

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