

Vogue

"Scorpion Boy"

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Oh amnesia.
It's gonna get to you,
Piercing holes in the memory.
Amnesia.
It's gonna get to you,
Piercing holes in the memory.

Spanish amnesia and scorpion boy
Central in the mexico.
Spanish amnesia and the scorpion boy
Driven wild through the eye of a twister.
He woke black and blue tonight,
Broken in the back of a truck tonight.

Spanish amnesia rotting color from sight,
Piercing holes in the memory,
And it's so quiet scenery...
And it's so quiet symphony...
(Spanish amnesia and scorpion boy, boy, boy)

But driver driver!
Where are you taking me?
Where, oh!
Driver driver!
Do you see what I see?

Oh, to torch the twitching lungs inside tonado ribcage.
Scorpion boy in the belly of the cyclone
There's harps and angels,
There's hymns, there's hyperventilation.

Oh scorpion boy.

It's been... It's been a long haul.
When the oasis of cacti flail like boneless hands,
Those hands in whirl wind...

It's been... It's been a long haul.
When the skulls of thirsty oxen beg by the road side...

It's been... It's been a long haul,

When the last scent of memory smells blood and
semen
The spanish amnesia kicks in.

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