

Frank Black And The Catholics

"The Scene"

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Your wine, it tastes so sweet
But it's no affaire d'amour
I can hear the ghosts of 14th St.
As they are running out the door

Can't you see you have no connections
It's plain to see you have no connections

You're oblivious to me
As you climb out of the top
Of some truck Limousine
Still filming your scene

You're talking way too loud
But there's nothing to exchange
You prefer to dine with your own crowd
Out there grazing on the range

Oh, can't you see you have no connections
It's plain to see you have no connections
No connections
It's plain to see you have no connections

You're oblivious to me
Now you're talking in the dark
Through my favorite scene
My favorite scene

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