

O My Tidy Sum

Black Francis

Lazy days under palms of pleasure
She can feel the weight of a margarita
And a, another wave
Another taste of my false mannaI hesitate as I hear the order
And I take my place in this
Twisted arrangement
And I fall into grace
On the floor of Russian forestOh, my tidy sum
Oh, my tidy sum
Many miles away
From the cherry plumOh, my tidy sum
Oh, my tidy sum
Many miles away
From the cherry plumLazy days as she gives the order
As she feels the weight of this
Twisted arrangement
And a, another wave
On the floor of the Russian forestShe hesitates under palms of pleasure
And I take my place at my margarita
And I fall into grace
One more taste of my false mannaOh, my tidy sum
Oh, my tidy sum
Many miles away
From the cherry plumOh, my tidy sum
Oh, my tidy sum
Many miles away
From the cherry plum

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