

Wishbone

Eleni Mandell

He's older than the hills, boys, winking the night away, Jack
He's a punk, rat, cat guts, your tongue, my man your time is up

No good, rotten, I told him get lost!
For bragging 'bout the tricks that he used to tie knots
Just another good reason that he used to get sauced
See the city laid out flat on it's back
Hear the night winds moan
There'll be good luck for one of us
Wishbone

He's just a child, you twist his arm, he's always guilty, man
He'll never fix what he did wrong
He hides beneath his hat
I've seen him half a dozen times before
Dirty, filthy, looking for
Some empty arms that he could fall into
See the city laid out flat on it's back, man
She's all alone
There'll be good luck for one of us
Wishbone

I say I'll meet you in the alley where I heard the woman screaming
"Somebody, please, help me"
The lights may flicker engine blue
I tell you that our love is true
Now, this could be the real thing
See the city laid out flat on it's back
Hear the night winds moan
There'll be good luck for one of us
Wishbone