

Tongue Like a Knife

Squeeze

The head of a hunt on the wall by a painting
An upright piano stood locked by the door
In through the window the light was fast fading
While I spilt my whiskey all over the floor

Making a mess of my words so I'm trying
To impress the Empress with my wimpy tales
Fanning her face from cigar smoke and sighing
I had come close to be miles from her trail

She was the jewel that sparkled in darkness
She was the love of everyone's life
She was the catch at everyone's parties
She was the one with a tongue like a knife

Her bosoms curved perfectly lit by the fire
My mind launched away in a sea of its own
Her grace and her tightness I had to admire
Through a whore's breath of stories I happily told

Trespassing my hand fell into hot water
She shot like a bullet right out of her chair
She led me away and I was then slaughtered
By the warmth of her body and her love and care

Her tongue cut away and the wounds slowly opened
I lay on the sails of the ship of romance
Drunk as I could be and broker than broken
And the head of my hunt was there in my hands

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A tongue like a knife, a tongue like a knife
Oh, a tongue like a knife, a tongue like a knife
Oh, a tongue like a knife, a tongue like a knife
Oh, a tongue like a knife