

One Last Vow

DeVotchKa

On this sacrament,
our lovers vows,
You wear them like a holy shroud;
and I cant get a word in;
and I sit here, learing at you.
I'm seeing things, through a young mothers eyes;
as a poison sunrise,
is hanging in the sky,
and I recognise this road, as the town where you was born.

My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave.
My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave.

Now its morning in the cow town,
Old man winter lets his hair down;
and they're burning all in the dark
feels better when there's blood
and the corner of the blue sky
the slumlord hauls his guts out
said "I did it all for love";
we did it all for love!

My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave,
My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave.

Oh your sacrament,
our lovers vows,
I fucked 'em up,
forget me now.
The squirmen and I'm hearing,
Watch the good life dissapearing,
I'm left dreaming in the treetops;
with the photos and the hollyhocks.
You are hypnitising breathing,
I'll surrender peacefully.

My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave,
My hands are raw;
from digging my own grave