Catherine Wheel, Eat My Dust You Insensitive Fu

I think I have the best of me Inside my head No one else competes with me I think I'm great Got spirit tucked away inside

I know the ghosts of angel notes to kiss Everything I sing is part of this Got honey brushed across my lips

I know, I know, I know, I know

If you can call this luck If you can call this luck If you can miss this much

Eat my dust you insensitive fuck Eat my dust you insensitive fuck Eat my dust