

Catatonic

Babes in Toyland

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

Songwriters
Kat BjellandPublished by

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