

Piggy Mask

The Roches

The fantasy is crumbling
The piggy mask isn't working for me anymore
I'd like you to think of me
As somebody you'd put your teeth in for
Lipitor, boxer shorts, snoring and the waterfall
What more am I asking for?

Finally, it's crumbling
The piggy mask, nice meeting you here after all
I'd like you to think of me
As somebody you'd put your pants on for
Lexipro, lots of laughs, lovely in your dreaming eyes
Leaving you the way you are

And while you sleep, old butterfly
Shall I go to the mirror
That hides the medicine and holds the pig within?

The cabinet is crumbling
The piggy mask isn't working for me anymore
I'd like me to think of you
As someone who I'd put my face on for
Primrose oil, inner soles, soaking up the lavender
What more are you asking for?