

Falling in Love with the Wolfboy

The Magnetic Fields

She can make you feel like filth
She can make you feel like a star
She will scratch till her hand is bloody
But she'll love you more for the scar
She remembers the recent past
She's something the cat dragged in
She's a trollop in paisley, so,

Take her down to the woods where the wolfboy lives,
So the villagers say,
And the three of you evaporate into the night
Till you both fall in love with him
With a face like an African mask
And the strength of ten men
When she's wrong
She's in charge in the world at large
And her novels are all very long
She belongs on the astral plane
She's probably a hologram
Put her back in the padded cell

So you'll dress head to foot in lame
And you'll dance in December snow
When the sky turns to wine you'll embrace
And forget everything that you know
She can tell you the will of the gods
Butter won't melt in her mouth, but you will
Don't bother to ask her name