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The National "Wasp Nest"

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You're cussing a storm in a cocktail dress your mother wore when she was young Red sun saint around your neck A wet martini in a paper cup You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest.

Your eyes are broken bottles And I'm afraid to ask And all your wrath and cutting beauty You're poison in the pretty glass You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

You're all humming live wires under your killing clothes.

Get over here, I wanna kiss your skinny throat You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

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