

Fire-Fly

The Wolfgang Press

I may be a fire-fly

Catch the first train flying by
With my wits on fire
Send my legs to work it out
Send my feet to fall about

With the first train flying by
With my wits on fire
Send my legs to work it out
Send my feet to fall about

I've got two heads in my pocket
Send the flesh rushing in
Send me my weeping grin
I've lost my discipline

No more needles
No more self-defense
No more two heads
No more rushing in

Who's got a pig's head?
Who's got big fat eyes?
Who's an only child?
Who's got a last goodbye?

Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye
Bye bye, bye bye, bye bye, bye bye