

# Allison

## Pixies

From distant star to this here bar  
The me, the you, where are we now?  
Hurray the blues of everyone  
Allison Keeps a smile around a while  
He took no fright and jettisoned  
We'll go tonight to hear him tell  
"Oh well, Allison" And when the planet hit the sun  
I saw the face of Allison  
Allison, Allison, Allison, Allison

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