

A Letter To Dominique

Louis XIV

Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone

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Now her dogs are alone and there's no one to watch her TV

Dear Dominique I wrote to tell you you're delightful

Still I know want a strangle or a mouth full

Of gasoline or to be tied up and stoned

I wrote to tell you that I hope you're feeling better

Self addressed stamped envelope stuffed with your own death letter

Written in blood and in your own handwriting

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Well 13524 Park and East Boulevard

Your last stroll down the block was in the trunk of a car

I must admit that we never thought you'd go this far

Dear Dominique well I hope you're feeling better

You look so cute writing out your own death letter

Well now there's no one to watch your TV

Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone

Dear Dominique you have a bold imagination

The countless ways you thought to die no hesitation

Fantasize long enough, you know it just might come true

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