

Irene

[Trixie Whitley](#)

High voltage runnin' through these veins
I need a change baby, I need a change
Mama's been cookin' on your rusted pipes
Smellin' like sulfur and parasites
Sit behind the curtain of my soul
Livin' in a swamp, going out of control
Doctor got me on my knees
I'm beggin' ya please call me a remedy (but)
I've seen colors come from dirt
I've seen lovers with no worth
Irene - you ain't takin' my freedom away
Men in colorless business suits
Stuck to their desk on Fifth Avenue
Imagine them waitin' for "their cousin's breast"
And all of that milk drippin' off of their chest
How dull the hour of your heart!
Depriving the skies where I needed to fly
But I continue to choosing my eye
Nanana... my little flower (?)
But I ain't biting in your teeth
Got me to the floor, bound with my feet
Doctor got me on my knees
I'm beggin' you I need some substance please
Irene - you ain't takin' my freedom away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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