

Liz Phair

"Cinco De Mayo"

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Cinco de mayo, blowout, denial
It wasn't fun this time, letting you go
What if I never, a bullet forever,
Held out my hand to you?
We wouldn't have known beautiful flow

Absolute measure, I ain't no pleasure hound
Bus out of control, ploughing the road
Out on a bender
Just Alice falling down a deepening hole

I'd never been to Rome until you smiled
You're about as old and piled

Used to pray for snow
Now I just wonder
What spell I was under
Thinking you thought of me as something to hold

I'd never been to Rome until you smiled
You're about as old and piled

Cinco de mayo, burn-out Ohio
It wasn't me this time letting you go

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