

# Cake Bake Betty, One By One

We've attacked and we're waiting to eat  
The sides are calm (The sides are calm)  
And we don't know if we're making our

We are not sure what it is that you say  
We're waiting for our (waiting for our)  
Ships as the night turns to day

And we're starved and we're parched  
We'll rip into the flesh atop the spines with which we arch

And we'll turn all the runs in our stockings to webs  
We'll voice them in the forest  
We'll make them our (Make them our)  
Make them our beds

All the crowds are laughing at their lemon lace  
They were birthed without a face  
Don't sing soft it's what they want  
They will turn your stomach into shards

Amongst the hogs stuck in the yard  
And when they say they've had enough  
They'll take the flowers from the dust  
And drop the orchids on your old age

All the girls have gathered round now  
They're staring (Staring at)  
The stars as they start to go out

One by one you will line them all up  
You will make a toast (Make a toast)  
To others who've not given up

And we laugh when you choke  
We will drag you to the desert  
So you're burnt and you're broke

And your wife will draw straws  
For the next on the list  
One by one they'll bicker  
While the stars they still (The stars they still)  
The stars they still exist

It's exactly this that drives us to be mad  
We're not quite sure what we've had  
You won't want to miss this part  
We'll slip into our hunting hats and wait

Around the house and when we pray  
We'll ask for mercy for our sins  
And all the things we never did alone

I wait for my husband to get home  
And when the cops ask me the reason  
I will say I don't really know

Cause we're all in the shit for sure  
And I love to feel your fingers up my skirt  
Cause we're all in the shit for sure  
And I love to feel your fingers up my skirt  
Up my skirt

In the desert we will dirty our hands till they're clean

And in our beds we'll watch our heads explode before we dream