

Mike Doughty

"Pink Life"

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Here she comes all low to the ground
Just like the fog is a fattened cloud
Air it turns to water when
Dioxide tempts the hydrogen

Why do you seek?
Why do you seek the pink life?
How do you sleep?
How do you ever lie down?

Why do you need?
Why do you need your science?
Why am I
Your only outside line?

Who was that junk mustapha you were chilling with
Down in the bars where regretful girls drift
I feel the need to steal some rest
I feel i?m getting killed by your fickleness

And the options they are infinite
And the chance
From my hand
I feel is slipping it

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