

Faberge Falls for Shuggie

of Montreal

Those with the golden axe have tried to tell me
(What they say)
That the bird in my chest was dead
But that's never, never, never

She ain't my thug no more, ain't no kind of killer
And she can break them off if she damn well please
Just as long as she brings it home to me
(And it's still hot)

Can you touch what I'm saying?
It's like, ooh, did Shuggie do it yet?
(No, not yet, wait)

Those with the golden axe have tried to tell me
(Tell you what?)
That the sex in my walk was cotton soft
But that's never, never, never

With question marks in my eye
And your strange name pressed to our lips
We arrived at number eleven
So charged and ready for slavery
I won't take the stage straight, understand
Under capes with dirty cock dragons
I wanna put out so bad
But something bad says the kid's probably right

Are you deflating at the question?
I don't know
Now that the parachute has opened, well
Don't it make you feel good?

Be careful how you touch me
My body is an earthquake
Ready to receive you
Mind's making glaciers
Metals for my soldiers
Let's be like strangers touching for the first time

Skeletal lamping, the controller sphere, false priest