

Christina Rosenvinge "Glue"

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Mummy was a waitress dressed in tangerine,
she found daddy in a can of sardines.
Liquid boy, you know all the stories,
it's been there since the first cold morning.

So blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, it's dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.

No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I can't lose.

I was raised by hungry dogs and spiders,
that is why my legs are long, but hairy.
Where I live people don't get married,
we have fun throwing stones to ferries.

It's blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, it's dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.

No more bitter cherry juice,
give me something that I can't lose.

Will you think of me
at the end of the summer
when nights are so clean
they beat you like a hammer?

It's blue, blue, blue,
gonna try with glue.
Baby, it's dry, dry, dry,
I hate you when you cry.
Baby, it's thick, thick, thick,
sometimes kind of sweet.
So blue, blue, blue,
bluer than the zoo.

