

40 Stripes

Blitzen Trapper

dye your eyes the color of july
40 stripes an no one bats an eye
empty room with nothing on the walls
a telephone that no one seems to call

heavy doses of what may be
catching on to your sorcery
changin' me

lazy lover layin' in the grass
hopin' that this loneliness will pass
thunder fills the old ones with alarm
fingers trace the thinness of the arm

read my lips and tell me what to do
all these songs and i don't have a clue
loving you just never really paid
gonna get back my old job at the arcade