Cactus

Joe Beck & David Sanborn

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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