

Frida

"Djuna!"

Visit "[Djuna!](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Someday when I'm not broke
I'll kiss my boys goodbye
Their embroidered handkerchiefs waving me off

Someday when I'm not broke
I'll kiss my boys goodbye
Their embroidered handkerchiefs waving me off

Djuna the boys aren't ok
They make me regress and forget my aim
Need to get them out of my way
Can you support me in this?

I remember second time I saw them
Still long before they were mine
They were deep in eachothers' eyes
Stepping in they didn't seem to see me
As I tried to leave they looked my way
Ans whispered "stay"

I have stayed a hundred times
I've been soaking up their velvet crimes
They've made me come
They've had me shine
And lately they've made me sigh

Last night when I was out I bought myself a drink
Opened the memories and violence poured out
Last night when I was out I bought myself a drink
Opened the memories and violence poured out

Djuna, things aren't right
I didn't make it through the night
I got into a fight and was hit by a man
Listened to the songs you didn't send
I loved the order you would have put them in

Djuna, tell me it's a piece of cake
A piece of art and a hell to raise
Some day when I'm not broke
I'll buy you a diamond ring

And we'll celebrate our love
Until death comes

Visit [Frida](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.