

## Frida Hyvönen "Djuna!"

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

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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

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