

## **Type 0 Negative "In Praise Of Bacchus"**

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Hey Bacchus, she hates me (repeat 3x's)

The street lamps light a wet old red hook road  
A furry vino tinted slave  
Molten oil painted Brooklyn bridge  
(cobblestone grave)

A lonely blue girl guards the riverbed  
She shakes her brown torch at the tide  
On Pier Six we'd creep and count the cracks  
(side by side, see, we're counting cracks)

Your mom was out wearing herself inside  
I'll stop the train to say hello  
A used boyfriend's just bought her this new car  
(I said I know)  
-togetherburn-

She said burn  
Together  
Burn  
We'll burn together

Now don't believe she'll never leave again  
I can't forget the words she said back when

She said burn  
We'll burn together

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