

In Praise of Bacchus

Type O Negative

Hey Bacchus
She hates me
Hey Bacchus
She hates meHey Bacchus
She hates me
Hey Bacchus
She hates meThe street lamps light a wet old red hook road
A furry vino tinted slave
Molten oil painted Brooklyn bridge
Cobblestone graveA lonely blue girl guards the river bed
She shakes her brown torch at the tide
On pier six we'd creep and count the cracks
Side by side
Side by side, see, we're counting cracksYour mom was out wearing herself inside
I'll stop the train to say hello
A new boyfriend's just bought her this new car
I said I knowShe said burn
Together
Burn
We'll burn togetherHey Bacchus
She hates me
Hey Bacchus
She hates meShe hates me
She hates meShe said burn
Together
She said burn
Together
Burn
We'll burn togetherNow don't believe she'll never leave again
I can't forget the words she said way back whenShe said burn
We'll burn
Together

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