

# My Dinner With Andy

## Astronautalis

And I'm bleedin' for all my real good sense, and all the sins that I've made  
And I'm bleedin' for another good intention gone the wrong way,  
the wrong way, wrong way, wrong way, wrong way... hey. It's just a bit of nervousness;  
I didn't mean to turn a dress from the very perfect pinkly shade to murderous.  
And now her face is verdant green. Horrified, observe the scene, I made a mess.  
I spilled a glass of finest '83 indeed.  
Waitresses stop and stare, the patrons shockin' awful fierce;  
force the forks, the plates to clank, in unison and rock their ears and look at me.  
Hope to scoop the country wolf who's under hoof, whose blunder would be understood as social tragedy.  
Never shoulda' let him in.  
"I never trusted him," I hear the people muttering through polished teeth and chucklin'.  
The tensions quick and doubling -  
glance at my date's ugly grin, she tried this case and cannot wait - erase this memory.  
Won't you see what must be done?  
Waiter brings the sharpest one, now vengeance's comin'.  
Finally the taste for blood is on her tongue, I reach to clean more wine that's fallen.  
Handkerchief in outstretched arm - too late she takes the blade and tucks it deep inside of me. And I'm bleedin'  
in front of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.  
And I'm bleedin' for all my real good sense and all the sins that I've made.  
And I'm bleedin' in front of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.  
And I'm bleedin' for another good intention gone the wrong way.  
Bus boys come equipped with cups, jiggers, flutes and snifters thrust under wounds to  
catch the drops of blood before they hit the rug.  
And everyone politely claps. How quick my miss did swing the axe,  
punishing the blundering, clumsy enemy.  
Just before I fade to death, the maître d' will take a step to  
my date, waive the check, and offering to take her dress,  
have it cleaned, return it quick;  
apologies are furnished with happiness - she didn't wait to erase me from the scene.  
And everyone goes on with lunch,  
and never looking, talking of the tipping of the cup that stained my lady's pretty outfit,  
but the silence of the scene resumes as they drag me from the room,  
erasing any trace of dirty dining history.  
A decimating (?) kiss is blown.  
Conversations whisper on, and talk of saving whilst protecting all the kids at home.  
I hear their eating garbage cakes.  
I'll never stop till sad's erased from Webster's dictionary page.  
Think of all the cripples' days. As bills are paid, hands are shakin'.  
Art discussed by mantle place.

Songs are sung to save some places.

Signs are made to protest hate.

Overwhelming damage rate - the nicotine and candle flame,

And plans are laid by restaurateur to up security. And I'm bleedin' in front of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.

And I'm bleedin' for another good intention gone the wrong way.

And I'm bleedin' in front of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.

And I'm bleedin' for all my real good sense, and all the sins that I've made.

And I'm bleedin' in front of all your friends... I can pray you scrub the stains.

And I'm bleedin' for another good intention gone the wrong way.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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