

# Ryan Adams, Sylvia Plath

I wish I had a Sylvia Plath  
Busted tooth and a smile  
And cigarette ashes in her drink  
The kind that goes out and then sleeps for a week  
The kind that goes out on her  
To give me a reason, for well, I dunno

And maybe she'd take me to France  
Or maybe to Spain and she'd ask me to dance  
In a mansion on the top of a hill  
She'd ash on the carpets  
And slip me a pill  
Then she'd get pretty loaded on gin  
And maybe she'd give me a bath  
How I wish I had a Sylvia Plath

And she and I would sleep on a boat  
And swim in the sea without clothes  
With rain falling fast on the sea  
While she was swimming away, she'd be winking at me  
Telling me it would all be okay  
Out on the horizon and fading away  
And I'd swim to the boat and I'd laugh  
I gotta get me a Sylvia Plath

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