

## Mojo Apostles, The "Butterfly Tattoo"

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On the outskirts of Hayward,  
In a brand new double wide trailer,  
Lives the subject of this greasy little tale.  
She said her name was Nicolette.  
But she looked more like a Wanda.

Ten thirty Tuesday morning  
Dawn had came without a warning  
No sunlight through the tinfoil, could seep through  
And that is just how Wanda Sue  
Excuse me Nicollette liked it.

I got the feeling  
And oh her face is peeling  
From the first light on her white fishbelly skin  
Sweet Walmart madonna  
Perfumed in Porcelana  
I long to see the moonlight shine on you  
Shining on your shattered teeth  
And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo.

Mom and dad wouldn't understand  
If I dragged you home with a ring on your hand  
But I find myself still knockin'  
On your tilted trailer door  
To kiss that butterfly tattoo  
Dreaming of a butterfly tattoo

In the San Francisco weekly  
She wields her own mystique  
She says lactating single mother  
Offers sensual massage  
That's one way  
To teach your kids about sharing

I got the feeling  
And oh her face is peeling  
From the first light on her white fishbelly skin  
Sweet Walmart madonna  
Perfumed in Porcelana  
I long to see the moonlight shine on you

Shining on your shattered teeth  
And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo

Well, shining on your shattered teeth  
And bouncing off that butterfly tattoo.

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