Sunset Rubdown "The Courtesan Has Sung"

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Courtesan has sung And Nadia says the crowd's too young And Amber says she hates guitar

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Think of the scene where a washed-up actor Wipes the makeup off his wife And says Morticians must've took you for a whore

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And Nadia says the crowd's too young
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The stranger finds you in your home Says, "Brother, your work's got no soul" You say, "Brother, bite your tongue," "It is my soul that you have won"

The Courtesan has sung
And Nadia says the crowd's too young
And Amber says she hates guitar

And when she showed him all her paintings He said let's do something racy Took the bottle from his pocket It was vodka Again

The Courtesan has sung
And Nadia says the crowd's too young
And Amber says she hates guitar

Five actors have arrived
They are good-looking but they're hungry
They start looking with the trash found on the
Safety
Of the stage

And you see a crowd is forming But the winged things are swarming Yelling, "Stop this fucking poison" But the dumb, they give no warnings

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

000-000-000-000

Think of the scene where a washed-up actor
Wipes the make-up off his wife
And says
Morticians must've took you for a whore
Oh, morticians must've took you for a whore
Oh, look, I'm sorry that they took you for a whore
And I am sorry if you took me for a whore
Oh, I am sorry if you took me for a whore
I am more sorry that you took me for a whore
Well, then I'm sorry that I took you for a whore

Morticians…

000-000-000-000

Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh

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