6" Gold Blade

The Birthday Party

I stuck a six-inch gold blade in the head of a girl
she: lying through her teeth, him: on his back
hands off this one, hands off! she cried
grinning at me from hip to hip
hands off, pretty baby, tough bone then so soft to slip
oooh yeah
I stuck a six-inch gold blade in the head of a girl
sharks-fin slices sugar-bed slices that pretty red-head
I love you! now me! I love you!
laughter, laughter
oh baby, those skinny girls, they're so quick to murder
oooh yeah
shake it baby, c'mon, shake, shake it baby
[ad infinitum]

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