

Pixies, Indie Cindy

Put this down for the record
It's more or less un-checked
Wasted days and wasted nights
Made me a fucking beggar
No soul, my milk is curdled
I'm the burgermeister of purgatory
Look out for that hot plate
Guess that's all you got, great
You put the cock in cocktail, man
Well I put the tail inâ??WAIT!
Watch me walk
Blowtorch a hole in the armor
And I don't need the tip

I am in love with your daughter
And though she has no need
I'm the one who's got some trotters
You've many mouths to feed

Indie Cindy
Be in love with me
I beg for you to carry me

Mixed messages from Sir Naff
Please authenticate
Just to be sure that you're a sap
Set for stun automatica
Crap is their operative
Locomotive of the longest death

There goes Indie Cindy whose
Sails were black when it was windy
We offed ourselves in a lover's pact
We threw ourselves into the sea
Well looksie what the wind washed back
As we follow the bouncing ball
They call this dance the washed up crawl

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