

# Astronautalis, My Dinner With Andy

And I'm bleedin' for all my real good sense, and all the sins that I've made  
And I'm bleedin' for another good intention gone the wrong way, the wrong way, wrong way, wrong  
wrong way... hey.

It's just a bit of nervousness, I didn't mean to turn a dress from the very perfect pinkly shade to  
murderous. And now her face is verdigris. horrified observe the scene, I made a mess I spilled a  
glass of finest 83 indeed. Waitresses stop and stare, the patrons shockin' awfull feirce. force the  
forks the plates to clank, in unison and rock their ears, and look at me. Hope to scoop the country  
wolf who's under hoof, Who's blunder would be understood as social tragedy.

Never shoulda' let him in, I never trusted him, I hear the people muttering through polished teeth  
and chuckilin', The tensions quick and doubling, glance at my date's ugly grin, she tried this case  
and cannot wait, erase this memory. Wont you see what must be dont, waiter brings the sharpest c  
now vengeance's comin' finally the taste for blood is on her tounge, I reach to clean more wine has  
fallen, handkerchief in outstretched arm, too late she takes the blade and tucks it deep inside of me

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bus boys come equipped with cups, jiggers, flutes and snifters thrust under wounds to catch the dr  
of blood before they hit the rug. and everyone politely claps, how quick my miss did swing the axe  
punishing the blundering clumsy enemy. Just before I fade to death the materdean will take a step  
my date with the check, and offering to take her dress, have it cleaned return it quick. appologies  
are furnished with happiness she didn't wait to erase me from the scene.

And everyone goes on with lunch, and never looking talking of the tipping of the cup that stained  
my lady's pretty outfit but, the silence of the scene resumes as they drag me from the room, erasing  
any trace of dirty dining history.

A dulcimated Kiss is blown, conversations wisper on, and talk of saving whilst protecting  
all the kids at home. I hear their eating garbage cakes, I'll never stop till sad's erased from  
webster's dictionary page, think of all the cripples days, as bills are paid, hands are shakin'  
art discussed by mantle place, songs are sung to save some places, signs are made to protest hat  
Overwhelming damage rate, the nicotine and candle flame, and plans are laid by resturanteaur to  
up security.

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