

A Letter to Dominique

Louis XIV

Well theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Well theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Now her dogs are alone and theres no one to watch her TVDear Dominique, I wrote to tell you youre delightful
Still I know want a strangle or a mouth full
Of gasoline or to be tied up and stoned
I wrote to tell you that I hope youre feeling better
Self-addressed stamped envelope stuffed with your own death letter
Written in blood and in your own handwritingTheres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques
goneWell theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Well theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Now her dogs are alone and theres no one to watch her TVWell 13524 Park and East Boulevard
Your last stroll down the block was in the trunk of a car
I must admit that we never thought youd go this far
Dear Dominique, well I hope youre feeling better
You look so cute writing out your own death letter
Well now theres no one to watch your TVWell theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques
goneDear Dominique, you have a bold imagination
The countless ways you thought to die no hesitation
Fantasize long enough, you know it just might come trueWell theres a house on the block thats empty now that
Dominiques goneTheres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
Theres a house on the block thats empty now that Dominiques gone
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