

Wasp Nest

The National

You're cussing a storm in a cocktail dress your mother wore when she was young

Red sun saint around your neck

A wet martini in a paper cup

You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest.

Your eyes are broken bottles

And I'm afraid to ask

And all your wrath and cutting beauty

You're poison in the pretty glass

You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

You're all humming live wires under your killing clothes.

Get over here, I wanna kiss your skinny throat

You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

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