

Frank Black, Is She Weird

I know you're rich in
good clothes
and little things
your mind is fancy
(and your car is bitchin')

is she weird
is she weird, is she white
is she promised to the night
and her head has no room
and her head has no room
and her head has no room

and her head has no room

Your heart is ripshit
Your mouth is everywhere
I'm lyin' in it

Is she weird
Is she over me
Like the stars and the sun
Like the stars and the sun
Is she weird

Is she weird, is she white
Is she promised to the night
And her head has no room
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No more of this girl crying
I'm here, your big man
You're mine

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