

Rem

"Queen Of Venus"

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I fell down, tried to keep hands numb,
languished on the lizard skin divan,
stared into the sun.

That man is one, is
'clipsin' out to see the fun through.

He said, "Comin' from me to you..."

Chorus:

Though the farm is bet,
I still don't have no opinion yet.

Better to recede me,
she commands a greater beating to her chest.

The slow fix, the snow sticks
on the ground.

Lazy train from central
to the lizards then
she sends them all to bed.

Her body said,
"Let the furues blow until they're through."

She'll be there when the crow comes to.

Drinkin' whiskey from a tombstone flask,
coming back through the weeds and the trash.

Double wide inside and blue,
eclipsing it to get to you at last.

PEDRO!

Repeat chorus.

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