Babes In Toyland, Dust Cake Boy

Every little simple seam scratches across my skinn
Soft gravel scratches across my scab
Hey lovely makes this water red
Oh my soul
Theres a hole
Oh my soul
Send psychic messages you cant even here
From my dumb mouth to your deaf ear
Sugar sweet cinnamon never even been mixed
We both drag our jesus hair around
Oh my soul
Theres a hole
Oh my soul
Dust cake boy
Wow he wavers me something
God he wavers me something
Wow he fucks real mean
She screams out your name cause she swears to be mine
Cause the crystaly cut him into tragedy
Youre staring at something youre never gonna see
Take your small eyes away from me
Oh my soul
Theres a hole
Oh my soul
Dust cake boy