

Bluefinger

Black Francis

I'm a bluefinger from up on the hill
Above the dark water that's flowing there still
But my blood is Isala and I'd rather swill
I came down from the top and I drink every drop

I went through the Sassen Gate and I got on the train
The pepper-box bell blowing my brains
But I made it go quicker with Spanish cocaine
And I looked at the cows and I made solemn vows

And if my choices are poor
Well I made them, I made them
And who's knocking on my door?
I paid them, I paid them

If my choices are poor
Well I made them, I made them
And who's knocking on my door?
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I don't need the do not disturb me sign
The manager here is a friend of mine
So baby, let's go, just one more time
I'm a jumping jack to this thing on my back

And all of my choices were pure
Yeah I made them, I made them
And who's that knocking on my door?
Well I paid them, yeah I paid them