

I must admit that when the TV set broke
I started thinking, oh, what's the bother anyway
What's the bother anyway

We walked down into the nearest drugstore
A bottle of aspirin and a dirty pitchfork
Cured everything inside that ever hurt
It cured everything inside that never worked

You said you wished that you'd become an actress
But pretty pictures in the magazines are sick
They make you feel like shit
The bodies that they fit are half a serving hips

The night dissolved and then the morning sun rose
Open your eyes and let the colors turn you black
For half a heart attack

Let it fit you in for cancer of the skin
'Cause singing's just like death prolonging on your breath
And all we are is bone, it's friction we control

In the coat I bought, in the coat
In the park we fought in the coat I bought for you
In the dress you wore, in the dress
In the dress you wore with a dirty pitchfork too

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In the car we spoke and you asked
So I drove you home and my knees
If I called you out would you say that you were wrong?

I can feel my hands, I can feel
Turn the headlights down, drive along
In the dress you wore with a dirty pitchfork too
In the dress you wore with a dirty pitchfork too