Beehive Queen (Marc Riley session 04-07-13)

The Wytches

And it was crowded
So I was leaving
And no one wants to see your debt to the sky
And it was crowded
So I was leaving
And you entirely debased my lifeYou strangle me, strangler, strangler
Yeah your wooden hands they smell like it's been raining for a while
You perfect your style
And I'll sit in the luggage pile for a whileYou're wild, wild, wild
Make all the dangerous girls smile
Whilst down on their knees
Singing please, please, please
Fix me
She shouts "killjoy" because the sound of my voice
Made it hard for her to tell if I was a girl or a boy
"Killjoy" and then I get all annoyed
"If I beat in a plastic bottle could I be a boy?"
She said "no"

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