

## 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

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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