

Sheba had nine lives that I could sleep in.
Sheba had the cutest little nose.
Sheba's lips by Interflora.
Rollercoaster.
Lizard Lick.
She stings you like the 13th summer rose.

Sheba offers blind inviting alleys.
Sheba flutters two discerning eyes.
Twice unfocused.
Hocus pocus...

Witchy whispers on the wind...
"Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me its been so long...
So lonesome...so lonesome I could die."

Like butterflies, we rode the breeze.
We read the stars and swam...
As Sheba coo-coo-cooed us from afar.

One single shining beacon on our limited horizon,
We asked no bitter questions
Lest she told us sugar lies.

And of course, we died there
On that stormy, stormy night...
As Sheba whimpered...
Whimpered...
Whimpered...
Whimpered...
Whimpered...
Whimpered...

"Come sail to me, it's been so long.
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Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Come sail to me, it's been so long.
Sail to me, it's been so long.
Sail to me...been so long.
Sail to me...been so long.

I could die..."