

Geraldine Fibbers "Trashman In Furs"

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Lay down Rosey
It's the blue and the orange time
A water and a twist of lime

I had so much to tell you
I raced through the sky
To touch you for the last time
So much to tell you
I raced through the sky
To whisper a message into your morphine drip

Not a dark boy
A sparkle and a mark boy
Making cake out of trashcan afterthoughts

Death is a spinster
Mortally whacking the funny boys
'Til they're not laughing anymore

I had so much to tell you
I raced through the sky
To touch you for the last time
So much to tell you
I raced through the sky
To whisper a message into your morphine drip

Don't cry, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry
I'm havin' fun drivin'
I'm ridin' ridin' ridin'
To a place with no pain
No tears, no art, no ears, no cars
No need for you to cry for me
Don't cry for me
They're here for me no need for you to cry

Lay down Rosey
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I had so much to tell you
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So much to tell you
I raced through the sky
To whisper a message

So much to tell you
So much to tell you
I raced through the sky

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