

# Indie Cindy

## Pixies

Put this down for the record  
It's more or less unchequered  
Wasted days and wasted nights  
    Made me a f\*cking beggar  
    No soul my milk is curdled  
I'm the burger-meister of purgatory  
Look out for that hot plate  
    Guess that's all you got. great  
    You put the c\*ck in cocktail, man  
    Well I put the tail in wait!  
    Watch. me. walk.  
    Blowtorch a hole in that armor  
And I don't need the tip  
I am in love with your daughter  
    And though she has no need  
    I'm the one who's got some trotters  
    You've many mouths to feed  
    Indie Cindy  
    Be in love with me  
I beg for you to carry me  
Mixed messages from Sir Naff  
    Please authenticate  
    Just to be sure that you're a sap  
    Set for stun automatica  
    Crap is the operative  
Locomotive of the longest death  
There goes Indie Cindy whose  
    Sails were black when it was windy  
    We offed ourselves in a lover's pact  
    We threw ourselves into the sea  
    Well looksie what the wind washed back  
    As we follow the bouncing ball  
They call this dance the washed up crawl  
I am in love with your daughter  
    And though she has no need  
    I'm the one who's got some trotters  
    You've many mouths to feed  
    I am in love with your daughter  
    And though she has no need  
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