

Beat Angels

"My Glum Sugar-plum"

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She looked like Marianne Faithful in 1967:
A pop-tart all gin and cigarettes, lips and heaven
She had a knowledge of all the routes to the bottom
I said I'd give her the rings,
I'd give her anything (that she wanted)...

Glum sugar,
My glum sugar-plum,
Glum sugar,
My glum sugar-plum,
Glum sugar,
My glum sugar-plum,
Don't you worry none...

Gaudy glamour kisses and we were lit like Christmas
We spent our happy streak going from bad to bleak,

Somebody said
"a man needs a woman to go to hell with"
I gave her all the rings,
I stole her everything (that she wanted)...

... chorus...

Sell your friends and all the jerks you know
(Getaway)
Pay our penance -- shoot the radio
(Getaway)
Tell your ma we went to Idaho
(Getaway)
Close your eyes sugar we can go
(Getaway)
Anywhere you want, anywhere the wind blows...

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