

Cass Mccombs

"Tourist Woman"

Visit "[Tourist Woman](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

For Tourist Woman,
the itching is turning to fever
and then to form
For Tourist Woman,
insecurities are bunk-pollen for the swarm
And vice-versa,
the swarm, turning to fury,
captures a prisoner
Tourist Woman is unhappy
with the meager conditions
they have given her
From Oxford to UCLA
to impoverished streets
of a Bengali village
T.W. fights for nothing,
believes in nothing,
except an image
The image in her mind
is of vague origin
of, mostly, western result
Somewhat pyramid, somewhat cross,
somewhat a mongrel cult
Like the old man
Who slept his life away
Romantics are doomed
(and that's a good thing)

Visit [Cass Mccombs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.