

# LIZ PHAIR, Cinco De Mayo

Cinco de mayo, blowout, denial  
It wasn't fun this time, letting you go  
What if I never, a bullet forever,  
Held out my hand to you?  
We wouldn't have known beautiful flow  
Absolute measure, I ain't no pleasure hound  
Bus out of control, ploughing the road  
Out on a bender  
Just Alice falling down a deepening hole  
I'd never been to Rome until you smiled  
You're about as old and piled  
Used to pray for snow  
Now I just wonder  
What spell I was under  
Thinking you thought of me as something to hold  
I'd never been to Rome until you smiled  
You're about as old and piled  
Cinco de mayo, burn-out Ohio  
It wasn't me this time letting you go