

# The Jesus And Mary Chain, Tower Of Song

Well my friends are gone, my hair is grey  
And I ache in all the places where I used to play  
And I'm crazy for love, but I'm not coming on  
I'm just paying my rent every day in the tower of song

I said to Hank Williams, "how lonely does it get?"  
Hank Williams hasn't answered yet  
But I hear him coughing all night long  
A one hundred floors above me in the, in the tower of song

Come on

I was born like this, I had no choice  
I was born with the gift of a golden voice  
And twenty seven angels from the great beyond  
They tied me to this table right here in the tower of song

So you can stick your little pins in that voodoo doll  
I'm very sorry baby doesn't look like me at all  
And I'm standing by the window where the light is strong  
They don't let a woman kill you, not in the tower of song

Come on

Now you can say that I've grown bitter, but of this you maybe sure  
The rich have got their channels in the bedrooms of the poor  
And there's a mighty judgement coming, but I maybe wrong  
You see I hear these funny voices in the tower of song

Now I bid you farewell I don't know when I'll be back  
They're moving us tomorrow to that tower down the track  
But you'll be hearing from me baby long after I'm gone  
I'll be speaking to you sweetly from my window in the tower of song

Come on