

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