

Mercy – Petunia

I got a ragtime for ya inside of my head
Comin' back to me now from the ages of the dead
If Tom Waits could yodel and I bet that he can
Way up inside his head I came it crawling back
What do you do with the poison in your head
Seeping and creeping in every single bed
Dreams when you wake and you bake and you ache
Every little try
But you can't and you cry

Mercy mercy over me
Mercy mercy over me

Just a cowboy singing
And I'm trying all I can to wake the spirit and the
soul
and to place it in your hand
Take the holy bible and make you all libel
To sing in every church and every bar and every
land
Like a blackjack dealer I'm dealing out the cards
You fumble with your soul and gamble with your
lark
But you can't get to heaven if it's where you want
to go
You can't use fad

You gotta gamble with your soul
Gamble with your soul
Gamble with your soul

No you can't go to church just to claim you've
gotta soul
You can't pay the piper with your silver and your
gold
You can't rub an eye from the burning inside it's
your soul calling ya
So you better make a time for a date with the wild
.....
Scratching and a grabbing in....
You can't retire you gotta look em in the eye

You gotta tango with your soul
Dance with the fire
You gotta dance with the fire

Well you could call yourself a Christian or a
muslim or a jew
You could call yourself a prophet or a liar or a
fool
But when the chips are on the table
You can't use core you can't use fat
You gotta gamble
When the time draws near to lay down and die
And the sun is setting fast on the last blue sky
Will you say please will you say please
It's too late friends
All your mercy over me
All your mercy over me