

Oh Creole

The Rumble Strips

There's a beating heart
Lonely in the dark,
I wonder when was the start
Of when it all went bad.
A tear rolls down his face
He licks his lips and tastes,
Whisky he just can't waste
God bless them weeping eyes.

Outside is driving rain, oh creole
Inside the music's playing, oh creole
Think it's gonna make a change, think again.
Oh creole, oh creole

There's a creole sound
That's been going round,
The people dancing to the pound
Of that same beating heart,
And ain't it beating loud
And ain't it beating proud
And ain't it such an ugly sound
I'm never gonna dream I even go and start

Oh you don't play to well, oh creole
No you don't ring no bell, oh creole
Is it gonna make a change, is it hell
Oh creole, oh creole