

Adams Ryan, Sylvia Plath

Adams Ryan

Gold

Sylvia Plath

I wish I had a Sylvia Plath

Busted tooth and a smile

And cigarette ashes in her drink

The kind that goes out and then sleeps for a week

The kind that goes out on her

To give me a reason, for well, I dunno

And maybe she'd take me to France

Or maybe to Spain and she'd ask me to dance

In a mansion on the top of a hill

She'd ash on the carpets

And slip me a pill

Then she'd get pretty loaded on gin

And maybe she'd give me a bath

How I wish I had a Sylvia Plath

And she and I would sleep on a boat

And swim in the sea without clothes

With rain falling fast on the sea

While she was swimming away, she'd be winking at me

Telling me it would all be okay

Out on the horizon and fading away

And I'd swim to the boat and I'd laugh

I gotta get me a Sylvia Plath

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Or maybe to Spain and she'd ask me to dance

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Then she'd get pretty loaded on gin

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How I wish I had a Sylvia Plath

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