

Throwing Muses "The Party"

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A leather black living in my building
He was on my welcome
He used to say positively, he was negative, well
But then he'd read his book with his back to me
I love that back
And the city was his cake
And the boys, little girls
And ice cream
His hair was bleeding
He was bleeding on my dress
My dress was red
Positive and negative
And then we'd read a book
With our backs to back
And the city was our cake
And the girls, little boys
And ice cream

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