

The Geraldine Fibbers, A Song About Walls

Once there was a girlie,
She was kinda surly,
Stuck a needle in her eye
A hundred deaths on her beige breasts
And poor baby can't cry.

She loved her junky boyfriend,
Tried to make his heart mend
Asshole with an appetite
Living under an elevator shaft can be cold at night,
Can be cold at night.

Whenever they were hungry,
She would get the money
Girlie couldn't take a stand, 'til she said
"I let you believe you could rule over me
So you'd feel like a big strong man."

Touched by any feeler, any stinkin' dealer
She knew that she would surely die,
So she said, "If I'm gonna die
With a needle in my eye,
I'm gonna do it by my own hand,
yeah, I'm gonna do it by my own hand."

And he heard it through the walls (3x)

She worked like a doctor,
Very determined
Not afraid of gettin' pricked by some lame spike
Never wondering why

And he heard it through the walls (3x)

She left him in the dust
And got even more fucked up
And she did it all by herself
But even when she got her ass off of the streets,
He would visit her in her dreams

The last time she saw her darling
Was at the funeral parlor
He was fresh off of the prison shelf
Yeah, he died with a needle in his eye
But she was clean, clean, clean
Yeah, she was clean, clean, clean

And he heard it through the walls (3x)

Once there was a girlie,
She was kinda surly
Stuck a needle in her eye