

Frank Black, Cactus

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore
I put it on when I go lonely
Will you take off your dress and send it to me?

I miss your kissing and I miss your head
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead
Run outside in the desert heat
Make your dress all wet and send it to me

I miss your soup and I miss your bread
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead
So spill your breakfast and drip your wine
Just wear that dress when you dine

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore
Bloody your hands on a cactus tree
Wipe it on your dress and send it to me

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor
Just wishing that I had just something you wore