

## Scotch and Water Blues

Spin Doctors

I've held your hand and sunk your ships  
And I can read our future in the whiskey on your lips  
Watch this ice a-melting; cool glass magnify my palms  
And from the church on Sunday evening comes the sifted sound of psalm  
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Things they go and then come around to stops  
Now my baby? just a breeze through the treetops

Glass in my hand, my back to the door  
My one consolation is I ain? your man anymore

The Drop

Oh, I worry just about the drop  
Oh, I worry just about the drop  
'Cause it's not the fall that kills you,  
But, the sudden stop

Machiavelli on the door  
The shogun dropped his chopsticks in the bowl  
Oh, you might be a pastor, but you never pay the toll

I'm flippin' from left to right  
Oh, I'm flippin' like a moth tonight  
I could never ask your baby,  
I'll wish for you tonight  
I'll wish for you

I worry just about the drop  
I worry about the drop  
'Cause it's not the fall that kills you,  
It's that sudden stop  
That sudden stop, now

Is she alligator  
Yeah, she's a crocodile  
She got that ancient?  
That's just hanging out of her smile

When she called you at the keyhole, brother  
She knew it all the while  
Oh, I worry just about the drop  
Oh, I worry (I'm so worried, mama) about the drop  
'Cause it's not the fall that kills you,  
But that sudden stop