

Boy Soprano

Xiu Xiu

Look at me,
Nothing bad is ever going to happen to you again.
Although you're a solid pile of hate,
You're still pretty like a cake.
Pulling out a bat at the Kill Me Court,
Slaps me that I can't handle you...
But yes, no, yes, no, yes,
Tell me how to live! Boy Soprano,
Racing me away from here.
Boy Soprano,
Where will go tonight?
Boy Soprano,
Do what you can to shock me.
Boy Soprano,
I hope you make it, I hope you have. When you get to be my age,
The police don't assume that you still like to light things on fire...
Bearing that in mind I wouldn't trust me either!
But it was the two of us,
Watching two bunnies hope across the Peach Street Gang.
Yes, no, yes, no, yes,
Confide in me; you don't want to die. Look from the stains on my gloves to the stains on yours,
Thanks for telling me that Vodka is a pansy drink.
But the handball is in your court little boy. Boy Soprano,
Take me away from here,
Boy Soprano,
Where will we go tonight?
Boy Soprano,
Do what you can to shock me.
Boy Soprano,
I hope you make it, I hope you have.

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