

Bitch

"Miss Me My Dear"

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Will you miss me my dear
And my wild wiLd hair

Maybe love is underwater
And i am caught on the rocks
I am not your enemy's daughter
I see your mind it blocks

Take me through
The pot-luck romance
Drug me up on cardboard wine
COme undress me
Call me someone else's name

We could fuck to wheel of fortune
Be the Vanna feminists
Dress me up in sparkly skins
You could be the prince of it

Will you miss me my dear
And my wild wild hair

Sorrys are like promises
ThEy get bigger every time
They grow like weeds and laundry
And they infect my mind

We talk hotels
We talk whiSkey
Under water
Over thinking

We could be the wind
We could be the wheels
We could jump right in
We cOuld be the fields

There's a well inside of me
Throw a penny iN
And watch me cry
I was raised on a dead end street

And the only end is Goodbye

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And my wild wild hair

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