

Horn

Phish

Rhine wine, Car horn

Now that you've deceived me, and played my name around
And hung those nasty flyers, on all the buildings in town
Dribbled my possessions in a ring around the earth
And bought and sold my self-control for less than it was worth

Now I know the reason that I'm feeling so forlorn
I'll pick you up at eight as usual, listen for my horn

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