Wasp Nest

The National

You're cussing a storm in a cocktail dress your mother wore whe n she was young
Red sun saint around your neck
A wet martini in a paper cup
You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest.

Your eyes are broken bottles
And I'm afraid to ask
And all your wrath and cutting beauty
You're poison in the pretty glass
You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest

You're all humming live wires under your killing clothes. Get over here, I wanna kiss your skinny throat You're a wasp nest, you're a wasp nest