

Sordid Humor, Lolita

tell me something, it's too hot to be here
there are no trees along this river bed there's just a house
with dogs and pictures of dead indians

tell me something, it's too hot to be here
sticks and stones are the color of your skin
There's a rabbit den and pictures of dead indians

and it smells like razor blades
I've been dead for days

tell me something, it's too hot to be here
seems like I've been walking
with just the river talking,
only time goes by
only the days go by,
I'm no longer walking I'm no longer walking,
no longer walking

and it smells like razor blades
I've been dead for days

God bless Lolita
for taking it all away
God bless Lolita, Lolita