

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 tiredMy two hands are scorched
From holding this torch
Mind feels like neon
All glowing and bent upYou look good on my back
Like a shark fin
Rectify desensitized
'Tis the season to drink poison
Tra la la was a bad head girlYour mind's gone greasy
It slides right off me
And all the jaded stars
Spit black cigars

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