

Faberge Falls for Shuggie (Remix)

of Montreal

Those with the golden axe have tried to tell me
What they say
That the bird in my chest was dead
But that's never, never, neverShe ain't my thug no more, ain't no kind of killer
And she can break 'em off if she damn well please
Just as long as she brings it home to me
And it's still hotCan you touch what I'm saying?
It's like, did Shuggie do it yet?
No, not yet, waitThose with the golden axe have tried to tell me
Tell you what
That the sex in my walk was cotton soft
But that's never, never, neverWith question marks in my eyes
And your strange name pressed to our lips
We arrived at number eleven
So charged and ready for slaveriesI won't take the stage straight, understand
Under capes with druggy cock dragons
I wanna put out so bad
But something bad says the kid's probably rightAre you deflating at the question?
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, I don't know
I don't know, I don't know, I don't know, okayNow that the parachute has opened, well
Don't it make you feel good?
Now that the parachute has opened, well
Don't it make you feel good?Be careful how you touch me
My body is an earthquake
Ready to receive you
My mind's making glaciersMetals for my soldiers
Let's be like strangers
Touching for the first timeSkeletal lamping
The controller sphere
False priestSkeletal lamping
The controller sphere
False priest

Songwriters

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