

## Sailor Song

Regina Spektor

She will kiss til your lip bleeds  
But she will not take her dress off  
Americano, tropicano

All the sailor boys have demons  
They sing "oh kentucky why did you forsake me  
If I was meant to sail the sea  
Why did you make me  
Shouldve been with the state  
Oh state

Cause mary anne's a bitch  
Mary anne's a bitch  
Mary anne's a bitch  
Mary anne's a bitch  
Mary anne's a bitch  
Mary anne's a bitch

Does it matter that our anchors  
Couldn't even reach the bottom  
Of a bath tub

And the sails reflect the moon  
It's such a strange job  
Playing black jack on the deck  
Still I taught this giant bottle dressed in white  
We quitely huddle with our missiles  
And we miss the girls back home  
Oh home sweet home

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