

## **Sordid Humor**

### **"Lolita"**

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tell me something, it's too hot to be here  
there are no trees along this river bed there's just a  
house  
with dogs and pictures of dead indians

tell me something, it's too hot to be here  
sticks and stones are the color of your skin  
There's a rabbit den and pictures of dead indians

and it smells like razor blades  
I've been dead for days

tell me something, it's too hot to be here  
seems like I've been walking  
with just the river talking,  
only time goes by  
only the days go by,  
I'm no longer walking I'm no longer walking,  
no longer walking

and it smells like razor blades  
I've been dead for days

God bless Lolita  
for taking it all away  
God bless Lolita, Lolita

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