Party Song

Keaton Henson

I'm sorry,
Can't make your party
I'll be busy burning

And I'm afraid
I'd kill your lover
While your back was turned

Oh

So this is where you wanted to be
And it's a goddamn shamed that you're not here with me
And I can't see your face anymore
But if I could, it wouldn't look like before
Look like

The thought of your hands
On his chest
Makes my stomach itch

And I see pictures now
Of the two of you
And it makes me sick

Damn, I love you
Damn, I love you
Damn, I love you
Damn, I love
Damn, I love
Damn, I love
Damn, I love
You

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