

its nine eighteen yeah its coffee colored evening  
the headlights spin shadows on the ceiling  
and i'm left here with the gideon bible  
long strands of her hair trickle down the bed

in my soul there's a little alaska  
its eighty below and its dropping

sweet ecclesiastes won't you preach to me  
corner store assassin with the block nineteen  
coffee makes my hand shake i'm a frightened boy  
if i was jack the ripper would you still kiss me

she's smooth like the girl with the leather like binding  
fall into the snow yeah you make a little angel  
and i read straight through the book of revelation  
saw the astronauts on tv jumpin' on the moon

and all the horses that i bet on  
are lame and shot through the head

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