

## Marilyn Moore

Sonic Youth

Sound asleep till right until day  
Frustrated desire turns you away  
And turns you insane  
Over and over

You get to a point  
To make it disappear  
And you're always believing  
And believing in fear  
Over and over  
And over and over  
And over and over

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It's always a headache the size of a tour truck  
She's full of disorders, depends what you're used to  
She's talking of tranches of truncheons in battle

Of bruises from bottles that never get better  
Bad baby bitching she screams at the door  
Hammer in hand & her head to the floor  
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