

Geraldine Fibbers**"Lilybelle"**

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In the dark she is rocking, not to records but to
voices in her head. Lilybelle Lilybelle Lilybelle
hot as hell. 3 am and it feels just like high noon
in her head, come to bed, when the air cools down
I'm gonna skate away. I'm gonna fly so far I'm
gonna kiss that star.

Get off of that trip. Don't touch it baby. You'll
burn your pretty fingers, you'll soil your cherry
hands. Seven thousand holes to blow through.
Scissors and paper and other sharp things you can
chew on that for awhile you're a trained dog girl
you got house and a heart of gold won't you try to
forget won't you let me won't you let me go to
sleep close your eyes shut it down pull the plug
kill the lights shut it up shut it up let your head
go under let your head go under let your head go
to nothing nothing nothing nothing girl.

Get off of that trip. Don't touch it baby. You'll
burn your pretty fingers, you'll soil your cherry
hands. Seven thousand holes to blow through.
There are songbirds and sweet things where

angels bare wings and bask in the afterglow of
good deeds done by tender souls, but I in my
wretched state, fat from years of sucking hate,
can never scrape the dirt off, can never shake the
other side. It hides in holes behind my eyes

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