

Calico

Marissa Nadler

Take her to the river, call her a river-child
Take her to the forest, call her a little wild
Sell her to the gypsy for a jar of metal coins
Take her to the mountain and thrust yourself into her loins Calico, Calico, Calico
Her lips are white as snow She moved to the mountains with a box all chiseled sharp
She moved to the highlands with a box of books all dark
I knew her in the city she and I would dance the night
Drink the wine of dripping berries toss the moon and count the lights Calico, Calico, Calico
Her skin is soft as snow Take her to the river, call her a river-child
Take her to the forest, call her a little wild

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