The Party

St. Vincent

Honey, the party, you went away quickly
But oh, that's the trouble with ticking and tocking
I lick the ice cubes from your empty glass
Oh, we've stayed much too late
'til they're cleaning the ashtrays
Do you have change or a button or cash?
Oh, my pockets hang out like two surrender flags

Oh, but I'd pay anything to keep my conscience clean
Keeping my eye on the exits, I'm steady now
How did we get here?
With creaks in these chairs
Oh there aren't enough hands to point all the fingers
But I sit transfixed by a hole in your t-shirt
Oh I've said much too much and they're trying to sweep up

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