Glue

Christina Rosenvinge

Mummy was a waitress dressed in tangerine,
she found daddy in a can of sardines.
Liquid boy, you know all the stories,
its been there since the first cold morning.So blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I cant lose.I was raised by hungry dogs and spiders,
that is why my legs are long, but hairy.
Where I live people dont get married,
we have fun throwing stones to ferries.Its blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I cant lose.Will you think of me
at the end of the summer
when nights are so clean
they beat you like a hammer?Its blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.
Baby, its thick, thick, thick,
sometimes kind of sweet.
So blue, blue, blue,
bluer than the zoo.

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