

# Chris Whitley, Guns & Dolls

Slow neurosis  
Lay awaiting the cousin to come  
Got my mouth all around her  
~Neath the blanket where the world is run  
Now you take the weed in your hungry hand sister  
All in need of the naked man that  
Can't get over  
Guns and dolls all around this room  
You can't get over  
Guns and dolls any afternoon  
Now the wind know no one  
When she carve your face up and down my arm  
Get my eyes wide open  
For one moment I know we can do no wrong  
But I, I see you there as you pull me down  
Like there's so much promise in any playground  
And I can't get over  
Guns and dolls all around this room  
I can't get over  
Guns and dolls all afternoon  
Bit my lip off, broken road where you  
Slip your tongue to the hard and cold  
Where we make them deals  
With these naked myths  
Break me, mama  
From the ties of the kitsch romance  
Got to ride me over  
All these lies of deliverance  
I can't get over  
Can't get over  
Well, I can't control it  
Can't get over