

Memoir

Villagers

City lights are beckoning, the sirens softly call
all the fantasists and fetishists are preparing the ball
you been stuck here on the doorstep
with nothing to forsake
well you might as well be anyone's to take So I give myself to strangers, like I gave myself to you
but the tenderness I felt, has been replaced by something new
and in the orgy I can vaguely hear the outline of your call
well I might as well be anyone's at all Every memory is sailing to the kingdom of your soul
as you patiently await I lose all sense of self control
you were the lighthouse to my broken boat
but I've left you behind
now I might as well be anyone's to find Take my body take it from me
It is not worthy of your memory
Take my body take it from me
It is not worthy of your memory I remember you undressing as I set myself on fire
and the funeral was quick as I lay lifeless on your pyre
It's a kind of desperation, and it's just something you can't fake
oh I might as well be anyone's to take So I give myself to strangers, like I gave myself to you
but the unity I felt has been replaced by something new
now I am Helen I am Mary Jane I am Robert I am Paul
Oh I might as well be anyone at all
Said I might as well be anyone at all
Oh I might as well be anyone at all
Anyone at all
Anyone at all
Anyone at aaaaaaall

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