

Lost Girls

CocoRosie

Warming the hearts of tragic hoodlum spirits
Brighten the eyes of petty thieves who crawl at night
Who feign to use a knife
Jingle jangle the cosmo's are on fire
The blazing lines of the criminal choir
Rejoiced to be alive
Broken and depraved
Sullied mop and rusted pail
Centuries of poison to escape this heaven or hell
This earthly cell of dead flowers and so many wounded foes
It's hard to remember fantasy or horror
Unwanted caresses
Little Lolitas who want to be held in large hands

Dear Father, who art in heaven
Hallowed by thine name
Witches confused by their own magic
Witches displeased by their own perfume
Shame-locked women
Shaman women fuming with shame
Love-locked women
Women their own magic women
Shadow body, shadow spirit
White blood, blue night
Angels lyrics
Female creature wilted high in the rafters
Orgies of dust and butterfly laughter
Shadows spilling into the babe's milk
Sorry eyes of ghost's memoir
Four blue plus two, that makes six
That's twelve times two
Two brown eyes, one green
Hazel's asleep in the hayloft
Down the road drowning in dry grass
In the sweet maiden's lap poisoned with nightshade
Witches last laugh
Stick your thumb out
Lift up your skirt
Someone's gonna stop here soon

Take down your hair and wind up your grin
Someone's gonna take you home
Stick out your thumb and lift up your skirt
Someone's gonna stop here soon
Take down your hair and wind up your grin
Someone's gonna take you home

Even though red's not your color
I'll dress you in feathers
And fly you in the windy weather
Like a child bird marooned on an island of cats
Little dewy brawling cats
With cross-eyed and hats
They take mercy on you
They take you for walks
The mercy choir singing dismal hymns
Watery bible rhymes

All jumbled a mess
A mess of bright graves and flowers and balloons

Stick out your thumb
And lift up your skirt
Someone's bound to stop here soon
Take down your hair and wind up your grin
Someone's gonna take you home

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With a knapsack of trinkets
I'm off to seek my fortune again
Chasing ghosts of dead orphans
Friend, cousin, or kin
We wave to the passer by
Moth wings of a butterfly
Endless tracks where no car pass
Close your eyes and you can fly
I'm off to meet my soul mate
A naked fawny jail bate
Wading into ponds
Filly with pollywogs at dawn
Mournin' the light
That slipped from my eyes
A little child with dirty nails
And dirty hair
I had dirty things scrawled upon my mind

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