

Loft Party

Orchid

You tell me that passion's passe
You're just in it for the breaks
Well the breaks break me down, now how does that sound?
And in 1999, all the kids stood in line,
but now our party's a bore and we don't care
We'll take Brooklyn over Manhattan any day of the week
And our party's mystique will be our capability to think
We got it. You want it.
Don't have it? You flaunt it.
My boyfriend lives in Brooklyn
and it fits just right, too tight