

Commander Venus, We'll Always Have Paris

Baby, I know you hate it when I call you that

But it's the only word that half-describes the way you're acting tonight

And at the restaurant
Where all your ghosts still haunt you just like you feared
Under this table, all these years they stayed
Waiting for your return
Your cigarette to burn their whole world through
A thousand things you thought they'd do

Everytime you call I feel worse
Throwing chairs
Stolen rings
Frozen air

And as I walked away I heard you say
"You're not the only one"

And as I watch you sleep it's hard for me
To keep from waking you
To tell you everything I did
And when I listen to you breathe I know exactly what you have always need
You wanted from me

And every time you're here it gets worse
Throwing chairs
Stolen hearts
Tasteless air

I waited all day at the cafe but you never came
But you never came
But you never came

And the hearts of the faithful who died on this table
Have left me with nothing at all to hold onto
At all to hold on
At all to hold on
But I want to hold on too
But I have got to hold on to you
Throwing chairs
Broken rings
Open air
I waited all day at the cafe but you never came