

Sort Sol "Desdemona"

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Went down your street on a cool summer night
could not believe my ears were they right
Sounds heading. Nowhere bound
I couldn't make my feet turn around
They say the earth shakes under your window
When you twist every word around town
Standing by your little red telephone
Endless rain on the line
Des - de - mo - na - Have you decided -
Who are you today
Cat from Brazil or eighty miles away
Bubbles from your mouth surely bland
Like answers I can't understand
Des - de - mo - na - Desdemona Scarlett
Waves her head over me
Desdemona Scarlett
Shows me the bottle
Says: "It'll give you more"
I pick up the bottle
it brings me to the floor
I pick up the bottle
No time to be born

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