

# A Letter To Dominique

Louis XIV

Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
Now her dogs are alone and there's no one to watch her TV  
Dear Dominique, I wrote to tell you you're delightful  
Still I know want a strangle or a mouth full  
Of gasoline or to be tied up and stoned  
I wrote to tell you that I hope you're feeling better  
Self-addressed stamped envelope stuffed with your own death letter  
Written in blood and in your own handwriting  
There's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
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Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
Now her dogs are alone and there's no one to watch her TV  
Well 13524 Park and East Boulevard  
Your last stroll down the block was in the trunk of a car  
I must admit that we never thought you'd go this far  
Dear Dominique, well I hope you're feeling better  
You look so cute writing out your own death letter  
Well now there's no one to watch your TV  
Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
Dear Dominique, you have a bold imagination  
The countless ways you thought to die no hesitation  
Fantasize long enough, you know it just might come true  
Well there's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
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There's a house on the block that's empty now that Dominique's gone  
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