

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 grinSomeone's gonna take you homeEven 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 rhymes All jumbled a mess
A mess of bright graves and flowers and balloons 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 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 With a knapsack of trinkets
I'm off to seek my fortune again
Chasin' ghosts of dead orphans
Friends, cousin, or kin We 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 nails And dirty hair
I had dirty things scrawled upon my mind
Stick out your thumb and lift up your skirt
Someone's gonna stop here soon Take down your hair, 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
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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