

# 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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