

The Geraldine Fibbers

"Toy Box"

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Less is not more, take cover
The end is near, don't walk
Thanks a lot, bleeding me
My shell on top of your knotty fist
With a speculum shoved up my cunt, after hours

Take solace, my love in the little things
Red droplets, wet eyelashes and money
That's the way it goes, I shot my baby
It has to be love
For one lousy minute she felt like a queen

I stand here naked at attention
Is this my only skill?
I fucked my first fruit today, lousy lay

I asked my daddy for a quarter
He gave me twenty five cents
And a kiss for good luck

Daddy, what can I do to make you stop crying?
I been wandering the canned fruit aisle
Wondering what I can do to make you smile
Jesus only knows, Jesus only knows

In time I'll grow too big and old
To help you with your strange hurt
But right now I'm a school girl
Learning exactly what I was put on this earth for
For one lousy minute she felt like a queen

Well should the smart little girl tell a story or a lie?
With her eyes on the toy, she's a tomboy in the mirror
Watch her as she changes, see how she grows
Her cells are re-arranging, she'll need a woman's
clothes
What are these ugly changes?
Jesus only knows, Jesus only knows, Jesus only knows

I stand here naked at attention
Is this my only skill?
I fucked my first fruit today, lousy lay

I asked my daddy for a quarter
He gave me twenty five cents
And a kiss for, and a kiss for
And a kiss for good luck

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