

by Ween
"She's Your Baby"

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Janey came back from the stand
Smiling
With the writing of Kafka in hand
And a bunny in a can
Slipping and sliding
You feel yourself asking her
Why would you want me to try?
Squeezing your wrist and she's pulling you closer
Down where the devils are dying with laughter
Then led to a place where there's no form of pleasure
She blows you a kiss from her lips

She's your baby

Those below us can not be renounced
Cause they're talking
And for once I wish they'd shut up their mouths
Lock their doors and stay in the house
And while you're inside there
You might want to question the fact
That you're not quite the same
And look to the room where she's keeping so quiet
A million layers of crust and deposit
Blanket the seasons and bury the reasons
You told her that this was for good

She's your baby

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