

Cinco De Mayo

[Liz Phair](#)

Cinco de mayo, blowout, denial
It wasn't fun this time, letting you go
What if I never, a bullet forever
Held out my hand to you?
We wouldn't have known beautiful flow Absolute measure, I ain't no pleasure hound
Bus out of control, ploughing the road
Out on a bender
Just Alice falling down a deepening hole I'd never been to Rome until you smiled
You're about as old and piled
Used to pray for snow Now I just wonder what spell I was under
Thinking you thought of me as something to hold I'd never been to Rome until you smiled
You're about as old and piled Cinco de mayo, burn-out Ohio
It wasn't me this time letting you go

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