

## **Babes in Toyland "Dust Cake Boy"**

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Woah, shoot  
Oh yeah  
Why don't you shoot?  
Yeah, shoot, oh yeah

Indian Billy simple sin scratches across my  
Skin, skin, skin, skin, skin, skin  
Soft gravel scratches across my  
Skin, skin, skin, skin, skin, skin

It ain't love, baby, that makes this martyr  
Grin, grin, grin, grin, grin, grin  
Simply sick, where Billy's  
Been, been, been, been, been, been

Oh my soul  
There's a hole  
Oh, my soul

Sending psychic messages you can't even  
Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear, hear  
From my dumb mouth to your deaf  
Ear, ear, ear, ear, ear ear

Sugar spit sentiment never even  
Meant, meant, meant, meant, meant, meant  
We've all dragged our Jesus hair  
Around, around, around, around, around, around

Oh my soul  
There's a hole  
Oh, my soul  
Dust cake boy, boy, boy

Woah he wavers me something  
God he wavers me something  
Woah he fucks real mean, mean

She screams out your name 'cause she sweats to be  
Me, me, me, me, me, me  
Has a crystalline cunt made of mint julep  
Tea, tea, tea, tea, tea, tea

You're staring at something you're never gonna see  
Take your small eyes away from  
Me, me, me, me, me, me

Oh, my soul  
There's a hole  
Oh my soul  
Dust cake boy, boy, boy

Woah, dust cake boy he fucks  
Woah, he fucks real  
God, he fucks real mean  
He fucks mean, he fucks mean

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