

Laredo

Babes In Toyland

Tear your wings off at the spine
And tape them to the back of mine
I can fly higher when I'm tired
My two hands are scorched
From holding this torch
Mind feels like neon
All glowing and bent up
You look good on my back
Like a shark fin
Rectify desensitized
'Tis the season to drink poison
Tra la la was a bad head girl
Your mind's gone greasy
It slides right off me
And all the jaded stars
Spit black cigars

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