

Allison

Pixies

From distant star to this here bar
The me, the you, where are we now?
Hurray the blues of everyone
AllisonKeeps 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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