

MARINA, Man's World

cheeks are rosy like boucher cherub
i am a strowberry soda
raise my lashes to heaven
stars in my hair running like a waterfall
clouds in the whites of our eyes
we saw it all
burnt me at the stake
you though i was a withc
centuries ago
now you just call me a bitch

Mother nature's dying
Nobody's keeping score
I don't wanna live in a man's world anymore
I don't wanna live in a man's world anymore
Anymore

Marilyn's bungalow it's numer 7
In the park place when man made her legend
Owned by a sheik who killed thousands of gay men
I guess that's why he bought the campest hotel in L.A. then

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