

## Arc of Bar

Japandroids

Hustlers, whores, in rooms galore  
A sinking city's stink  
An arc of bar, a flesh bazaar  
Of diamonds, dust, and drink  
The jukebox jamming, the lions lamming  
The jokers doing the dealing  
And queens are over jacks  
Remember that or catch a beating

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

The night had come into her own  
And I made the arc of bar my home  
Beneath my clothes, just a bag of bones  
Under my skin, just skeletons  
I was rolling like a pair of dice  
With one for laws and one for lies  
But all this, I tried to hide  
Behind a glaze of sweat and fire

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

To some, a mistress  
To some, a muse  
Something soft for something blue  
She sauced my needs out of my dreams  
And baptized me in flesh that seeds  
And then she lay me like a baby  
On a bed of Spanish moss  
And for her love, I would help the devil  
To steal Christ right off the cross

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

I lay blame on the arc of bar  
And the hundred proof in me  
But the arc, it blames the air  
Hundred percent humidity  
Well at least those damned mosquitos  
That fall flounder to the flood  
Get a thimble full of whiskey with their paltry pint of blood  
My blood

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

This port of call  
It ain't no port at all  
The cap, my cup, and anchors up  
The jokers, they tease another hand  
But they're out of luck 'cause I'm out of town  
And the sun is like an omen  
Goadin' me toward the gospel  
But I got no plans at all  
Except to drink as soon as possible

Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah

Some men offer confession  
For their souls and grace of God  
For others women, women are for mercy  
And mosquitos they're abuzz  
Yeah, some men offer confession  
For their souls and grace of God  
For others women, women are for mercy  
And mosquitos they're abuzz

Yeah  
Yeah  
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Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah