

O.I.d. "Victoria"

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This is the story of Victoria Lee,
She started off on Percodan and ended up with me.
She lived in Berkeley 'til the earthquake shook her
loose.
She lives in Texas now where nothin' ever moves.

Victoria you talk so low that no one else can hear,
Unless you point your megaphone directly at their ear.
This is the story of Victoria Lee,
She started on Rohypinol and ended up with me.

You'd like to think they're your friends, but they're not
your friends,
And in the end a friend's the one you'll never know, oh
don't you know?
You'd like to think you're groovy, it's your movie, you
see through me, but it's true,
And in the end you'll know, Victoria don't go. Victoria,
Victoria don't go.

This is the story of Victoria's heart,
You might think it's stupid, but I still think it's art.
She lost her lover to an accident at sea.
She pushed him overboard and ended up with me.

Victoria, you dance so fast that no one else can see.
Victoria I hope you use just one more dance for me.
This is the story of Victoria's heart.
It's a really big one, and I don't know where to start.
(Occasionally used on early versions of "Victoria Lee")

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