

The Geraldine Fibbers

"Dusted"

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I still miss the smell of a
dead skunk on the Pasedena freeway
wind rippin' though my veins
little shiny aeroplanes
blowin' up my skirt
nothing ever hurt
never gonna die
and the look in your eye
like fireworks
got one hand on the wheel
the other getting fresh with the corduroy
covering my angel boy
but I'm gone gone gone

I'm dusted
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone
I'm dusted
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone
I'm dusted
I'm gone gone gone
I'm dust.

A pretty boy's a bad boy
and a pretty girl's like a dirty pearl
the boys I know suck 'til they blow
the girlies still are good to go
the girl downstairs with her crem-delish
and the one on the couch eating Bananafish
I'd like to curl you up with a better book
but there's no finer fish to hook
and I'm gone gone gone

I'm dusted
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone
I'm dusted
I'm gone I'm gone I'm gone
I'm dusted
I'm gone gone gone
I'm dusted

If I only had a brain

If I only had a brain
If I only had a brain it would give me something more
to deliver but I'm gone...
/]

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