

Constantines, The "Tank Commander"

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You were a rhinestone installation, hung up in a
warehouse town.
I was a latebreaking back alley mistake, howling at the
moon.
Night after night.
When you came around, you made the cannibals
croon.
Subway connections, a satellite hipbone.
You claimed all the devil's moves.
If all these little invasions could be bought and sold.
If all our dreams were worth our weight in gold,
you could string me up to the gallows pole
you could throw my body to the crying wolves, howling
at the moon.

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