

Arrow To My Drunken Eye

The Geraldine Fibbers

Thieves and sweet things all come this way.
Anyone is welcome until the break of day.
Don't be caught with your nightie mussed
And if you are questioned, don't tell them,
Don't tell them what we've discussed. I look under my bed no monsters are there.
I still have hands and a head so it's been a good day.
Been a good day so I say my prayers, I say my prayers.
Don't rescue me. I'm fine right where I am I'm censor,
I'm optic,
I'm a lake at high noon,
Glittering ripple rip open cocoon.

Songwriters

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