

# Oysterhead, Birthday Boys

Gina knows what it's like to be  
On the other side of midnight  
Gina's eyes are sensitive  
To the brighter side of daylight  
She knows what it's like to be  
The topic of conversation  
While birthday boys are wallowing  
In ichors of adulation  
I don't mind  
If you stand around and look at me tonight  
I quite like it  
Kinds like us are blind  
To the dirt that gathers in between  
The toes of moderation  
Gina knows  
You can come around but don't you talk to me  
I'm not in the mood for conversation  
You can come around  
But don't you talk to me  
You can come around but don't you talk to me  
I'm not in the mood for conversation  
You can come around  
But don't you talk to me  
I don't mind  
If you come around and drink up all my wine  
Won't be the first time  
Sometimes I find  
Little treasures hidden deep within my drawers  
Gina knows  
You can come around but don't you talk to me  
I'm not in the mood for conversation  
You can come around  
But don't you talk to me  
You can come around but don't you talk to me  
I'm not in the mood for conversation  
You can come around  
But don't you talk to me  
You can come around but don't you talk to me  
Gina knows, what it's like to be  
I'm not in the mood for conversation  
You can come around  
But don't you talk to me  
Gina knows, what it is to find...