

Clara Bow

50 Foot Wave

I didn't use you, but I wish I had
I never liked you, but I wish I did
But I wish I did

Whether it was soaking in your poppy tea
Or your southern hospitality
Your voice has a sing-song quality
And bones were made to be broken
And bones were made to be broken

Yes, all right, I can
With sunburned lips I can bitch
Yes, all right, I can
With sunburned lips I can bitch
About another stupid summer
About another stupid summer
About another stupid summer
About another stupid summer

Paste eaters like this sad season
Strong women gripe and bite your heavy tongues
And bite your heavy tongues

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