

## Indie Cindy

Pixies

Put this down for the record  
It's more or less unchequered

Wasted days and wasted nights  
Made me a f\*cking beggar  
No soul my milk is curdled  
I'm the burger-meister of purgatory

Look out for that hot plate  
Guess that's all you got. great  
You put the c\*ck in cocktail, man  
Well I put the tail in – wait!  
Watch. me. walk.  
Blowtorch a hole in that armor  
And I don't need the tip

I am in love with your daughter  
And though she has no need  
I'm the one who's got some trotters  
You've many mouths to feed

Indie Cindy  
Be in love with me  
I beg you for to carry me

Mixed messages from Sir Naff  
Please authenticate  
Just to be sure that you're a sap  
Set for stun automatica  
Crap is the operative  
Locomotive of the longest death

There goes Indie Cindy whose  
Sails were black when it was windy  
We offed ourselves in a lover's pact  
We threw ourselves into the sea  
Well looksie what the wind washed back  
As we follow the bouncing ball  
They call this dance the washed up crawl

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