Bluebell

Babes in Toyland

Flies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze
I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true
Bluebell to hell
Lo and behold a girl with a goal
Looks so old she's made out of gold

I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true
Bluebell to hell

I want to live in the smallest corner
In the densest mind in the fuckmost room
And sing "The stars they swing from
Their chandelier strings"

I know real love
You know who you are
You're deadmeat motherfucker
You don't try to rape a goddess

Flies through the air with the greatest disease
Takes little pills and calls them trapeze
I know you're right
Everything you do is right
Everything I do is true
Bluebell to hell
You are so obvious