

## Ginger

Mr Twin Sister

Ginger on your head  
Threw my coat  
No more I drink spicy pink  
Spicy pink soup  
I love you  
For hiking through the grainy parts of New York  
But I vanished appeared on an island  
Ginger kids can be nothing but violent

Gray spikes  
At night  
I hope we don't crush up the street lights

Expensive smoke and lacking in  
The life of the ginger kids  
And ginger kids all love to get lost in the earth  
In the earth

Lady make up your mind  
What the rose or the gold  
Baby pink little birds begin to unfold  
Stick them on my shirt  
And stick them on my nose  
Wear them to the kingdom of the gold and the rose