

# We'll Always Have Paris

## Commander Venus

Baby, I know you hate it when I call you that  
But it's the only word that half describes  
The way you're acting tonightAnd at the restaurant  
Where all your ghosts still haunt  
You just like, you feared under this tableAll these years they stayed waiting for your return  
Your cigarette to burn their whole world through  
A thousand things you thought they'd doEvery time you call I feel worse  
Throwing chairs  
Stolen rings, frozen airAnd as I walked away I heard you say  
"You're not the only one"And as I watch you sleep it's hard for me  
To keep from waking you, to tell you everything I did  
And when I listen to you breathe  
I know exactly what you have always need  
You wanted from meAnd every time you're here it gets worse  
Throwing chairs  
Stolen hearts, tasteless airI waited all day at the cafe  
But you never came  
But you never came  
But you never cameAnd the hearts of the faithful who died on this table  
Have left me with nothing at all to hold onto  
At all to hold on, at all to hold on  
But I want to hold on too but I have got to hold on to youThrowing chairs  
Broken rings, open airI waited all day at the cafe  
But you never came

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