

# Xiu Xiu, Muppet Face

Should i treasure the red  
or treasure the light  
the bitter juniper is still food  
pull down your pants by the shi'ites  
tire my tounge over your gums

oh honey bee  
buzz upon me  
slip me a note  
oh God, what a donkey  
it smells like Fallujah  
a hammock rod  
this shirt clings like dander  
this kiss scrapes like rust

tiny, tiny paws covered in the dirt  
tiny purring sounds rising like a pike  
stabbing my hand a sailor  
this last night of ours' pathetic  
tiny, tiny paws turning into dust  
tiny shining eye, rolling like a die  
casting my fate to the gristmill  
this last night of ours  
finally i'm surprised

oh, tuck away those acient jugs of yours  
reaquainted with the brush of a skinflake  
cooped up between a jerk and a hard place  
you sight your eye off the tip of your gun

tiny, tiny paws covered in the dirt  
tiny purring sounds rising like a pike  
stabbing my hands like a savior  
this last night of ours forever  
tiny, tiny paws turning into dust  
tiny shining eye, rolling like a die  
casting my faith to the wayside  
this last night of ours  
finally i'm surprised