

Ginger

Mr Twin Sister

Ginger on your head
Threw my coat
No more I drink spicy pink
Spicy pink soup
I love you
For hiking through the grainy parts of New York
But I vanished appeared on an island
Ginger kids can be nothing but violent

Gray spikes
At night
I hope we don't crush up the street lights

Expensive smoke and lacking in
The life of the ginger kids
And ginger kids all love to get lost in the earth
In the earth

Lady make up your mind
What the rose or the gold
Baby pink little birds begin to unfold
Stick them on my shirt
And stick them on my nose
Wear them to the kingdom of the gold and the rose