

John Popper & The Duskray Troubadours

"The Sins Of Memphisto"

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From the bells of st mary
To the count of monte cristo
Nothing can stop
Nothing can stop
Nothing can stop
The sins of memphisto

Sally used to play with her hula hoops
Now she tells her problems to therapy groups
Grampa's on the front lawn staring at a rake
Wondering if his marriage was a terrible mistake
I'm sitting on the front steps drinking orange crush
Wondering if it's possible if I could still blush
Uh huhoh yeah

A boy on a bike with courduroy slacks
Sleeps in the river by the railroad tracks
He waits for the whistle on the train to scream
[The Sins of Memphisto lyrics on]So he can close his
eyes and begin to dream
Uh huh oh yeah

The hands on his watch spin slowly around
With his mind on a bus that goes all over town
Looking at the babies and the factories
And listening to the music of mister squeeze
As if by magic or remote control
He finds a piece of a puzzle
That he missed in his soul
Uh huh oh yeah

Adam and eve and lucy and ricky
Bit the big apple and got a little sticky
Esmeralda and the hunchback of notre dame
They humped each other like they had no shame
They paused as they posed for a polaroid photo
She whispered in his ear "exactly odo quasi modo"

