

# Frida Hyv, Djuna!

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I&#039;ll kiss my boys goodbye  
Their embroidered handkerchiefs waving me off

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Djuna the boys aren&#039;t ok  
they make me regress and forget my aim  
Need to get them out of my way  
Can you support me in this?

I remember second time I saw them  
still long before they were mine  
They were deep in eachothers&#039; eyes  
Stepping in they didn&#039;t seem to see me  
as I tried to leave they looked my way  
ans whispered &quot;stay&quot;

I have stayed a hundred times  
I&#039;ve been soaking up their velvet crimes  
They&#039;ve made me come  
They&#039;ve had me shine  
and lately they&#039;ve made me sigh

Last night when I was out I bought myself a drink  
Opened the memories and violence poured out  
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Djuna, things aren&#039;t right  
I didn&#039;t make it through the night  
I got into a fight and was hit by a man  
Listened to the songs you didn&#039;t send  
I loved the order you would have put them in

Djuna, tell me it&#039;s a piece of cake  
a piece of art and a hell to raise  
Some day when I&#039;m not broke  
I&#039;ll buy you a diamond ring  
And we&#039;ll celebrate our love  
until death comes