

Glue

Christina Rosenvinge

Mummy was a waitress dressed in tangerine,
she found daddy in a can of sardines.
Liquid boy, you know all the stories,
its been there since the first cold morning. So blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry. No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I cant lose. I was raised by hungry dogs and spiders,
that is why my legs are long, but hairy.
Where I live people dont get married,
we have fun throwing stones to ferries. Its blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry. No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I cant lose. Will you think of me
at the end of the summer
when nights are so clean
they beat you like a hammer? Its blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, its dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.
Baby, its thick, thick, thick,
sometimes kind of sweet.
So blue, blue, blue,
bluer than the zoo.

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