

Maria's on the hill, she was all "side of her eyes."
A five-dollar wine has a blanket inside.
Lay up the pages on a traveling bed.
Watch the Blood of Christ Mountains, oh they all turn red.

Howl at the half moon, radio queen.
She's all smoke, she's all nicotine.
The songs in my pocket just crumble apart.
Won't you sing me something for the dark?

Maria's got wings, she's got legs for the sea,
A captain's coat and a note for me.
Wake up Marie, 'fore the season turns,
Set your dash for the coast, watch the Sangres burn.

Howl at the half moon, radio queen.
She's all smoke, she's all nicotine.
The songs in my pocket just crumble apart.
Won't you sing me something for the dark, dark, dark?

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Won't you sing me something for the dark...

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