

Miss Peaches Wears An Iron Dress

Electric Six

Miss Peaches wears an iron dress,
And Sweet Pea likes bubbles,
And if I had a scythe,
I'd hack away at all her troubles,
Short sellers under stress,
While the S & P doubles,
How long must he live,
Amongst her ruins and her rubbles, Ooh come on there's a new bull to shave,
Ever since they told us we could recklessly misbehave,
I've got chicken from a website,
I've got chicken from a funnel,
And every time we meet, I meet you in a Shanghai tunnel, I could be wrong about everything,
But I've seen her bells and I've heard them ring,
This time I'm in no position to say anything, Miss Peaches bakes a lizard pie,
And Sweet Pea just cries,
There's a million other things she'd rather have,
Then one of those pies,
Troubled teens want to die,
And scoundrels tell lies,
How long to know what kind of yeast,
is making your bread rise, Whoa oh I'm happy as a clam,
Ever since I did the right thing and forgot who I am,
The guy I used to work with,
Became a prison whore,
And ever since he got out,
He wanna go back-back for more, I'm not asking for a reprieve,
But it's quite a tangled web we weave,
I'm not asking you to believe anything, If you ask her to dance,
With a 'howdy do,'
When she makes your acquaintance,
She always turns blue,
She does not want to bleed,
But she's falling in lead,
And she's dancing two-step, tangle web

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