

## Quiver Syndrome

Mark Lanegan

I turned back towards the factory  
With a rail running through my head  
And the stain of a rust red romance  
Though my iron age rose is dead  
Will the Lord hold me down 'cause I'm wicked?  
Will the Lord hold me down, to my shame?  
Will your love it get into me Jesus?  
Now I heard you calling out my name

The moon don't smile on saturday's child  
Lying still in Elysian Fields  
I don't know what the doctor he did  
Now I'm all day long with my body in bed

Plant the seeds of an ivory white lily  
Play the ghost of autumn's lullabye  
You know the way i came down to the city  
Snuffed the love light out of my eyes  
I'm knocked back in the alley  
With the sweat pouring off my hands  
I can tear out a stitch 'cause it's aching  
When I'm a shake, shake, shaking I can

The moon don't smile on saturday's child  
Lying still in Elysian Fields  
I don't hear what my mother she said  
Now I'm all day long with my body in bed

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