

Babyshambles

"Through The Looking Glass"

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In the morning there's a buzz of flies
Between the pillows and the skies
That beg into your eyes
Through the looking glass
And between your thighs
And it's written no small surprise
Let's straight down the rabbit hole
There we go
I've been meaning to tell you
A sentimental thing that occurred to me
I've been waiting to show you
A set of photographs
That'll make you laugh and smile

You might wanna stick one on his nose
Around his teeth, down this drug hole of him
They've nowhere else to go

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That beg into your eyes
Through the looking glass
And between your thighs
And it's written no small surprise
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There we go

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