

## Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room

Cracker

She wore red dresses with her black shining hair  
She had my baby and caused me to care  
Then coldly she left me to suffer and cry  
She wore red dresses and told such sweet lies

I never knew him but he took her away  
And on my knees like a madman for vengeance I prayed  
While the pain and the anger destroyed my weak mind  
She wore red dresses and left the wounded behind

I searched till I found them, then I cursed at the sight  
Of their sleeping shadows in the cold neon light  
In the dark morning silence I placed the gun to her head  
She wore red dresses, but now she lay dead