

Zita Swoon, The French Trombone

Everybody said it was dirty
But their truth is like a gun
I still try to get my ...
Even when I'm forced to none
Dancing on their prudence shield
Stroking while I'm young
Relying on their nursery
Making it mine

Hey everybody was laughing
But I couldn't resist crying
Hey I felt sad because
They where all lying
They all crown their frowns
They all swop their alibis
I'm glad I know that I don't care

My mind is in my hands now
It's the odd cause

I remember when I was in the desert
Sucking on my french colonge
Grinding on my pillowcase
Enjoying all alone
And the air was soft and new
And the chances that I took
I wonder sometimes if without it
We still have anything to go for