

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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In your swampland of desire

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And I will plant my feet into
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I will trim your fir trees
And I will light your fire
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In your swampland of desire