

Dustin Hoffman Does Not Resist Temptation To Eat The Bathtub of Montreal

Let out a final gasp of hope
Into a darling gay world
There it goes
Doubt it if they'll even know
I'm gone

The recipe of words on how to be welcome
Into a heart
Dodge the bombs each time
And you blink

You don't notice
Tiny stars falling on your land
Well, I'm so beclouded
In your room
This can't be real

I could count a hundred times
That I've followed your ghost into bed
Or shook the receiver so
A hint of your voice might fall out
After 21 years of waiting for this
I come to find that
A day is enough for you
To ask me to leave

You don't notice tiny stars
Falling on your land
Well, I'm so beclouded
In your room
Whispering, "This can't be real"

Unless you lied
Unless you lied

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Whispering, "This can't be real"