

# Georgie's Lament

of Montreal

I can only get it up for you  
It doesn't work for any other girl  
I can only get it up for you

Introduce a demonic symbol  
A bayonet to the ear - yes that's perfect  
Make me over meta human  
You asymmetrical editors to fantasies of slave uprisings  
I'll try to match your enthusiasm for Franco-diversions

I put down my book at a disturbing chapter  
It put the feather in my mind but it's not what I'm after  
I'm just looking for some mystic inspiration

Caution flag, accident ahead

The tank in my visionaries blocked out half the sound  
We are blind to our pillars until they lift our independence  
Caution me if I'm going back to the minor keys  
Still I await your long exposure

I had you pricks in mind when I was having this dream  
If you really cared about me  
You wouldn't flirt with my parole officer  
No, you wouldn't scratch my Isaac Hayes  
Now my cock is so torn up about it  
Yeah my cock is so torn up about it  
And I had you pricks in mind when I was having this dream

If you really cared about me  
You wouldn't hide my stash  
You wouldn't flush my Billy Gee Williams

And my cock is so torn up about it  
Yeah my cock is so torn up about it  
Now my cock is so torn up about it  
Yeah my cock is so torn up about it  
And I had you pricks in mind when I was having this dream

Sold my favorite kid into slavery  
Sold my most beloved child to the street  
Everybody hated me for it but they don't even count  
Why should I care how they feel  
When they're not even cool to me

It's a party  
It's a party  
There ain't nobody here but me  
There ain't nobody here but me  
It's a party  
Yeah, It's a party  
There ain't nobody here but me  
All my friends are sick at home watching tv  
It's a party  
Yeah, yeah, it's a party