

Polly Pereguinn

Beat Happening

She's coming down the stairs again
Just like Polly Pereguinn
Noticing the carpet stains, one by one
Then she goes out to the terrace
Statue's made of plaster of Paris
Lighting up her cigarette, she stares at the sun

She's messing up her hair again
Not sitting in a chair again
Then she spills a bowl of cherries over the wall

Just like Polly Pereguinn,
She's messing up her hair again
Go tell Polly Pereguinn,
Then you'll see

Sitting on the bed in a room of laughter
The aftermath sparks a real disaster
Living in the attic of her boarded up old house
The picture of Polly that she can't be without

She's all wrapped up
Her head puzzles together
Hoping that maybe it'll change the weather

Just like Polly Pereguinn,
She's messing up her hair again
Go tell Polly Pereguinn,
Then you'll see

Coming down the stairs again
Polly looked at her and said,
"The stains upon the floor, I put there one by one"
Opening the window that she painted red
The rain outside lands upon her head

Just like Polly Pereguinn,
She's messing up her hair again
Go tell Polly Pereguinn,
Then you'll see

Polly Pereguinn (X5)