

Black Beehive

Big Head Todd and the Monsters

Twenty-seven years old
She could not keep control
Of her broken-hearted soul
And the reckless way she go

Shaking that gutter tambourine
And a 57 microphone
Black beehive, tattooed arms
Singing that soul song can't go on

Red flower in her hair
Tragic twenty-seven she rolls like
Janis and Jimi running down drinks
Black beehive I miss you so
Sassy as any supreme, her eyes as black as coal
Walked away and the sun went down
Singin' that soul song till no one's around

Back to black was
Her kind of rhythm and blues
Fade out to black was
Her kind of rhythm and blues

Lay your lamp down low
Suicide doors on that Lincoln
Take in that final drag, well
You're so intoxicating
And the evening's afterglow
Turns into a bad hangover
Black beehive
Ten thousand demons
You cheated yourself but you had your reasons

Back to black was
Her kind of rhythm and blues
Fade out to black was
Her kind of rhythm and blues
Back to black
She had nothing but the whole world to lose
Fade out to black was
Her kind of rhythm and blues