

Thomas Dolby

"Love Is A Loaded Pistol"

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Billie crept softly into my waking arms
Warm like a sip of sour mash
Strange fruit for a sweet hunk of trash

Panic at the stage door of Carnegie Hall
Famous jazz singer gone AWOL
Still left the building body and soul

On a creaky piano stool tonight
As the moon is my only witness
She was beathing in my ear, 'This time it's love'

But love is a loded pistol
And by daybreak she's gone
Over the frozen river home
Me and Johnnie Walker
See in the new age alone

Stormy weather across the moon tonight
Billie, time is a wily trickster
Still an echo in my heart says 'This time it's love'

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