

She's Your Baby

Ween

Janey came back from the stand smiling
With the writing of Kafka in hand and a bunny in a can
Slipping and sliding you feel yourself asking her
Why would you want me to try?

Squeezing your wrist and she's pulling you closer
Down where the devils are dying with laughter
Then led to a place where there's no form of pleasure
She blows you a kiss from her lips

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Those below us can not be renounced 'cause they're talking
And for once I wish they'd shut up their mouths
Lock their doors and stay in the house and while you're inside
there
You might want to question the fact that you're not quite the same

And look to the room where she's keeping so quiet
A million layers of crust and deposit
Blanket the seasons and bury the reasons
You told her that this was for good

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