

Billie and my friend the saint
You're perfect in so many ways
But you never looked hard at a fetus in a jar
You never saw your mama change

And this wonderland of spite
Does not shine into your night
Like widows are seen as stigmatized beings
Who ought to have second chance
And hurricanes spin like debutantes in a trance

Sue the fortune-teller
Rue the rising tide
General Washington
Patented that skull, throw him out

Ship that hollandaise
Feel the heart fell of touche
See the longer you tease, the stronger the needs
The highs and the fruit are long

Up to the one a kid
Call the bluff when the money's in
You're a hungry matron and you are just what I need
I was tired of the best years of my life

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