Nirvana, Heart-Shaped Box

She eyes me like a pisces when I am weak I've been locked inside your heart-shaped box for weeks I've been drawn into your magnet tar pit trap I wish i could eat your cancer when you turn black

Hey! Wait!
I've got a new complaint
Forever in debt to your priceless advice
Hate! Haight!
I've got a new complaint
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Hey! Wait!
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Your advice

Meat-eating orchids forgive no one just yet Cut myself on angel's hair and baby's breath Broken hymen of your highness I'm left black Throw down your umbilical noose so I can climb right back

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