

Constantines, The "Little Instruments"

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Mercy little rocker, bleeding guitars
went out chasing landmarks. fell asleep at the bar
swinging with the sweet rogues down at Club Charity
Always dressed to the teeth, always in heat

beyond them naked dancers, all we got
leather hands together, all we got
we got an amplifier

some rock anthem, some secret to keep
in a landscape of insects, the kids don't sleep
joined some arch-confederation, some courtship of
queers
down and out 'neath a dead flag, with the little
pioneers.

cartograph them secrets, all we got
the making of mouths, all we got.
We got an amplifier

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