

# Angel Hair

## Babes in Toyland

Angel hair, floating over there  
Well, you think I don't see?  
I see clear through  
I see little fishes in my sea, little seaAll the birds have turned to hawks in me  
Living vicariously, you are 3  
Stick your sickness inside my line upAnd take your orders well done, says the one  
And only you've left them all behind  
Alone needing more floor hours ofYou take your punishment well, swallow it  
Just steal, stinking up from behind  
Show me the way to the white  
Bow to my people realShut, wide eyes, wide legs, shut, shut, shut  
So you see, little sea, try to get me  
You think I don't see, I see clear throughStick your sickness, line up, take orders, well, line up  
You think I don't see, I see clear through  
Stick your sickness inside my line up  
I don't bleed your state of mind

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