

# Babes In Toyland, Dust xcake 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 crystal 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