Birthday

The Sugarcubes

She lives in this house over there, has her world outside it.
Grapples with the earth with her fingers and her mouth, she's five years old.
Thread worms on a string, keeps spiders in her pocket, collects fly-wings in
A jar scrubs horse flies and pinches them on a line. she's got one friend
He lives next door, they listen to the weather, he knows how many freckles
she's got,
She scratches his beard. she's painting huge books, glues them together,
They saw a big raven; it glided down the sky, she touched it.
Today's a birthday, they're smoking cigars, he got a chain of flowers,
Sows a bird in her knickers, they're smoking cigars, lie in the bathtub, chain of flowers.

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