Naomi

Claire Pichet

Your prettiness is seeping through
Out from the dress I took from you, so pretty
And my emptiness is swollen shut
Always a wretch, I have become so empty
And please, please don't leave me hereI'm watching Naomi, full bloom
I'm hoping she will soon explode
Into one billion tastes and tunes
One billion angels come and hold her down
They hold her down until she criesI'm tasting Naomi's perfume
It tastes like shit and I must say
She comes and goes most afternoons
One billion lovers wave and love her now
They could love her now and so could IThere is no Naomi in view
She walks through Cambridge stocks and strolls
And if she only really knew
One billion angels could come and save her soul
They could save her soul until she shinesUntil she shines, until she shines
Until she shines, until she shinesSo pretty, so pretty, so pretty, so pretty
Please, please don't leave me here

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