

Babes in Toyland **"Laredo"**

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Tear your wings off at the spine
And tape them to the back of mine
I can fly higher when I'm tired

My two hands are scorched
From holding this torch
Mind feels like neon
All glowing and bent up

You look good on my back
Like a shark fin
Rectify desensitized
'Tis the season to drink poison
Tra la la was a bad head girl

Your mind's gone greasy
It slides right off me
And all the jaded stars
Spit black cigars

No truce for you
A spec of something that I knew
Yes, I read what you did
And I see what you did

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