

# Faberge Falls for Shuggie

## of Montreal

Those with the golden axe have tried to tell me  
What they say  
That the bird in my chest was dead  
But that's never, never, neverShe ain't my thug no more, ain't no kind of killer  
And she can break 'em off if she damn well please  
Just as long as she brings it home to me  
And it's still hotCan you touch what I'm saying?  
It's like, did Shuggie do it yet?  
No, not yet, waitThose with the golden axe have tried to tell me  
Tell you what  
That the sex in my walk was cotton soft  
But that's never, never, neverWith question marks in my eyes  
And your strange name pressed to our lips  
We arrived at number eleven  
So charged and ready for slaveriesI won't take the stage straight, understand  
Under capes with druggy cock dragons  
I wanna put out so bad  
But something bad says the kid's probably rightAre you deflating at the question?  
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know  
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, okayNow that the parachute has opened, well  
Don't it make you feel good?  
Now that the parachute has opened, well  
Don't it make you feel good?Be careful how you touch me  
My body is an earthquake  
Ready to receive you  
My mind's making glaciersMetals for my soldiers  
Let's be like strangers  
Touching for the first timeSkeletal lamping  
The controller sphere  
False priestSkeletal lamping  
The controller sphere  
False priest

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