

Polly Jean Harvey **"Putty"**

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(automatic dlamini)

Silly putty
What he was in this sculptress' hands
Will gone bendy
Done swaying in a rubber band
And his feet gone first
Then a desert thirst in his throat
Lips gonna burst

Cap of a bottle
Rolled down to the edge of the bin
She noticed the beer wasn't cooling him
And his feet gone first
Then a desert thirst in his throat
Lips gonna burst
The tip of her knife
Cut a nick in his vein
She said model today?
You're all the same

Silly putty
What he was in this sculptress' hands
She cut a tension line
She had him standing
And his feet gone first
Then a desert thirst in his throat
Lips gonna burst
The tip of her knife
Cut a nick in his vein
She said hey hey you're all the same

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