

Last Rites

The Horrible Crowes

Start up the car...
Bury your memories...
Call on your lovers
Speaking slow and heavy
Call up your boyfriends
from out by the ocean
While I get my last rites
Read by a thief
While I get my last rites
Read by a thief

And you look so holy standing in the water
From all my pictures I worshiped before you.
My baby just ain't
No good
My baby just she ain't
No good
Yeah...