

# Dust Cake Boy

## Babes in Toyland

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

Songwriters

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