

The Geraldine Fibbers "Butch"

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Pretty child your eyelashes
Whippin through the rain
Wishin' you were waterproofed
Wishin' you could prove
That pretty place in a little box inside

The black streamin down your cheeks
Stay out stay back stay black kitty cat black
Pushin thirty-five under an answer blanket
Pretty child your eyelashes

The boy is a bird, the boy is a bird
The boy is a bird
The boy is always a much prettier bird
Than any old girl bird

He took his time in the mirror this mornin'
Shades of light green, deep blue and just a touch of
rouge
It's funny how easy it is to lose
And all you're left with is chaos and a dirty face

Look at me, I'm far from home
I'm testing waters with a broken wing
I'm weightless
Underwater I can fly, underwater I can fly

The boy is a bird, the boy is a bird
The boy is a bird,
The boy is always a much prettier bird
Than any old girl bird

Just take your time, baby
You don't have to be rushin' around
Just go on in the bathroom
And wash your face, dear, you look puffy

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