

Ass Ponys "Pretty as You Please"

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Thirty candles on the birthday cake
She tries to blow 'em out
Does her best but leaves the one still burning
It's hard to figure out
It's hard to figure out she says
Picking up the knife
When she considers how the one still burning
Best describes her life
She runs her thumb along the knife blade laughing
And cuts the bad part away

Reverend father on the t.v. set bringing her to god
She never met him never held his hand
She thinks it's pretty odd
She thinks it's pretty odd she says, picking up the gun
Blue pistol in the screen light glowing
There's a job needs done
She runs her thumb along the gun sight laughing
And blows the bad part away

They found her hanging in the neighbor's barn
Swinging in the breeze
Long legged with her toes near touching
As pretty as you please
As pretty as you please she says picking up the axe
She's walking out beyond the woodpile claiming
She's gonna bring her back
She runs her thumb along the axe head laughing
And chops the bad part away

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