

# Dead Milkmen, Swampland of Desire

I will trim your fir trees  
And I will light your fire  
And I will wrestle alligators  
In your swampland of desire

And I will come upon you  
Like lightning from above  
And I will plant my feet into  
Your quagmire of love  
Quagmire of love (x2)

I will trim your fir trees  
And I will light your fire  
And I will wrestle alligators  
In your swampland of desire

So here's to my little sunbelt queen  
I'll take you places that you've never been  
And I will show you things  
That you have never seen  
And I will tell you all about Martin Sheen

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