

Cracker, Fluffy Lucy

Fluffy Lucy she's not fluffy
Everybody says, she's got it easy
But she's dark, straight to her soul

She's got the kind of trouble
That it's hard to tell another
Because they think that you're jaded, or you're spoiled

Well dirty Daisy she's not crazy
Everybody called her a loon
But she's just another sweet dark fruit

She's got the kind of trouble
That it's hard to tell another
Cause they think that you're jaded or you're spoiled

So lay down your head
Lay down your heart
Come lay down, in my bed
And I won't tell a soul

So wake in the morning
You kick me in the ass
You say you're glad to see me
But this time I don't need it, I'm right on the mark

Yeah I declared my prerogative
To alternate between what is heavy and what is light
Now feel the weight, the weight of the world

So gonna lay down my head
Lay down my heart

I wanna lay down in your bed

And I won't tell a soul
And I won't tell a soul
I won't tell a soul