

## **The Geraldine Fibbers "Trashman in Furs"**

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Lay down Rosey  
It's the blue and the orange time  
A water and a twist of lime

I had so much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To touch you for the last time  
So much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To whisper a message into your morphine drip

Not a dark boy  
A sparkle and a mark boy  
Making cake out of trashcan afterthoughts

Death is a spinster  
Mortally whacking the funny boys  
'Til they're not laughing anymore

I had so much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To touch you for the last time  
So much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To whisper a message into your morphine drip

Don't cry, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry  
I'm havin' fun drivin'  
I'm ridin' ridin' ridin'  
To a place with no pain  
No tears, no art, no ears, no cars  
No need for you to cry for me  
Don't cry for me  
They're here for me no need for you to cry

Lay down Rosey  
It's the blue and the orange time  
A water and a twist of lime

I had so much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To touch you for the last time

So much to tell you  
I raced through the sky  
To whisper a message

So much to tell you  
So much to tell you  
I raced through the sky

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