

Slapp Happy, Me And Parvati

Me and Parvati
In Paris, France
Surrounded by musicians
Dressing to dance
On the tomb
Of acquisitions
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