

Kinky Machine, Sister Magpie

Have you met my sister magpie
She wants to have a piece of your mind
Among the bright young things she keeps
She's a relic from the 70's

Sister magpie
Tried to steal the moon because it shines
And no one wants to look you in the eye
Sister magpie

Flossed her teeth with fishing line
Washes off her face with turpentine
She'll stay in bed if so she please
But you never know just where you might meet

Sister magpie
Tried to steal the moon because it shines...
But at least she knows how to
Fly, high, my sister magpie
With your wings you touched my blackened sky
Mad sister magpie

Good morning sister magpie please
Tell me where did you get all those dreams
And my how wild your garden grows
Won't you show me all the years you stole?

Sister magpie
Tried to steal the moon because it shines...