Slapp Happy, Me And Parvati

Me and Parvati In Paris, France Surrounded by musicians Dressing to dance On the tomb Of aquisitions Where bloomed Our positions

Scattered like scars
On the skin of the stars
Needing a celebration
We entered a bar
The conversation
Centered on
Conversation

She dropped a tear For the frozen beer In the forstes of upper Thailand

Out on the street
The fragrance of paste
Lingered on her fingers
The forms she traced
Blushed to feel their
Unfamiliar blood

She made her name On the exit lane Of the famous Stellar Highways

Out on the street
Sobbing with lust
I hoped for a banquet
She denied me a crush
I blushed to taste such unfamiliar blood