

The Pink Life

Mike Doughty

Here she comes all low to the ground,
Just like the fog is a fattened cloud.
Hair turns to water when,
Dioxide tempts the hydrogen.

Why do you seek, why do you seek the pink life?
How do you sleep, how do you ever lie down?
What do you need, why do you need, your science?
Why am I your only outside line?

Who was that junk mustapha you were chilling with?
Down in the bars where regretful girls drift
I feel the need to steal some rest
I feel I'm getting killed by your fickleness

And the options, they are infinite.
And the chance from my hand, I feel is slipping and
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