

# Cactus

## Travelogue

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore  
I put it on when I go lonely  
Will you take off your dress and send it to me?  
I miss your kissin' and I miss your head  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
Run outside in the desert heat  
Make your dress all wet and send it to me  
I miss your soup and I miss your bread  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
So spill your breakfast and drip your wine  
Just wear that dress when you're dying  
P-I-X-I-E-S  
Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore  
Bloody your hands on a cactus tree  
Wipe it on your dress and send it to me  
Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore

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