

# 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