

Dead Milkmen "Swampland Of Desire"

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I will trim your fir trees
And I will light your fire
And I will wrestle alligators
In your swampland of desire

And I will come upon you like
Lightning from above
And I will plant my feet into your
Quagmire of love
Quagmire of love
Quagmire of love

I will trim your fir trees
And I will light your fire
And I will wrestle alligators
In your swampland of desire

So here's to my little Sunbelt Queen
I'll take you places that you've never been
And I will show you things that you have never seen
And I will tell you all about Martin Sheen

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