

The Geraldine Fibbers

"House Is Falling"

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There's a place I go when I'm feeling fine,
And the hours pass with no track of time.
I'm in your arms, the sun lights your thighs,
In the distance a doggy cries, my love.

We lay around in a smokey haze,
Drinking mint juleps and honey glaze.
You comb my hair into a french chignon,
Cigarettes overflowing in the ashtray, my love.

The biggest liar in town blows a kiss into the mirror.
And the biggest liar in town, blows a kiss...
My baby blows a kiss
Blows a kiss...
My baby blows a kiss

I trust you sugar you're in my blood,
Box and blanket and broken rose bud.
I burn until the light goes out in your eye,
The butter moon kisses the earthless sky, my love.

The bed is soft and the food is so rich,
We fall asleep sewing dreams, stitch by stitch.
The house is old and it's falling down,
But it's falling slow so we're safe and sound, my love.

The biggest liar in town blows a kiss into the mirror.
And the biggest liar in town, blows a kiss...
My baby blows a kiss.
Blows a kiss...
My baby blows a kiss.
Blows a kiss...
My baby blows a kiss.

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