

Mike Doughty, The Pink Life

here she comes all low to the ground
just like the fog is a fattened cloud
air it turns to water when
dioxide tempts the hydrogen

why do you seek
why do you seek the pink life
how do you sleep
how do you ever lie down
why do you need
why do you need your science
why am i
your only outside line

who was that junk mustapha you were chilling with
down in the bars where regretful girls drift
i feel the need to steal some rest
i feel i'm getting killed by your fickleness

and the options they are infinite
and the chance
from my hand
i feel is slipping it