

Tanya Donelly, Vanilla

She strolled into my backyard
Drinking wine from a dixie cup
Like you would

Showed her past my playing cards
Laid it down and I pick it up to see

What am i made of
What am I made of
Water, guts, and blood

And she looks just like my mother
When my mother was a swinger
And she laughs just like a young John Wayne

And she'd smell just like vanilla
If vanilla weren't so sweet

'Cause she's salt and starch and everything harsh
And I think I'm falling with her

And that's what I'm made of
Oh so now that I'm in love

Sinking in your bathtub
And I know I'm not coming up

Flashing in your snagteeth
A vision of my day with you

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There's a reason why you live
There's a reason why you live