

# Cooksferry Queen

Richard Thompson

Well, there's a house in an alley  
In the squats and low-rise  
Of a town with no future  
But that's where my future lies

It's a secret, but no secret  
It's a rule, but no rule  
Where you find the darkest avenue  
There you'll find the brightest jewel

Now my name, it is Mulvaney  
And I'm known quite famously  
People speak my name in whispers  
What higher praise can there be

But I'd trade my fine mohair  
For tied-dyes and faded jeans  
If she wanted me some other way  
She's my Cooksferry Queen

She gave me one pill to get bigger  
She gave me one pill to get small  
I saw snakes dancing all around her feet  
And dead men coming through the wall

Well, I'm the prince of this parish  
I've been ruthless and I've been mean  
But she blew my mind as she opened my eyes  
She's my Cooksferry Queen, yeah

Well, she's got every rare perfection  
All her looks beyond compare  
She's got dresses that seem to float in the wind  
Pre-raphaelite curls in her hair

She could get the lame to walking  
She could get the blind to see  
She could make wine out of Thames river water  
She could make a believer out of me

Yes, I'd trade it all tomorrow  
All the wicked things I've been  
She's my bright jewel of the alley  
She's my Cooksferry Queen

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