

# Dusted

## The Geraldine Fibbers

I still miss the smell of a

Dead skunk

On the Pasadena freeway

Wind rippin' though my veins

Little shiny airplanes

Blowin' up my skirt

Nothing ever hurt

Never gonna die

And the look in your eye

Like fireworks

Got one hand on the wheel

The other getting fresh with the corduroy

Covering my angel boy

But I'm gone gone gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone gone gone

I'm dust.

A pretty boy's a bad boy

And a pretty girl's like a dirty pearl

The boys I know suck 'til they blow

The girlies still are good to go

The girl downstairs with her crem-delish

And the one on the couch eating Bananafish

I'd like to curl you up with a better book

But there's no finer fish to hook

And I'm gone gone gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone

I'm dusted

I'm gone gone gone

I'm dusted

If I only had a brain

If I only had a brain

If I only had a brain

it would give me something more to deliver

but I'm gone

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