

# Lost girls

## CocoRosie

Warming the hearts of tragic hoodlum spirits  
Brighten the eyes of petty thieves who crawl at night  
Who feign to use a knife  
Rejoiced to be alive  
Broken and depraved  
Sullied mop and rusted pail  
Centuries of poison to escape this heaven or hell  
This earthly cell of dead flowers  
And so many wounded foes  
It's hard to remember fantasy or horror  
Unwanted caresses  
Little lolitas who want to be held in large hands  
Dear Father, who art in heaven  
Hallowed be thy name  
Witches confused by their own magic  
Witches displeased by their own perfume  
Shame-locked women  
Shaman women fuming with shame  
Love-locked women  
Women their own magic women  
Shadow body, shadow spirit  
Female creature wilted high in the rafters  
Orgies of dust and butterfly laughter  
Shadows spilling into the babe's milk  
Sorry eyes of ghost's memoir  
Four blue plus two, that makes six  
That's twelve times two  
Two brown eyes, one green  
Hazel's asleep in the hayloft  
Down the road drowning in dry grass  
In the sweet maiden's lap poisoned with nightshade  
Witches last laugh  
Stick your thumb out and lift up your skirt  
Someone's gonna stop here soon  
Take down your hair and wind up your grin  
Someone's gonna take you home  
Stick out your thumb and lift up your skirt  
Someone's gonna stop here soon  
Take down your hair and wind up your grin  
Someone's gonna take you home  
Even though red's not your color

I'll dress you in feathers  
And fly you in the windy weather  
Like a child bird marooned on an island of cats  
Little dewy brawlin' cats  
With cross-eyes and hats  
They take mercy on you  
They take you for walks  
The mercy singing dismal hymns  
Watery bible rhymesAll jumbled a mess  
A mess of bright graves and flowers and balloonsStick out your thumb  
And lift up your skirtSomeone's gonna stop here soon  
Take down your hair and wind up your grin  
Someone's gonna take you homeStick out your thumb and lift up your skirt  
Someone's gonna stop here soon  
Take down your hair and wind up your grin  
Someone's gonna take you homeWith a knapsack of trinkets  
I'm off to seek my fortune again  
Chasin' ghosts of dead orphans  
Friends, cousin, or kinWe wave to the passer by  
Moth wings of a butterfly  
Endless tracks where no car pass  
Close your eyes and you can fly  
I'm off to meet my soulmate  
A naked fawny jail bate  
Wadin' into ponds  
Filly with pollywogs at dawn  
Mournin' the light  
That slipped from my eyes  
A little child with dirty nailsAnd dirty hair  
I had dirty things scrawled upon my mind  
Stick out your thumb and lift up your skirt  
Someone's gonna stop here soonTake down your hair, wind up your grin  
Someone's gonna take you home  
Stick out your thumb and lift up your skirt  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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