

## Off My Sleeve

Royal Wood

In your little China dress  
That's how I loved you best  
With a tulip to your chest  
In the silk and satin pressed

With a left shoe on my right  
And my tongue was tangled tight  
The strain of it went light  
As you grinned in your delight

Sayin' come on, come on, come on breath  
The night air off my sleeve

Though the armies all had died  
And the cavalry wouldn't ride  
The whores became the brides  
The night St Augustine died

And you said come on, come on, come on breath  
The night air off my sleeve

When no one mans the sails  
And the search for youth has failed  
When my coffin is all but nailed  
The words that will prevail

Are you and come on, come on, come on breath  
The night air off my sleeve  
Come on, come on, come on breath  
The night air off my sleeve  
Come on, come on, come on breath  
The night air off my sleeve