

The Party

St. Vincent

Honey, the party,
You went away quickly,
But oh that's the trouble
With ticking and tocking I licked the ice cube
From your empty glass,
Oh we stayed much too late,
Til they're cleaning the ashtrays Do you have change,
Or a button, or cash?
All my pockets hang out
Like two surrender flags
Oh but I'd pay anything
To keep my conscience clean,
I'm keeping my eye on the exits,
I'm steady now Ooooooh
How did we get here?
With creaks in these chairs,
Oh there aren't enough hands
To point all the fingers But I sit transfixed by a hole in your t-shirt,
I said much too much and they're trying to speak up Ooooooh

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