

Frank Black & The Catholics

"Velvety"

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Out on the Eisenhower where I lost my speed
Just a little bit south of a town called weed
I heard a voice and I had to stop
She called me over that mountain top

I was a poor soul lost in the shady trees
I was going to die, I was going to freeze
Then she touched me
She was velvety

She's a cat of a creature
She don't care she's velvety
She made the strangest sounds

She was an island girl of the ancient line
When the whole damn thing's sinkin' to the brine
Her true love from her was torn
She packed it up to californ

Then she met me
She's velvety

She's a cat of a creature
Don't care she's velvety

Out on the Eisenhower where I lost my speed
Just a little bit south of a town called weed
I met velvety
My velvety

I like that lemur
I lick it, it's velvety
She made a pretty sound

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