

Michael Rider

"Lovely Lady"

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Dear lovely lady
What has your mother taught to you?
To play sleepy time with the older folk?
Or to love with your heart and soul?
My love love love love-ly lady

Dear mister master
What the hell have you been thinking?
To sleep with criminals in lost yards?
Or to pick yourself up back into one?
My love love love love-ly lady

Poor girl
Dumb girl
Sad girl
Lost girl
Rich girl
Whore girl
Pretty girl
Young girl

Dear Cinderella,
What did the devil play to you?
To stay in dirty dust with yourself
Or to fly on high with allegory mind
My love love love love-ly lady

Poor girl
Dumb girl
Sad girl
Lost girl
Rich girl
Whore girl
Pretty girl
Young girl

I, I, am, am, your, your, lovely, lovely
I, I, am, am, your, your, lovely, lady

And she's wrapped in ivy
Wrapped in dust
Wrapped in steel

Wrapped in lust
Wrapped in metal
Wrapped in dirt
Wrapped in my out blood

Poor girl
Dumb girl
Sad girl
Lost girl
Rich girl
Whore girl
Pretty girl
Young girl

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