

The Mojo Apostles "Butterfly Tattoo"

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On the outskirts of Hayward,
In a brand new double wide trailer,
Lives the subject of this greasy little tale.
She said her name was Nicolette.
But she looked more like a Wanda.

Ten thirty Tuesday morning
Dawn had came without a warning
No sunlight through the tinfoil, could seep through
And that is just how Wanda Sue
Excuse me Nicollette liked it.

I got the feeling
And oh her face is peeling
From the first light on her white fishbelly skin
Sweet Walmart madonna
Perfumed in Porcelana
I long to see the moonlight shine on you
Shining on your shattered teeth
And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo.

Mom and dad wouldn't understand
If I dragged you home with a ring on your hand
But I find myself still knockin'
On your tilted trailer door
To kiss that butterfly tattoo
Dreaming of a butterfly tattoo

In the San Francisco weekly
She wields her own mystique
She says lactating single mother
Offers sensual massage
That's one way
To teach your kids about sharing

I got the feeling
And oh her face is peeling
From the first light on her white fishbelly skin
Sweet Walmart madonna
Perfumed in Porcelana
I long to see the moonlight shine on you
Shining on your shattered teeth

And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo

Well, shining on your shattered teeth
And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo.

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