

Catatonic

Babes in Toyland

I know the sugar plum fairy
Her name is Mary
She's halfway inside my arm
Half way does great harm So she charmed herself to a toilet
And fucked herself gold holy
Silver beams shot out her eyes When the rain comes
When the rain comes
Then it got worse I know you well
I wear your smell
Nailed at the hips I see, you are
One, two, three, four, five
Glad you're not alive
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
Back to hell again This sick charade
This ditch I've spade
I've come to clay I see you are me
One, two, three, four, five
Glad you're not alive
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten
Back to hell again Catatonic planet
I wont have it

Songwriters

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