

# Celebrate You

Veruca Salt

I wear my patent leather shoes  
And my golden fleeces,  
A feather in my hair for you  
And then I fall to pieces

At your  
Celebration (oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebration (Oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebration (Oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebrate you.

We're quiet as two mannequins  
Feasting on silences.  
We wait for Christmas to begin  
To see the cracking faces.

I tip my glass and toast to you,  
The blood spills on the carpet  
At your

Celebration (oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebration (Oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebration (Oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebrate you.

And in the dream you held a gun;  
You killed off all who hurt you  
And left me there the only one  
Who would not dare desert you.

I'm safe here growing in the shade,  
Away from all your brightness.  
I lost my innocence today  
When I learned how to write this.

Tonight my nightgown is in knots.  
I toss and turn in your honor.  
I'll never know just what I have got  
As long as you're my father.  
And I'll keep searching here for you,  
I'll clean out every corner.

It's not my fault.  
It's not my fault. (celebrate you)  
It's not my fault. (celebrate you)  
It's not my fault. (celebrate you)  
It's not my fault.