

## The She

The Breeders

Ripped off  
You smoked the Bible  
Rolled it up  
Your last breath  
Hot on my back  
You get started  
Try to get somewhere  
You move so slow  
You're not even here

Dear traveller

It's my death  
My rhythm  
My arithmetic  
I got used to  
Nobody ridin in the back

Sorrow blowin through the veins  
I'm over Houston  
You're over the night we met

Dear traveller

The she  
Scared electricity  
Where no human  
Carries a map  
You say you gotta burn to shine  
But every prism unwinds  
A road to ruin  
And this tickets mine

Dear traveller