

# The Geraldine Fibbers, Lilybelle

In the dark,  
She is rocking  
Not to records,  
But to voices in her head  
Lilybelle, Lilybelle, Lilybelle  
Hot as hell  
3 a.m  
And it feels just like high noon  
In her head  
Come to bed  
When the air cools down  
I'm gonna skate away  
Gonna fly so far,  
I'm gonna kiss that star

Get off of that trip  
Don't touch it baby  
Get off of that trip  
You'll burn your pretty fingers  
Get off of that trip  
You'll soil your cherry hands  
Get off of that trip  
Seven thousand holes to blow through

Oh, scissors and paper  
And other sharp things  
You can chew on that  
For a while  
You're a trained dog, girl,  
You got house, heart of gold  
Won't you try to forget,  
Won't you let me,  
Won't you let me go to sleep  
Close your eyes, pull the plug  
Turn it down, kill the lights  
Shut it up, shut it up  
Let your head go under, let your head go under  
Let your head go to nothing, girl

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Don't touch it baby  
Get off of that trip  
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Get off of that trip  
Seven thousand holes to blow through

There are songbirds  
And sweet things  
Where angels bare wings  
And bask in the afterglow  
Of good deeds done by tender souls  
But I, in my wretched state,  
Fat from years of sucking hate,  
Can never scrape the dirt off,  
Can never shake the other side  
It hides in holes behind my eyes