

The Lotts

Fontaines D.C.

Lotts on the corner, she ain't ever coming down
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Lilly for the beggar and poison for the clown
Lotts on the corner, she ain't ever coming down
Lotts on the corner, she ain't ever coming down
Lilly for the beggar and poison for the clown
Lotts on the corner, there ain't nothing here to see
Lotts on the corner, there ain't nothing here for me
Sorry in the morning for the bastard I will be, oh

Devil is the morning and a miser with a gun
Looking for a few coins, "What you want, son?
Manger for the evening or a presidential run?"
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Death is falling down on your work routine
And it's falling even harder on your churches and your queens
Don't be falling hard on the tenement scene
Death is falling down on your work routine
And it's falling even harder on your churches and your queens
Don't be falling hard on the tenement scene

La-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-la-la