

Triphallus, to Punctuate!

of Montreal

She's saying we wear the party
All over our bodies and faces
What allows me to speak in wild abstractions
The senseless killings gifts God gives us
Have no one to love them

It's the kind of thought that kills
You twice on the way down
You might forget them but you're not nice
They don't forget about you

How they claw me in my false or foster reflection
Is that my reflection in the Damascus play?
How they claw me in my foster or false reflection

You should call me sometime
I won't answer but, at least I'll know you care
How will you know it was me?
You think I got caller ID?

Guess I should be happy for you
For your success and all that
But your fame ain't got nothing for us
I supported you, kid, back when no one else did
Oh yeah, oh yeah

You know I waved your flag
Back when no one else did
I just want things to be the way they used to be
When you only set a place for me

The great chorus of my skull
Is choking on their dulcer tones
Ten lashes on the ass of anyone who even tries
And heaven's patience glaring down at us
Filling your room with black butterflies

You don't have to try to steal
No, nothing from my heart
Because for you anything you want is always free, free, free
Send your freaky fantasies to my phone
Black Converse on and an ice cream cone

Now that I'm not a virgin to you
You'll never walk alone
Far beyond the several years of shame
I live to make you call my name
Call my name

Guess I should be happy for you
For your success and all that
But your fame ain't got nothing for us
I was your booster, babe
Back when no one else cared
Oh yeah, oh yeah

You know I celebrated you

(I'm hard for you, girl)
Back when no one else even thought to
I just want things to be the way they used to be
When you only saved a seat for me
Come back, come back

I feel so at peace
Why is the sky karma?
I think I'm the one I got from