

Her Name Was Audre

Maximo Park

On the back of a hand, something about poetry.
At the back of a throat, something about luxury.
You never want to leave the local library.
She always thought that you might understand.
Her name was Audre and she had a lot to say.
She didn't bore me with her consummate display.

Feel the back of a hand something about slavery.
At the back of a throat something about a litany.
You never want to leave the local library.
She always hoped that you might understand.
Her name was Audre and she had a lot to say.
She didn't bore me with her consummate display.

Touch the back of a hand, something about Infamy.
From the back of a throat, something about equality.
You never want to leave the local library.
Her name was Audre and she had a lot to say.
But when the sickness came it took her voice away.