

Frida Hyv?nen

"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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