

# Real Live Bleeding Fingers and Broken Guitar Strings

Lucinda Williams

You've got a sense of humor  
You're a mystery  
I heard a rumor  
You're making history

Photographic dialogs  
Beneath your skin  
Pornographic episodes  
Screaming sin

'Til it's real live bleeding fingers  
And broken guitar strings

You are my Prince Charming  
Draped in velvet robes  
Of all that's alarming  
Raw and exposed

Shattered nerves  
Itchy skin  
Dirty words  
And heroin

Better, real live bleeding fingers  
And broken guitar strings

I climbed all the way inside  
Your tragedy  
I got behind  
The majesty

Of the different shapes  
In every note  
The endless tapes  
Of every word you wrote

Real live bleeding fingers  
And broken guitar strings

Real live bleeding fingers  
And broken guitar strings