

Allison (live)

Pixies

From distant star
To this here bar
The me, the you
Where are we now?
Horray 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
Allison And when the planet hit the sun
I saw the face of Allison
Allison
Allison

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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