

The Geraldine Fibbers

"Lilybelle"

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In the dark she is rocking
Not to records but to the voices in her head
Lilybelle Lilybelle Lilybelle
Hot as Hell
3 a.m. and it feels just like high noon in her head
Come to bed when the air cools down
I'm gonna skate away
I'm gonna fly so far
I'm gonna kiss that star

Get off of that trip
Don't touch it baby
(Get off of that trip)
You'll burn your pretty fingers,
(Get off of that trip)
You'll soil your cherry hands
(Get off of that trip)
Seven thousand holes to blow through

Scissors and paper and other sharp things
You can chew on that for awhile
You're a trained dog girl
You got house, heart of gold
Won't you try to forget, won't you let me, won't you let
me go to sleep
Close you eyes, pull the plug, shut it down, kill the
lights, shut it up, shut it up
Let your head go
Won't you let your head go
Why not let your head go to nothing, nothing, nothing,
nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.
Nothing girl (x 7)
Nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing girl (x 7)

Get off of that trip.
Don't touch it baby
(Get off of that trip)
You'll burn your pretty fingers,
(Get off of that trip)
You'll soil your sherry hands

(Get off of that trip)
Seven thousand holes to blow through

There are songbirds and sweet things where angels
bare wings and bask in the afterglow of good deeds
done by tender souls
But I, in my wretched state,
Fat from years of sucking hate, can never scrape the
dirt off,
Can never shake the other side
It hides in holes behind my eyes
/]

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