Babes in Toyland

Every little simple seam scratches across my skinn Soft gravel scratches across my scab Hey lovely makes this water red Oh my soul* there's a hole Oh my soul Send psychic messages you can't even here From my dumb mouth to your deaf ear Sugar sweet cinnamon never even been mixed We both drag our jesus hair around Oh my soul There's a hole Oh my soul Dust cake boy Wow he wavers me something God he wavers me something Wow he fucks real mean She screams out your name cause she swears to be mine Cause the crystaly cut him into tragedy You're staring at something you're never gonna see Take your small eyes away from me Oh my soul There's a hole Oh my soul Dust cake boy