

# 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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