

# String of Pearls

Soul Asylum

She swings a string of pearls on the corner  
The street lights reflect the light in the water  
The string it snaps and the pearls go sailing  
And they splash and bounce and roll cross the wet street

As she bends to chase the pearls a car swings round the corner  
She darts from the eyes of the panic-struck driver  
Who's racing to the delivery room  
'cause in the back seat his wife is busting out of her womb

And the sack breaks and out come the siamese twins  
Who grow up to become the first president  
With two heads  
Are better than one

He puts his heads in his hands, says I got to put my heads together  
I can become the best president ever  
And not just president  
Fend for yourself

Signs his name, takes the blame for all of the names with no shame  
In their beliefs they adjourn and they leave  
And in walks a man with a broom and a knife and blood on his hands

And he sweeps everything under the rug  
And goes home to his kids and gives them a hug  
But his wife was not there, she had just left a letter  
That said youd be much better off without me

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Now his wife took the train to her ex-lovers funeral  
Who died in the bathroom, hit his head on a urinal  
When they got together, the knowledge was carnal  
And the widow was at the funeral, and they had quite a catfight

And they fell into the hole where the casket was resting  
And the preacher just left in the middle of the service  
cause death was one thing, but women made him nervous  
And he ran to his car and he drove round the corner

Then something in the street caught the light in his eye  
He pulled over, reached down, and picked up a pearl from the gutter  
And he didn't know what to think  
And he brought it home and washed it in the sink

And he gave the pearl to Sister Mary Theresa  
Who could not accept it so she gave it to Lisa,  
A young prostitute who was missing a pearl  
On the necklace that broke late last night