

Wasp Nest

The National

You're cussing a storm in a cocktail dress your mother wore when she was young
Red sun saint around your neck
A wet martini in a paper cup
You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest. Your eyes are broken bottles
And I'm afraid to ask
And all your wrath and cutting beauty
You're poison in the pretty glass
You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest You're all humming live wires under your killing clothes.
Get over here, I wanna kiss your skinny throat
You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>