

The Legendary Pink Dots, Siren (Track 8)

Sheba had nine lives that I could sleep in.
Sheba had the cutest little nose.
Sheba's lips by Interflora. Rollercoaster. Lizard Lick.
She stings you like the 13th summer rose.
Sheba offers blind inviting alleys.
Sheba flutters two discerning eyes. Twice unfocused. Hokus pokus...
Witchy whispers on the wind..."Come sail to me, it's been so long. Come
sail to me, it's been so long. Come sail to me, it's been so long. I'm
so lonesome I could die.
Like butterflies, we rode the breeze.
We read the stars and swam as Sheba coo-coo-cooed us from afar.
One single shining beacon on our Limited (sic) horizon.
We asked no bitter questions lest she sold us sugar lies.
And of course we died there on that stomy stormy night as Sheba
wimpered...wimpered...wimpered..."
Come sail to me, it's been so long. Come sail to me, it's been so long.
I'm so lonesome I could die.