

Salome

Peter Doherty

In the cold, coldest of nights
The fire I light, to warm my bones
I've had enough, of the dreadful cold
And from the flames, appears Salome
I stand before her amazed
As she dances and demands
The head of John the Baptist on a plate
In the morning, shaken and disturbed
From under soft white fur
I see the dust in the morning bright sets the room alive
And by the telly appears Salome
I stand before her amazed
As she dances and demands
The head of Isidora Duncan on a plate
Oh, It's Salome
Oh, It's Salome
In the cold, coldest of nights
The fire I light, to warm my bones
I've had enough, of the dreadful cold
And from the flames appears Salome
I stand before her amazed
As she dances and demands
The head of any bastard on a plate