

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 mends 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