

# Dusted

## The Geraldine Fibbers

I still miss the smell of aDead skunk  
On the Pasadena freeway  
Wind rippin' though my veins  
Little shiny airplanes  
Blowin' up my skirt  
Nothing ever hurt  
Never gonna die  
And the look in your eye  
Like fireworks  
Got one hand on the wheel  
The other getting fresh with the corduroy  
Covering my angel boy  
But I'm gone gone gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone gone gone  
I'm dust.A pretty boy's a bad boy  
And a pretty girl's like a dirty pearl  
The boys I know suck 'til they blow  
The girlies still are good to go  
The girl downstairs with her crem-delish  
And the one on the couch eating Bananafish  
I'd like to curl you up with a better book  
But there's no finer fish to hook  
And I'm gone gone gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone  
I'm dusted  
I'm gone gone gone  
I'm dustedIf I only had a brain  
If I only had a brain  
If I only had a brain  
it would give me something more to deliver  
but I'm gone

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