,
Bring you back to me a last rock n roll,
I wish I had a dime for every time I heard this bad
rhyme.

