

# Frank Black, Cactus

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore  
I put it on when I go lonely  
Will you take off your dress and send it to me?

I miss your kissing and I miss your head  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
Run outside in the desert heat  
Make your dress all wet and send it to me

I miss your soup and I miss your bread  
And a letter in your writing doesn't mean you're not dead  
So spill your breakfast and drip your wine  
Just wear that dress when you dine

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore  
Bloody your hands on a cactus tree  
Wipe it on your dress and send it to me

Sitting here wishing on a cement floor  
Just wishing that I had just something you wore