

Fiery Furnaces, The "Cousin Chris"

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Back the bus he cussed "Space suits! Blackened boots
Lad, little Lad," he sad, "I've a tip for you
See, what about me, what about her, what about me"

For five dollars I walked him to his Mom's
And on the threshold he said straight and calm,
"See what about me, what about her, what about me"

Can't kiss cousin Chris could knight, turn off the light
With what why's we wave. What wish, it came true
See, what about me, what about her, what about me

One, two, three, four

T'ord ta tippy top Tommy tongue-tied talked
Tricked Trish tra trance which church chit-chat
Nana nots no know, so down the firehouse we go

Fireman Frank friendly fed fee-free
Dank dusty doughnuts den da dribble drank
Driven droopy drunken
In Clinton lake we've sunk in

So Tommy, look here what you did
Barnacle Bill's bound bonus bid

My mommy must a made up my mind
Many months me for Mandy Miller resigned
Right raise rank rise rust
And how she ever fussed
About that out-lout doubt-route scout
Seems he liked someone better than her
Oh Tommy, Trish and Frank
You can talk me to the bank
So I can bring a little extra today
Prop prince prize proof prize-proof, pry pray

When the word of your ward was the sword by your
side
And you dug up the deed in the dump where he died
You seemed beside yourself; you're wandering all your

wealth
'While the warp and the woof of your words were
worked
By perpetually pushing spirits and beers
Cause the coffin the cradle the curse
Were woven even worse

Since the 'sary sends signs out the fire to whom it may
concern
Cause the coffin is for me cause I have nothing to do
with it
And the cradle is for me cause the old dragon attacked
me in it
And the purse is for me because I don't have money
nor friends

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