

## Tell Your Sister

Lloyd Cole

I've got a little piece of paper with your name written on it  
Got a head full of attitude and nowhere to put it  
Tell me: why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
Why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue

Well, there's a chapel on the corner where I'm doing my crying  
There's a limit to my patience, what'd ya say, Fay, let's get married

Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
They say the world keeps on turning, and everything remains the same

Well, my heart's burning, and I say everything must change  
Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
Why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground of Rue Morgue Avenue  
Rue Morgue avenue

Rita-Mae, tell your sister she's unkind  
Tell your sister  
Well, I don't mind  
Tell your sister, she's got mine

Why don't you come down?  
Soil your pretty feet on the dirty ground  
I got a four letter word; starts with the letter "l"  
Can't bring myself to say it 'cause it's making my life hell  
Why don't you come down to Rue Morgue Avenue?  
'Cause I've been drinking all night and all day  
Just trying to picture your sweet face  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue

Rita-Mae, tell your sister she's unkind  
Tell your sister  
Well, I don't mind  
Tell your sister  
She knows where  
Where I lie  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on...  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue  
Down on Rue Morgue Avenue