

R.I.P.

Quasi

Strange girls scrawl on the walls of their strange blue paradise/
So in love with misery, Baby R.I.P./ So long stuck in the sand on the shores of Oblivion/
Now free, drifting out to sea, Baby R.I.P./ Bells ring, loudspeakers sing on an unseen carousel/
Oh how simple it would be, Baby R.I.P