

The Ghosts Of Her Honour

Well, the nails on your hands are shorter than the pants
Of the old prostitute down 'round the corner
You wear dark shaggy hair and your man is somewhere
Far away, a broken hearted loner

It's too bad but all right
Please come good through the night
Always sleepin' with the guitar by your side

They say you're pig headed proud, they even say you're too loud
Twenty lovers are waitin' downstairs with a boner
Twenty scars on your knees and in heart your diseased
But you're hopin' and - a - longin' for the loner

It's your life that is right
Please come good through the night
Always sleepin` with the guitar by your side

A tattoo on your neck, another one on your back
From the gipsy store downstairs 'round the corner
Count the ships every day, feed the cats that are strayin'
Round your house like the ghosts of your honour

Well, I guess you do right
Please come good through the night
Always sleepin' with the guitar by your side

Little Black Mamba

You`re movin` like a bellydancer
Like a heatwave
Slow romancer
Hypnotize me with your eyes
Like a demon in disguise
Squeeze me tease me
Take my life
You are so
Beautiful and through
Desperate and blue
Lil` black mamba
I want you as you want my life
Poison drippin` from your teeth
Your appetite is pure and deep
Bite me – fight me
Spit your tongue
Lick me – trick me all night long
Im longin` for your demon charm
So won`t you take me In your arm?
You are so
Beautiful and through
Desperate and blue
Lil` black mamba
I want you as you want
my life

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