

Cactus

M. Nomized

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore
 I put it on when I go lonely
 Will you take off your dress and send it to me?
 I miss your kissin' and I miss your head
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead
 Run outside in the desert heat
 Make your dress all wet and send it to me
 I miss your soup and I miss your bread
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead
 So spill your breakfast and drip your wine
 Just wear that dress when you're dying
 P-I-X-I-E-S
Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore
 Bloody your hands on a cactus tree
 Wipe it on your dress and send it to me
 Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore

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