

## St. Nazaire

Pixies

Down at the rocks at St. Nazaire  
I took a bottle and a fucking prayer  
I washed out with the greasy tide  
I went down on the Selkie bride

Look how he's dead and her eyes all black  
Just smells like spliff and Armagnac  
She lost her coat, but I like her style  
She lost her head, but I like her smile

I'm all done talking to you, oh  
And I don't wanna beat you, no  
I'm all done talking to you

I took a bottle and a fucking prayer  
Down at the rocks at St. Nazaire  
Look how he's dead and her eyes all black  
I washed down never coming back

I'm all done talking to you, oh  
And I don't wanna beat you, no  
I'm done with talking to you

I'm all done talking to you, oh  
And I don't wanna beat you, no  
I'm done with talking to you