

Trashman In Furs

The Geraldine Fibbers

Lay down Rosey.
It's the blue and the orange time,
A water and a twist of lime.I had so much to tell you.
I raced through the sky
To touch you for the last time.
So much to tell you.
I raced through the sky,
To whisper a message into your morphine drip.Not a dark boy
A sparkle and a mark boy
Making cake out of trashcan afterthoughts.
Death is a spinster,
Mortally whacking the funny boys
'til they're not laughing anymore.I had so much to tell you.
I raced through the sky
To touch you for the last time.
So much to tell you.
I raced through the sky,
To whisper a message into your morphine drip.Don't cry don't cry don't cry don't cry
I'm havin' fun drivin'
I'm ridin' ridin' ridin'
To a place with no pain
No tears no art
No ears no cars
No need for you to cry for me
Don't cry for me
They're here for me
No need for you to cry.Lay down Rosey.
It's the blue and the orange time,
A water and a twist of lime.I had so much to tell you.
I raced through the sky
To touch you for the last time.
So much to tell you.
I raced through the sky,
To whisper a messageSo much to tell you
So much to tell you
I raced through the sky

Songwriters

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