

National, The

"Wasp Nest"

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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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