

## **Salt Veruca**

### **"Celebrate You"**

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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) (x2)  
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 a toast to you  
The blood spills on the carpet.  
At your celebration (oh-oh, oh-oh)  
Celebration (Oh-oh, Oh-oh) (x2)  
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 the 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've 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) (x3)

It's not my fault

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