

Maria Taylor, Irish Goodbye

Nonstop talk
It's eleven o'clock
There's a line coming out the door
I'm not feeling it
But I swore I'd go

Thrift shop
Rock a little light on a cock
All the kids screaming out for more
I'm not getting it
I'd swear I've been here before

How can you rap
For all that sunset?
The sequin still isn't done
And I'd like to know
You get me

Third full sip (?)
Off the straight line tip
Just one now, but I want more
Another, promise me
Thrown out the door

Through a bloodshot haze
Watch the day get paid
Find a friend, ask him take me home
And could you stay awhile
Now I can't be alone

How can you rap
For all that sunset?
The sequin still isn't done
And I'd like to know
You get me

How can you rap
For all that sunset?
The sequin still isn't done yet
I'd like to know
You get me