

Dust Cake Boy

Babes in Toyland

Woah, shoot
Oh yeah
Why don't you shoot?
Yeah, shoot, oh yeahIndian Billy simple sin scratches across my
Skin, skin, skin, skin, skin, skin
Soft gravel scratches across my
Skin, skin, skin, skin, skinIt ain't love, baby, that makes this martyr
Grin, grin, grin, grin, grin, grin
Simply sick, where Billy's
Been, been, been, been, beenOh my soul
There's a hole
Oh, my soulSending psychic messages you can't even
Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear
From my dumb mouth to your deaf
Ear, ear, ear, ear earSugar spun sentiment never even
Meant, meant, meant, meant, meant
We've all dragged our Jesus hair
Around, around, around, around, aroundOh my soul
There's a hole
Oh, my soul
Dust cake boy, boy, boyWoah he wavers me something
God he wavers me something
Woah he fucks real mean, meanShe screams out your name 'cause she sweats to be
Me, me, me, me, me
Has a crystalline cunt made of mint julep
Tea, tea, tea, tea, tea, teaYou're staring at something you're never gonna see
Take your small eyes away from
Me, me, me, me, meOh, my soul
There's a hole
Oh my soul
Dust cake boy, boy, boyWoah, dust cake boy he fucks
Woah, he fucks real good
He fucks real mean
He fucks mean, he fucks mean

Songwriters

Kat BjellandPublished by

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