Sylvia Plath (Live In Porto)

Ryan Adams

I wish I had a Sylvia Plath
Busted tooth and a smile
And cigarette ashes in her drink
The kind that goes out and then sleeps for a week
The kind that goes out on her own
To give me a reason, for well, I dunnoAnd maybe she'd take me to France
Or maybe to Spain, she'd ask me to dance
In a mansion on the top of a hill
She'd ash on the carpets
And slip me a pill
Then she'd get me pretty loaded on gin
And maybe she'd give me a bath
How I wish I had a Sylvia PlathAnd she and I would sleep on a boat
And swim in the sea without clothes
With rain falling fast on the sea
While she was swimming away, she'd be winking at me
Telling me it would all be okay
On the horizon and fading away
And I'd swim to the boat and I'd laugh
Gotta get me a Sylvia PlathAnd maybe she'd take me to France
And maybe to Spain, she'd ask me to dance
In a mansion on the top of a hill
She'd ash on the carpets
And slip me a pill
Then she'd get me pretty loaded on gin
And maybe she'd give me a bath
How I wish I had a Sylvia Plath
I wish I had a Sylvia Plath

Songwriters
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