

## St. Vincent "The Party"

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Honey the party it went away quickly  
But oh that's the trouble with ticking and talking  
I lick the ice cubes from your empty glass  
Oh we've stayed much too late till they're cleaning the  
ashtrays

Do you have change or a button or cash  
Oh my pockets hang out like two surrender flags  
Oh but I'd pay anything to keep my conscience clean  
I'm keeping my eyes on the exit sign steady now

How did we get here with creaks in these chairs  
Oh there aren't enough hands to point all the fingers  
But I sit transfixed by a hole in your tee shirt  
Oh I've said much too much and they're trying to sweep  
up

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