

Salome

Old 97's

Salome, uncross your heart
I know what goes on inside, it's over before it starts
Stay all night, yeah I'll wait right here
The full moon might work magic, girl but I won't disappear

And I'm tired of makin' friends and I'm tired of makin' time
And I'm sick to death of love and I'm sick to death of tryin'
And it's easier for you, oh it's easier for you
And it's easier for you, it's easier for you

Salome, untie my hands
Well I'll find another lady and you'll wreck another man
It's over now, yeah and so are we
My blood's turned to dirt, girl you broke every part of me

And I'm tired of makin' friends and I'm tired of makin' time
And I'm sick to death of love and I'm sick to death of tryin'
And it's easier for you, oh it's easier for you
And it's easier for you, oh it's easier

And I'm tired of makin' friends and I'm tired of makin' time
And I'm sick to death of love and I'm sick to death of tryin'
And it's easier for you, yeah it's easier for you
And it's easier for you, oh it's easier for you
And it's easier for you, oh it's easier for you, oh