

Hoist That Skirt

Those Poor Bastards

Hoist that skirt above your knee
And comb the demons from your hair
Kiss me with them evil lips
If its wrong, well, I don't really care

'Cause I wanna feel darlin'
I wanna feel, like I'm livin'
One more time, let me feel like I'm livin'

It's like I'm in a wheelchair
And my neck is trapped within a noose
Maybe I've had too much booze
Yeah, that's a fuckin' good excuse

That's my hand upon your leg
Like a fish dead upon the shore
I know it's hard to look at me
Close your eyes, my dear, forever more