

# 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 trash can 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 message So much to tell you  
So much to tell you  
I raced through the sky

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