

Phair Liz

"Cinco De Mayo"

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Cinco de Mayo. Blow out, 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.

I 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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