

Feel So Bad

"Till The End Of The World"

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It was a miracle I even got outta Longwood alive,
This town fulla men with big mouths and no guts,
I mean, if you can just picture it,
The whole third floor of the hotel gutted by the blast,
And the street below showered in shards of broken
glass,
And all the drunks pourin' outta the dance halls,
Starin' up at the smoke and the flames,
And the blind pencil seller wavin' his stick,
Shoutin' for his dog that lay dead on the side of the
road,
And me, if you can believe this, at the wheel of the car
Closin my eyes and actually prayin',
Not to God above, but to you, sayin',

Help me girl, help me girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls

Some things we plan, we sit
And we invent and we plot and cook up,
Others are works of inspiration, of poetry,
And it was this genius hand that pushed me up the
hotel stairs
To say my last goodbye,
To her hair white as snow, and her pale blue eyes,
Sayin "I gotta go, I gotta go, the bomb and the bread
basket
Are ready to blow,"
In this town of men with big mouths and no guts,
The pencil seller's dog spooked by the explosion
And leapin' under my wheels
As I careered outta Longwood on my way to you,
Waitin in your dress, in your dress of blue

I said thank you girl, thank you girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls

And with the horses prancin' through the fields,
With my knife in my jeans and the rain on the shield,

I sang a song for the glory of the beauty of you,
Waitin for me in your dress of blue

Thank you girl, thank you girl
I'll love you till the end of the world
With your eyes black as coal and your long dark curls

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