

Angel Hair

Babes In Toyland

Angel hair, floating over there

Well, you think I don't see?

I see clear through

I see little fishes in my sea, little seaAll the birds have turned to hawks in me

Living vicariously, you are 3

Stick your sickness inside my line upAnd take your orders well done, says the one

And only you've left them all behind

Alone needing more floor hours ofYou take your punishment well, swallow it

Just steal, stinking up from behind

Show me the way to the white

Bow to my people realShut, wide eyes, wide legs, shut, shut, shut

So you see, little sea, try to get me

You think I don't see, I see clear throughStick your sickness, line up, take orders, well, line up

You think I don't see, I see clear through

Stick your sickness inside my line up

I don't bleed your state of mind

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