

Saline, The Salt Lake Queen

Rasputina

In a prehistoric dried-up lake
A million years after the last earthquake
There lived a little girl who loved to bake
The only thing she made was cake And all she used was salt
That's all she had - it's not her fault
Saline, the salt lake queen She used a rudimental substance for
An ingredient that she could pour
Into a chalice she carved out of stone
Her only friend, it was a big black crow That flew with love
He would fly high above
Then look back at her below Oh Saline
Only seventeen
Swollen up with pride Oh Saline
Under desert skies
She's a bromide
She makes green fire in a tunnel of thorns
And she's got yellow eyes She cook alone amid a brutal ruin
It's hard to tell exactly what she's doin'
An incantation then the crow flew in OOO-oo-oo And then she took a taste
The black crow looked into her fact
Saline the salt lake queen Oh Saline
Only seventeen
Swollen up with pride Oh Saline
Under desert skies
She's a bromide
She makes green fire in a tunnel of thorns
And she's got yellow eyes

Songwriters

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