

# The Party

St. Vincent

Honey, the party  
You went away quickly,  
But oh that's the trouble  
With ticking and tocking

I licked the ice cube  
From your empty glass  
Oh we stayed much too late  
Till they're cleaning the ashtrays

Do you have change  
Or a button, or cash?  
All my pockets hang out  
Like two surrender flags

Oh, but I'd pay anything  
To keep my conscience clean,  
I'm keeping my eye on the exits  
I'm steady now

Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh

How did we get here?  
With creaks in these chairs  
Oh, there aren't enough hands  
To point all the fingers

But I sit transfixed  
By a hole in your t-shirt  
I've said much too much  
And they're trying to speak up

Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh  
Ooh, ooh