

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 vengence's comin' finally the taste for blood is on her tounge, I reach to clean more wine has
fallen, handkerchief in outstreched arm, too late she takes the blade and tucks it deep inside of me

And I'm bleedin' infront of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.
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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 diction 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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