

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