

# Triphallus, To Punctuate!

## Of Montreal

She's saying we wear the party  
All over our bodies and faces  
What allows me to speak in wild abstractions  
The senseless killings gifts God gives us  
Have no one to love them It's the kind of thought that kills  
You twice on the way down  
You might forget them but you're not nice  
They don't forget about you How they claw me in my false or foster reflection  
Is that my reflection in the Damascus play?  
How they claw me in my foster or false reflection You should call me sometime  
I won't answer but, at least I'll know you care  
How will you know it was me?  
You think I got caller ID? Guess I should be happy for you  
For your success and all that  
But your fame ain't got nothing for us  
I supported you, kid, back when no one else did  
Oh yeah, oh yeah You know I waved your flag  
Back when no one else did  
I just want things to be the way they used to be  
When you only set a place for me The great chorus of my skull  
Is choking on their dulcer tones  
Ten lashes on the ass of anyone who even tries  
And heaven's patience glaring down at us  
Filling your room with black butterflies You don't have to try to steal  
No, nothing from my heart  
Because for you anything you want is always free, free, free  
Send your freaky fantasies to my phone  
Black Converse on and an ice cream cone Now that I'm not a virgin to you  
You'll never walk alone  
Far beyond the several years of shame  
I live to make you call my name  
Call my name Guess I should be happy for you  
For your success and all that  
But your fame ain't got nothing for us  
I was your booster, babe  
Back when no one else cared  
Oh yeah, oh yeah You know I celebrated you  
(I'm hard for you, girl)  
Back when no one else even thought to

I just want things to be the way they used to be  
When you only saved a seat for me  
Come back, come back I feel so at peace  
Why is the sky karma?  
I think I'm the one I got from

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