

# The Magnetic Fields, Falling In Love With The Wolfboy

She can make you feel like filth  
She can make you feel like a star  
She will scratch till her hand is bloody  
But she'll love you more for the scar  
She remembers the recent past  
She's something the cat dragged in  
She's a trollop in paisley, so,  
(C): Take her down to the woods where the wolfboy lives,  
So the villagers say,  
And the three of you evaporate into the night  
Till you both fall in love with him  
With a face like an African mask  
And the strength of ten men  
When she's wrong  
She's in charge in the world at large  
And her novels are all very long  
She belongs on the astral plane  
She's probably a hologram  
Put her back in the padded cell (C)  
So you'll dress head to foot in lame  
And you'll dance in December snow  
When the sky turns to wine you'll embrace  
And forget everything that you know  
She can tell you the will of the gods  
Butter won't melt in her mouth, but you will  
Don't bother to ask her name (C)