

Frank Black, The Scene

Your wine it tastes so sweet
But it's no affaire d'amour
I can hear the ghosts of 14th St.
As they are running out the door

Can't you see you have no connections
It's plain to see you have no connections
You're oblivious to me
As you climb out the top of some truck limousine
Still filming your scene

You're talking way too loud
But there's nothing to exchange
You prefer to dine with your own crowd
Out there grazing on the range

Oh can't you see you have no connections
It's plain to see you have no connections
No connections
It's plain to see you have no connections
You're oblivious to me
Now you're talking in the dark through my favorite scene
My favorite scene